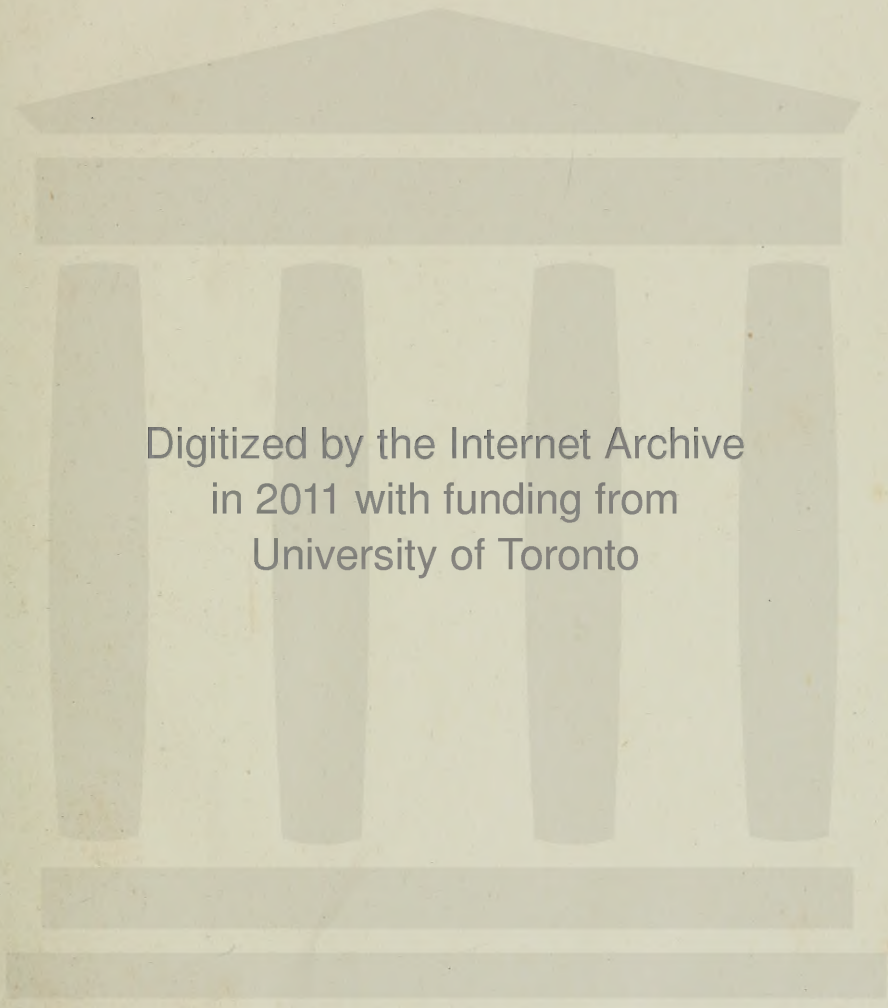

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...THE...

Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

VOL. VIII.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.
1900.

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Courtesy "University of Ottawa Review."

His Excellency, Mgr. Diomede Falconio,

Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1900. NO. 1

New Year. (At Benediction.)

I.

ALLING gently o'er my spirit
With a soft and soothing balm,
Like the incense of His Presence
Twining round the unseen Lamb.

II.

And I know the eyes of Jesus
See my yet untrodden way,
All the gladness or the sorrows
Love prepares for every day.

III.

In His Heart there is an echo
For each low and varied strain;
Act of love, or earnest pleading,
Joyous tune, or sigh of pain.

IV.

Sweet Lord Jesus! Infant Saviour!
By Thine own dear Name Divine
And this Bethlehem Blood shedding,
May this year be wholly Thine.

V.

Blessed Mother! as the Infant
Nestled in thy purity *
Fold us in that love maternal
For we give our hearts to thee.

VI.

May thy Spouse, the Foster-Father
Of this sweet and holy Child,
Guard each thought, and word, and action,
That we may be undefiled.

VII.

Swiftly years of life are flying
Soon all "time shall be no more,"
Jesus, Mary, Joseph, aid us
When we near the silvery shore!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* A thought from Bethlehem.—FABER.

A Sigh.

There is a restfulness in Autumn beauty
Like golden sunset of the waning year,
The woodland trees are rich in gold and crimson
Before they fall and drift around its bier.
There steals a wistful longing o'er my spirit
That I might glide away and droop to rest
That life might fade away like tints autumnal
And angels bear me to the Kingdom blest.
It may be many a year of aspirations
Must bloom and wither ere I come to Thee;
But let me, dearest Lord, be ever watching,
The beauty of Thy Face, Divine to see.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Looking Backward.

BY REV. PIUS R, MAYER, O. C. C.

WITH this month we enter the last year of the nineteenth century, and it is but natural, to ask ourselves, what did the past century bring to the world, what will the new one bring?

We do not belong to the prophets, and mere calculation will necessarily be at fault, where so many very complex questions require a solution, and so many agencies are at work, the movements of which it is impossible to prognosticate. One thing, however, seems to be certain, namely, that the twentieth century will be a century of moral questions more than of material progress. Why? Because the year foregoing is to the year following, what the seed is to the harvest, and a large number of questions of paramount importance to man has been opened during the nineteenth century which must find a solution one way or the other in the new century. Material prosperity is a matter that depends on the will of man but to a small extent, whilst moral questions will be settled by him alone for his happiness or unhappiness, according to the choice made. Hence we expect in the twentieth century great moral revolutions and hope for the good of mankind. This expectation is founded upon the happenings of the past century, which we now undertake to briefly review.

A hundred years ago the world found itself in a sorry plight. The French infidels had succeeded in undermining faith and morality, the political rulers had lashed the nations with scorpions, art and science were in a torpor, heresy and schism were raising their heads here and there, and mankind was unhappy. The Corsican usurper, Napoleon, had raised his standard, and, like a second Attila, devastated Europe in a brutal and remorseless manner. He even stretched his hand out against the Vicar of Christ, whom he dragged to France as a political prisoner. He abolished and erected bishoprics at will, and, like Pharaoh, would not hear the voice of Moses, so he braved the excommunication, launched against him by Pius VII. "This excommunication," he replied scornfully, "will not take the arms from the hands of my soldiers." But a few years later the arctic winter of Russia did take the arms from the hands of his army; the first misfortune was followed by Leipsic, and two years later Waterloo sealed his downfall. The prisoner on St. Helena petitioned the Pope for his blessing. It was the same Pope, whom he had treated so outrageously at Fontainebleau.

Napoleon's fall involved a change in the map of Europe. The old boundaries were re-established, and the exiled princes returned to their dominions. But the moral consequences of the years of revolution, treason, conquest and official persecutions of the faith could not be so easily obliterated. There were ruins everywhere. Catholic governments vied with the Protestant ones in suppressing any manifestations

of re-awakening faith. In England the penal laws were still in force. Holland persecuted the Catholics in Belgium, in Germany the corporal's baton directed the Church, Russia, Prussia and Austria joined hands in wiping out the remainder of unhappy Poland; Jansenism, Josephism, and the Illuminati of Wiesenberg sapped away the foundations of religious life. Scandals amongst the clergy helped in this process of disintegration—in a word, the prospects were very gloomy.

But the indestructible vital power of the Church exerted itself likewise, and the grace of God rewarded the efforts of the Popes, who graced the nineteenth century. Pius VIII ruled but a very short time, but Pius VII, Leo XII, Gregory XVI, Pius IX and Leo XIII, were beacon lights on the bark of St. Peter. A great division took place amongst Catholics; the chaff was separated from the wheat, and whilst thousands abandoned their faith, and became either infidels or heretics, millions approached Rome closer and closer, feeling that union is strength, and only a close and lasting union with the Apostolic See can bring forth blossoms and fruit of a spiritual life. The schismatic attempts of Ronge, Doellinger, etc., proved abortive, their deluded followers, we might almost say, vanished. The Syllabus of Pius IX and the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican pronounced clearly and unmistakably against the errors and fallacies of modern learning. The centralization of the ecclesiastical power, united bishops, priests and people into an homogeneous mass of faithful Catholics, and we can say, without fear of contradiction that there is no century in Church history, which shows the Church as numerous, as united, as clear in her doctrine, as successful in its work, as the departing nineteenth century.

The periodical change of seasons in nature finds its counterpart also in the life of mankind. New life is substituted for old and decayed life, and when nations become unfaithful to grace, God in their stead gives His grace to others, who hitherto sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Since Gregory XVI, the foreign missions amongst pagan nations have developed in a manner truly miraculous. There is no country on earth where Catholic missionaries have not penetrated. Hundreds of them died martyrs, a still greater number succumbed to jungle fevers, malaria, etc., and all of them had to lead a life of extreme poverty and consequent privations. But their converts number millions, and no amount of persecution was able to uproot the Church in Japan, China, Tonking, Annam and Siam, or on the Cannibal Islands. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, now, as well as in the time of Tertullian. Even in Protestant countries like England, Sweden and Norway, there is a movement toward Rome, gathering force by days, and the Church not only made up for the losses of the sixteenth century, and the smaller losses of the centuries following, but she far exceeds her former figures. To-day we count 320,000,000 Catholics, 150,000,000 Protestants and 130,000,000 Schismatics. The latter at least in Asia and Africa are also casting looks of longing upon the centre of Catholic unity, and during the century about three millions returned to the unity of the Church, whilst others are preparing to follow their example.

Turning our eyes upon the non-Catholic denominations, an entirely different spectacle meets our gaze. The

nineteenth century showed no signs of life, but of decay. Tired of the endless dogmatic disputes, the Protestants to a great extent threw themselves into the arms of agnosticism. Others separated from the denomination to which they belonged, founded new confessions, and every attempt at re-union only brought out more forcibly the hopeless discussion. Biblical criticism gradually led many to a repudiation of the Bible itself, the cold meetings more and more failing to satisfy feeling hearts, and apathy took the place of fanaticism. Not even the hatred against Rome, till now the rallying point of Protestantism, is able any longer to unite them. More and more the eyes of the better classes are wistfully turning to Rome, and ministers find themselves and their meeting houses abandoned.

In England the Tractarian movement brought church services nearer to that of the Catholic Church, and many of the learned and noble returned to the faith of their fathers. In Germany Frederic William III, King of Prussia by royal prerogative, welded Lutherans and Reformers into an evangelical church The recalcitrant ministers were imprisoned and their churches closed. Many of the Lutherans emigrated to America, where the divers churches led only to infidelity and the Protestant churches in the cities were emptied. The modern Julian the Apostate, Bismarck, tried to separate the Catholic Church of Germany from the centre of unity, and for 15 years the Kulturkampf was waged by all means of injustice and brutal force. The May laws, intended for the destruction of the Catholic Church, inflicted a mortal wound on the evangelical churches. The protection of the old Catholics could not foster the abortive child into life, but the Catholics fought, united, acted under the experienced leadership of a Mallinkrodt, Windhorst, Lieber, Ballestrem, and they conquered. Bismarck went first to Canossa, and later on out of office.

America is a very good exemplar of the many sects wherein people change from one to the other, as they change their clothing. There are about 320 different denominations in the United States, and this scattering of forces has produced a lethargy more pronounced than in Europe. One result is, that at present the majority of Americans are not even baptized. Infidelity dominates.

Likewise the "Greek Orthodox Church" in Russia, Turkey and Greece shows but signs of stagnation, and the sects, separating from her in spite of governmental persecution, are getting daily more numerous, and their tenets more extravagant and even criminal.

It appears to us probable, that the twentieth century will see the end of Protestantism as a system, and the battle will be fought between the Catholic Church and infidelity. The fate of the Schismatic churches is identical with the fate of the Russian empire, and we do not know how this will turn out.

The metaphysical science (Philosophy) found during the century many exponents, but the quality did not correspond with the quantity. It was not, *Multum in parvo*, but *Parvum in multis*. Reason wished to emancipate itself from the dominion of faith, and the result was the abandonment of the old, tried and proved propositions of Aristotelian and Scholastic philosophy and a wild, untenable speculation. Pantheism, Atheism, Theism and Idealism were the ruling systems, and under the leadership of Kant, the delirious dreams of transcendental speculations ripened every-

where. Of late there are signs that even the philosophers are ashamed of their work, and are returning to common sense, so that we can hope to see a really rational philosophy in the coming century. In this case philosophy will be a valuable aid to faith.

In natural science the century was very productive, and can boast of solid progress. But also here we find much chaff amongst the wheat. Instead of being contented with examining the laws of nature, the scientists placed their investigations into the service of infidelity, and geology, chemistry, archaeology, astronomy, and kindred sciences were used as a means at their disposal, to disprove the Bible and rob the people of the treasures of faith. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Jackel, Hartman, etc., became conspicuous by their bold attempts, to disprove the history of creation as contained in the Bible, and to declare man evolved from an ape. But the zenith of their novelties is passed, their sun is setting, and here also we witness a gradual return to sound and impartial logic.

On the other side newly invented or improved instruments and the close observation of nature led to important discoveries of natural laws, and allowed natural philosophy a phenomenal development, of which all countries and all classes profited. This work is but begun, and the new century will behold marvels. Earth is man's legitimate dominion, and he cannot call himself fully the Lord of his dominion, until he fully understands his kingdom.

In consequence of the progress in natural science an immense number of mechanical inventions was made, by which the century was far above any of the preceding ones. In the beginning of the century any kind of texture was made by hand, and manufacturing depended on horse or water power. Travelling was slow and fatiguing, navigation uncertain and hazardous, light was furnished by wax or tallow candles. Now the nations possess steam and electric power, petroleum, gas and electric light. The hand-loom gave way to the most complicated machinery, replacing the work of thousands of hands. Travelling is common, distance is annihilated, the elements are successfully overcome, and even aerial navigation seems near its solution.

Warfare, instead of being an onslaught of brutal masses, has become a real science, carried on on scientific principles. Agricultural machines show a production far beyond the most sanguine expectation. Medicine and surgery are boasting of marvelous triumphs. Domestic comfort is tenfold to what it was one hundred years ago.

All these improvements, however, were not an unalloyed blessing to the world. It is even an open question, whether they were a blessing at all. We are in a period of transition. Machinery rendered possible the centralization of production ; the middle class of mechanics could not compete with the enormous and cheap output of large factories. An appalling disproportion between the earnings of capital and that of labor shook human society to its foundations, and the social question became a puzzling one. It is not solved to-day, it will not be solved in the near future, and it is impossible to foretell the solution after the present fermentation is over and the new state of things an accomplished fact. Wealth and poverty are both gigantic forces. and the bitter contention between them is of paramount physical, moral, social and religious

importance. Who will gain the mastery? Ultimately we believe that Poverty, that is the masses, will win, but by fire and sword.

Also in politics the century brought about enormous changes. We spoke above of the downfall of Napoleon, which changed the map of Europe. But this is not the only change. The holy Roman empire of the German nation was buried in 1806. Holland lost Belgium; Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein; France, Alsace-Loraine; Austria, Lombardy and Venice; Spain and Portugal, most of their colonies; the Holy Father, his patrimony of St. Peter; Turkey lost Egypt, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia; Poland and some of the minor German states were wiped out as independent states. Luxemburg became independent of Holland. France conquered Algiers and Tonkin; Russia, a great part of Asia; England took possession of every vacant spot on earth which she could reach in time. The empires of France and Brazil were changed into republics; the United States developed from small beginnings into a powerful nation.

Most of these changes were brought about by war, and the pages of history are filled with the records of blood. The peace congress at the Hague was in the eyes of the world but a farce, and the wars now going on are but acts of highway robbery.

The most important political change was in the governments themselves. Formerly governments were autocratic and the king's interests were identical with the interests of the country, but now the industrial and commercial interests of the nation determine its politics, and dynasties have to identify themselves with these interests. The facility of transportation and postal communication brought the nations nearer to each other than they had been heretofore, but they also excited greater jealousy and fiercer competition, till at the close of the century nations appear to us like shop-keepers, trying to outrival each other, and ready to use the most reprehensible means to gain financial advantages.

It was a delirious dance around the golden calf, and it will be, it must be, the task of the twentieth century, to reduce these aspirations to a legitimate size, else mankind will soon be more wretched than it ever was within the history of the world. Signs of improvement are not wanting, but just at present the crisis of the fever has not yet passed, and hence we have to expect convulsions in the near future, which will clear the atmosphere, bridle human passions and lay a better foundation for the future. May God grant it!

A Fragment.

"This is such a lovely feast, and makes us lift up our hearts and desires to our heavenly home, where we shall rest in Mary's love."

These words from the fullness of a heart tenderly devoted to our Blessed Mother, and rejoicing in her glorious Assumption, may be applied to all our Lady's feasts, those "bright days that strew the year like stars." I send them as winged messengers to all readers of "The Carmelite Review," to remind them on all these beautiful days to elevate their hearts above, and contemplate that far off land where, at last, we hope to rest forever in the love of God and of His Blessed Mother.

E. de M.

Soliloquies.

BY FRIAR JOHN, O. C. C.

THEY have caught me at it.

And they have given me a penance for it.

There is nothing left for me, but with the best possible grace to perform it. If I were the only one to suffer by it, it would not come so hard, but that you, my dear reader, should have it inflicted on you also, makes it all the harder.

Yes, they caught me talking to myself. Of course, it was against the Rule of silence. We are allowed to talk with each other during the hour of recreation, but, outside of that, we must keep silence. We are not allowed to talk, even with ourselves, during the hours of silence.

I did it, however, and it was heard. Now it would ill become me, to try to excuse myself. I might have pleaded forgetfulness, or advancing old age, or many another quaint reason, but, as behooves a good monk, I acknowledged myself guilty, and humbly begged for a penance.

And they spared me not, nor the readers of this "Review" either, for that matter. For this was the penance imposed upon me.

"Henceforth," it was said to me "Brother John, you shall not be disturbed in your soliloquizing, only, instead of doing it with your tongue, you shall do it with the pen. In other words, instead of talking to yourself out loud, you shall write down your talks and give them to the "Carmelite Review."

Thus it happens that the readers of this dear little monthly of ours, will have to help me perform my penance. Aye, I dare say they will have the bigger share of it.

For, somehow, it is not the same thing to talk to one's self, when nobody is listening, and to talk to one's self, (to soliloquize, as Father Prior puts it,) knowing that many thousands are hearing all you say. No, it's not the same. I cannot help knowing, that you are listening; and as I have always been a plain, simple friar, I am not going to play at any make-believe game with you, but will talk to you half the time, at least; I should say all the time, were I not afraid, that some time or other I may again forget, and talk to the best listener I ever had, and that's Friar John.

So here I am, Friar John, this blessed New Year's morn, to make my bow to all the readers of the "Review" and to ask them to help me perform my penance. Fortunately, they are not bound by monastic rules, nor can they be unwillingly drawn into my penance. Therefore they are at full liberty to skip these soliloquies, (as the Editor insists upon calling them) and let Friar John alone listen to himself, as he did before.

But you cannot hinder him from doing his duty.

To begin, I wish you a most happy and blessed New Year. It is the last year of this century, and a Holy Year, the year of a great Jubilee. So I cannot afford to wish you anything so un-

holy, as wealth and worldly happiness, although you may have thought of that, when I wished you a happy New Year. That is what people in the world usually mean, when they wish each other happiness. They wish you good health, lots of money, any amount of pleasure and a long life to enjoy it.

Undoubtedly, these things may be blessings, but I hope you are not of the kind that consider these things essential to their happiness. Do you know what St. Francis of Sales says? He says: "Our Lord sends his biggest crosses to His best friends."

You will not object, therefore, if I wish you some such proof of Our Lord's friendship. Could I wish you anything better, than the eight great blessings, called the Beatitudes, with which Our dear Lord opened His sermon on the Mount. I hope you remember them. If you don't, hunt up your catechism and look them over. They begin with the blessing of poverty, and end with the blessing of persecution.

To many and many a Catholic, whose heart is being led astray by our American greed for riches, I could wish nothing better, than that he should be forced to be poor. True, our Lord says: "poor in spirit," but most of us cannot reach that spiritual poverty, until our pocket books are empty.

It would be a blessing to many a one if he had a little spell of sickness, instead of such a sound and robust constitution.

How many a vain and foolish person might be cured by a little humiliation?

Yes, I wish disappointments to all those, who look to the world for honors, to riches for contentment, and to pleasure for happiness. I wish we would all suffer the same heartache as the great Apostle who desired to be dissolved and to be with Christ. How happy we would be, if we all suffered from the same kind of home-sickness for heaven.

I hope our readers are all good pious Christians. But should there be any others, I wish them all kinds of aches. To those, who are inclined to be proud or vain, I wish a violent headache, whenever they yield to such thoughts; to those who are given to avarice, I wish they would lose all their money; to those who are intemperate, I wish such colics and stomach troubles, that they cannot find any comfort in their excesses. A good twinge of the gout might be a blessing in some cases. I wish a swollen tongue to those who curse, blaspheme, and speak immodest or uncharitable language.

I wish that all those, whose feet walk in the paths of sin and vice, may become lame, and that all those who feast their eyes on wickedness, may become blind; that all those whose ears are open to slander, and calumny, may become deaf, and those, whose hands are stretched out in dishonesty, may become paralysed. May their feet be strong only in the paths of virtue, their eyes only open to goodness, their ears open only to charity, and their hands powerful only in good deeds.

But these blessings are, alas, unwelcome to so many poor Christians, that I greatly fear, they will even misunderstand my kindness in wishing them as New Year's gifts.

The world hesitates at nothing, not even the most crying injustice to fellow-men, to bring about what it calls prosperity. We call a man blessed when he has great wealth. We say that such a one is "well off," is prosperous. We look up to men who are

"successful," not in gaining virtue, but in gaining worldly positions. We call a man "great" when he succeeds in mowing down vast bodies of men with machine guns. We erect triumphal arches to men who have sunk the enemy's ships with their cargoes of living human beings. We speak of progress and civilization, when we banish poor friars from our colonies.

No wonder I got to talking to myself once in a while. Let us hope that this new year, this holy year, will elevate men's minds and hearts to that which is above.

Our true dignity and nobility consists in being children of God. As long as we love and cling to "Our Father" who is in heaven, all will be well with us. Every good gift will not be too good for us, since He has given us His only begotten Son, Whose holy Infancy is the object of our special devotion during the opening month of the year.

Especially do I wish all the readers of this "Review" an ever-increasing love for our Dear Lady, the Flower of Carmel. May this little monthly magazine, published in her honor, find more and more readers every day until our whole country, dedicated as it is to the Immaculate Queen, may wear her livery and acknowledge her gracious motherhood.

Are you one of those who make New Year's resolutions? People are inclined to laugh at such resolutions, and compare them to pie-crusts, which are made only to be broken. I don't see anything to laugh at as far as making such resolutions is concerned. Those who feel that they ought to change in conduct, or improve in character, are obliged to make some such resolution, or act against their conscience. The mistake usually made is not that they make such resolutions on New Year's Day, but that they don't make them any other day, and in fact, every day, until they become habits. Why is New Year's Day a better day than any other? Because there is more strength or power in that particular day? No; but because being a beginning in a new count of days, it offers a great help to a thoughtless brain to make a beginning, and to remember it. The resolution made on New Year's Day is only a beginning, and must be renewed every day, just as the New Year counts day after day before it becomes a full year.

If your resolution begins on New Year's Day and ends on the same day, it is just as ridiculous as if the new year began and ended on the same day. A day's resolution needs not be carried beyond a day, but a year's resolution should be carried through the year.

The year is composed of days. Every day is a new day, and the full number of them makes the year. Make your resolution on New Year's Day; make it anew every new day, and at the end of the year you will have the satisfaction of knowing it was kept. Our whole life is a series of beginnings, and death, instead of being the end, is only the beginning of our final state. If every former beginning was good, the last one will surely be good. Therefore begin not only on New Year's Day, but every day of your life, and you will be a saint. The saints never grew tired of beginning, and therefore succeeded.

Begin, therefore, in God's name, but keep on beginning day after day, until you need no longer count, for the "eternal years" are not counted.

Although there is no other difference between this last year of the century and any other year, excepting in differ-

ence in count, yet we cannot reason ourselves out of a certain feeling of finality about it. Strange as it may seem, there is a certain individual character stamped on each century which makes it different from all the others.

One of the great features which will render the nineteenth century unique, is the wonderful growth of the American Republic. It had just begun to take its place among the nations at the opening of the century, and now it acknowledges no superior in the family of nations.

What will the twentieth century bring? Will the Stars and Stripes still float at the end of the next century? How many will dwell under its protection?

One thing is certain. The Church of God is the only kingdom which outlives all the centuries, and if this old earth holds out till then, the bark of Peter will be still afloat at the end of the twentieth century, no matter how many empires may be wrecked meanwhile.

The Church's Gain in the Past Century.

In England and Scotland, which at the beginning of the century contained but 12,000 Catholics, there are now two millions, under the charge of three Archbishops, eighteen Bishops, and 2,785 priests, according to recent statistics given in the London TABLET. In the course of the century, the number of Catholics has risen, in Germany, from six to thirteen millions; in Switzerland. from 542,000 to 1,170 000; Scandinavia, from 2,000 to 8,000; in the Balkan Peninsula, from 27 000 to 640.00; in Persia, from 300 to 10,000; in North Africa, from 15,-000 to 500.000. In Russia, the Ruthenian Church, which existed at the beginning of the century, has given place to ten millions of Latin Catholics.

In the Far East the record of progress is the same, the increase being from one to six millions of Catholics. In Central, Eastern, Western and Southern Afria, where in the middle of the century there were no Catholics, there are now nearly two millions, grouped in thirty missions, under the charge of 250 missionaries. In the Spanish, Dutch and English colonies of Oceanica, where there were no Catholics at the beginning of the century, there are now a million and a half. In Canada their numbers have risen from 137,000 to over 2,000,000; and in the United States of America from 36,000 to 10,-000,000.

I Am Mary's Evermore.*

My Scapular
More precious far
Than earthly robes most bright,
I love to wear
The fiends to scare
Who tremble at its sight.
What queen can dare
Her robes compare
With Mary's livery?
She gives to bear
To those who care
Her children fond to be.

I kiss it oft,
With heart aloft,
To where my Queen's above;
And think I hear
Her sweetly cheer
Me on with pledge of love.
She says to you:—
Now bid adieu
To all that looks most fair;
For soon shall be
The day for thee,
With me true joys to share.

In death I'll stand
With angel band,
To soothe thy fevered brow;
Then fix thy throne
Close to my own
For love you bear me now.
Ah! what joy will
My poor heart fill
At home beyond the skies!
When on me beams
The love that gleams
From my sweet Mother's eyes.

Ave Maria!

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* From "The Christian Panoply" of Rev. J. J. Huggard

A Wishful Soul.

WE were all gathered together at Mrs. Asquith's cottage, gazing out upon the sea, which shone in bewildering blueness, only softened, here and there, by a floating sheen of silver. It was calm as the restless ocean ever can be, its surface ripples quivering slightly, its deeps unstirred save by the tidal swell. The silence had been slowly creeping into our hearts.

Yet one soul amongst us was restless; for Helen Asquith was one of our group, and the slow turn of her graceful head was like a strain of music, as she softly murmured, "I do wish, mamma!" Then she stopped. Mrs. Asquith answered in her usual soft way, yet with a glance of apprehension at her brilliant daughter, "Do not put on your wishing-cap to-day, Helen dear! It is all so tranquil, everywhere. See that beautiful gleam of emerald in the shallower water, near the rocks! It is the perfection of color! It leaves nothing to be wished."

"Be ye therefore, perfect!" whispered Miss Dormer, softly. "What a demand upon us, out of the heart of high Heaven! It is our Lord's own word. Nature echoes it gloriously, oftentimes.

The Professor, who was also of our party, started from his meditation. He had caught hold of our topic. "Wishing?" said he. "A wishing-cap? Why, we all wear one. It is an essential attribute of our nature as mortals to strive after after ideals, to yearn for higher attainments, in saintliness as well as wisdom, to wish for freer conditions of development. Every great achievement of the human race began with desire—'the wish being father to the thought.' The Atlantic telegraph, our great ocean cable, was in its germ a wish, a longing, an ideal dream; from that germ sprang its glorious accomplishment."

"It is only idle wishing that is dangerous," admitted Mrs. Asquith, "the kind that springs from discontent. We have so much uneasiness in this country. The Old World is calm, compared with it. We do not rest in the Divine will, but make life a constant struggle.

'I asked where Contentment's house was found,
And no one knew, the country round.'

"I am quoting from a German poet, you know!" laughed Miss Dormer.

"There is a divine discontent," asserted the Professor, gravely. "It is the desire to scale heights of spiritual beauty. It leads lofty souls to realms of purity through deeds of self-sacrifice."

Helen's eyes shone like stars. "Then, wishing is not wrong? I am so glad to hear you say so!" Her voice was full of delight.

"It is the wishing that leads to nothing, which is dubious, my daughter; the kind that does not issue in action, that makes life a waste of barren longings. A crop of such wishes is like one of flowerless and seedless plants."

"Are we sure of that, even? A crop of mushrooms has high value, in all markets," rejoined the Professor, his eyes still fixed on the young girl. "Why, Mrs. Asquith, it is often impossible to translate desire into action.

Our very highest longings are of this type, too—are they not? Moses desired to see the very glory of God ; but on this earth, his wish might not be granted. Yet was it not part of the great Law-giver's spiritual greatness? Was it any wonder that his face shone, when he came down from the Mount, with a reflected gleam of that intensely longed-for vision? Our wishes may not be useless ; but, at last, find fruition. They may, indeed, for a part, and no slight part, of the white splendors beyond the veil, the dazzling wonders of Eternity."

"Some beautiful writer declares that "Heaven is a place for those who have failed on earth," rejoined Miss Dormer. "The thought is one of great comfort to me. Perhaps all our aspirations that have failed of earthly realization because they were not of earth, will re-appear in Heaven's divine fulfilments."

"I know what you wished, dear Helen. I can guess! It had to do with music, I am sure. And your eyes were piercing the dimness, far out to!"

"Yes, Miss Dormer. I was wishing for a musical education abroad, in Germany or Italy, perhaps!"

Her friend sighed, thinking of the splendid Cathedral schools of Italy, where the world's greatest vocalists once found instruction ; then, of the refined, and, as it were instructive soul-music of the German composers.

Helen Asquith had a magnificent voice, as they all knew ; it might carry her to the heights of fame, with proper and long-continued training. Yet how was this to be compassed? Looking into that impassioned face, under its spell of beauty, she could but echo the girl's wish.

Mrs. Asquith was the first to break the long silence which had fallen on them all.

"I wonder why we are so eager for the far-away," she said, as if her own thoughts had drifted off and she were trying to recall them. "We come in sight of the ocean and find ourselves caught in the extreme fascination of its mystery. For we never look inland ; our souls gaze off-shore! It must be the attraction of infinity."

"That is true, as a matter of fact," replied the Professor, "however, you account for it. Yet we do well, also, to measure the contrary attraction—the centripetal, as it were—which shows us the Divine mirrored in the nearer things, as in a modern telescope we observe not directly, but by means of a reflector.

'That is best, which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of Art?'

"Longfellow felt this to be a truth as profound as its opposite. The infinite Divine is made up of heights and deeps; it pervades both the infinitely great and the infinitesimally small. The Lord's wonders, equally bewildering, equally admirable; in the tiny things as in the most magnificent, besiege the human soul on all sides, demanding,—yes, forcing—recognition. The cry of the cicada has thousands of vibrations unheard by human ear, as the scientists have recently discovered ; so fine, so elfin-shrill, so delicate that they pass our knowledge! Behold the wonders of the microscope! And, in larger things, the prismatic globe of the dew-drop with its flashing, miniature sun, and the bewildering structure of the snow-flake."

"I beg pardon, Professor, for interrupting! I do indeed!" cried Helen, with sudden eagerness. "But did you see that marvellous poem, 'To a Snow-Flake,' by a Catholic poet

in London; Lionel Johnson?

'What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal,
O filigree petal!
Fashioned so purely
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?'

'God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour
To lust of His mind:—
Thou could'st not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Mightily, frailly,
Ensculpted and embossed,
With His hammer of wind
And His graver of frost.'"

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Helen, for giving us that! How beautifully the measure, with its short lines, carefully chiselled, suits the dainty theme!"

"Why should not our wishes turn towards the nearer things? I mean, towards a better comprehension and deeper love of them. Would it not make us happier?" queried Mrs. Asquith. "I think our poets are doing us good service, when they tell us the beauty and show us the significance of common thines, the delicate touches of Heaven upon our every-day lives. Our artists, also, find success in these lines! Witness Millet's 'Sower' and the 'Angelus!'

"The landscape artists, too, should not be forgotten; they give us such tender touches of nature. Moreover, the glories of sky and sea, the exquisite flush of dawn, the wild rose in its slow unfolding, the white calm of the snow-fields, the solemnities of night, her blue-black sky, ablaze with countless constellations,—all these speak to the poor and ignorant, to the invalid, and even to the child. They have a universal language, so the whole whole world understands,—and, in some blind way, makes answer. It is, to them, like the Lord's voice speaking to them, in their lowliness, with exceeding comfort and sympathy. Its nearness seems very precious. 'Behold, it is nigh, even at thy doors!' is the cry of Holy Writ."

"We always think of these things at Christmas, do we not, Professor? We turn from contemplation of far-away splendors, of arch-angels and the might that girdles the burning throne, to behold the feeblest and sweetest thing in the whole universe, to touch in spirit the infant Hand, soft as rose leaves, which holds the awful power of Redemption."

Then, turning to the table, Miss Dormer came back with a small magazine, in a blue cover, which she handed to Helen. It was called "The Madonna." "Did you notice a pretty sketch, called 'A Gracious Girlhood,' in that little journal?" she inquired of Mrs. Asquith, who said she had overlooked it. "It was of much interest," continued Miss Dormer. "The beautiful child of the history was Anna Katherine Emmerich. It is 'the humble' story of a little maiden with starry eyes and candid brow, who stands beneath the great oak trees caressing the birds, whom, like a miniature St. Francis, she is bidding to praise and love God. This little maiden was born and baptized on the 8th of September, 1774, and lived in Westphalia, the dear old Munsterland. And one is glad to linger awhile with this biographer, the Baroness Pauline Von Hugel, amid the 'sweet fragrance of those simple, early days of a great lover of Christ cruci-

fied." After some account of her patient, God-fearing father, his extreme poverty, his industry and cheerfulness, Anna, herself, relates the following. 'Summer and winter I had to rise at day-break and help my father in the fields. Then, when the sun rose, as I walked by his side, he would take off his hat and pray, and talk to me of God, Who made His glorious sun to shine upon us. As we thus walked, side by side, in the early dawn, he would also say, 'See, no one has as yet touched the dew, it is all untrodden ; now, as we are the first comers, if you pray very devoutly, we shall be blessing the earth. It is a blessed thing to walk through the virgin dew. God's blessing is still fresh upon the land, no sin has yet been committed in the fields, no evil word has been spoken. If we had come only when all the dew had been trodden away, everything would have seemed defiled and spoiled.' 'My first lesson in Christian Doctrine,' she continued, 'was my mother's constant ejaculation, 'Lord, give me but patience, and then strike hard!' This I have never forgotten. If I played with others my mother would say, 'when children play nicely and kindly together, and take care never to be rude, then the holy angels or the Christ-Child will be among them as they play.' I believed this most firmly, and often looked up to the sky with *a great longing* for their coming, and wondered how soon they would come. Sometimes I thought they really were present amongst us!"

Here Miss Dormer paused. "Go on, please!" begged the Professor. "This is all beautiful. Tell us some more!"

"And so it came to pass," adds the Baroness, "that to the child so holy, so pure in heart, all nature seemed subject. The birds would fly to her to be caressed, and she would sing God's praises with them, and if she found a nest she would whisper sweet words to the little nestlings. She owns that every leaf and every flower was an open book in which she could read of the wisdom and goodness of God. "In every variety of color and form I could feel its significance and its beauty. God made me in sympathy with everything in the world down to each little plant and animal. No sooner did I come into the open air than I could recreate myself with all His works so gladly and so sweetly."

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Asquith, as Miss Dormer stopped. "That was, indeed, the training ior future sainthood. When the child's wishes turn to the angels, its after-life will be in harmony with this first strain of music."

"How different, though, from our worldly ambitions in these days!" sighed Miss Dormer. "But it is perfectly in line with what you were saying, Professor, about Nature, and her sweet ministries to the poor and lowly. There are those, too, among the rich, who can claim the Lord's blessing on 'the poor in spirit.' With Helen, here, too, it is but a question of how her music is keyed."

The girl stood thoughtful for a few moments, then lifted her beautiful head and said quietly, "The earth-music ought to be in harmony with the heaven-music."

"But is it, Helen? You know something, already, of life and thought in our musical circles. How much of it is keyed to the songs of the birds? Or the songs of the angels? How will your wished-for training eventuate? Can you even guess?"

"The great music, — that of the

Church and her great composers,—expresses in its own way the perfections of God, and the deep harmonies of the universe," observed the Professor, as Helen's reply seemed slow in coming. "The musician who renders it in any adequate way, must catch its spirit. It will sing its way into his soul. If unhampered by petty jealousies and cheap ambitions, his career should be of the noblest. For he has power to calm discord and uplift the human spirit. He can voice its cry to the Eternal. He stands on the heights of earth—far above its morasses—and sings to the stars. Other mortals may well class him with the seer and the prophet, for he touches the golden cords that link earth to the Beatific Vision."

The conversation closed and one by one the others left her; but Miss Dormer lingered, still gazing at the evening light which shone on the waters. Her heart yearned for Helen. Then, in the calm, the yearning fell into submissive prayer. "Grant Thou the wish of her heart, O Lord of Mercy! either here below, if such be Thy will, or amid celestial choirs in Thine Everlasting Kingdom."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Bethlehem's Little Quiet Time.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The angels soar to heights sublime; the shepherds seek their humble home.
It is the little quiet time, before the Kings shall come.

The little quiet time, and blest, when Joseph bows in worship mild,
While, with the milk of her pure breast, sweet Mary feeds her Child.

Like rev'rent shadows, let us creep across the lintel of the Grot,
Where rosy splendors seem to leap about the holy spot.

Let's nestle at our Mother's feet, and lay our heads against her knee,
And feast upon that vision sweet, of strange Maternity!

Adoring, feast upon that Face, of which Her face is mirror clear.
How close she holds Him in embrace,—Her Babe, divinely dear!

"O Infant Hands!" (she seems to say) "like lily-leaves of velvet bloom,
Must ye be wounded sore, one day, and pierced with nails of doom?"

"O Baby Feet!" (she seems to moan) "pink-tinted as the sun-kissed snow,
Shall ye be mangled, bleeding, shown, on Calv'ry's mount of woe?"

"O Infant Brow! O Baby Side! I see the thorn-crown and the spear!
The Blood flows down, a crimson tide,—Heart's wound is deep and drear!

"Dear snow-white Lamb!" (she murmureth) "Thy fleece shall be as roses red;
The wolves shall hunt Thee to Thy death—I mourn Thee, slaughtered, dead!"

* * * * * *

Thus, in the little quiet time, the Maid bemoans her Child;
Dear victim of our sin and crime, pardon us, Undefiled!

Philadelphia.

The Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.

BY V. REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.

THE Blessed Virgin being predestined to become the Mother of God, all the qualities of soul and body, that were necessary to fit her for that exalted position, were bestowed upon her. For this reason she enjoyed a privilege that no human being ever enjoyed but herself, that is Her Immaculate Conception. She alone was conceived Immaculate, which made the poet sing that she is the solitary boast of our race. The Immaculate Conception not only preserved her from sin, but also bestowed upon her immunity, from temptation, so that the slightest sin never touched her, nor did the slightest temptation ever breath on the pure mirror of her soul. It was for this being that a husband was to be chosen. She was unique, on earth hidden from the world, but her light dazzled the heavenly court. The perfection and the beauty of her virtues, shortened the time for a sinful world writhing beneath the weight of its iniquity, and brought down the Messiah to become Incarnate in her womb.

As such is the case, let us then consider what sort of person must God have chosen to be the spouse of her, who is styled by spiritual writers, the white lily of the Trinity, the red vermilion rose that blooms in Heaven? To be the protector and companion of her who was chosen to the highest destiny that a creature could be chosen, even by an Omnipotent God, demanded one of the most exalted virtue, and such a Saint Joseph was. Furthermore, the theologians unanimously hold, that when God destines one for an exalted position He gives all the gifts and graces necessary for its fulfilment. Then at least we can form some conception of what sort of being the Blessed Virgin must have been as she had been predestined to be the Mother of God. As such is an undeniable fact, to fully understand the prerogatives, it presupposes, that in her glory, the exalted sanctity, and the other virtues, that adorn her, is beyond comprehension. And we may add to this, that to fully conceive the transcendent beauty of her virtues, though finite, the last effort of the human mind is at fault. If such be the fair spouse to whom Saint Joseph was destined to be united, it is possible for us at least to form some conception of his great sanctity.

When God made Moses the leader of His people that he might deliver them from the slavery of Egypt, He gave him all the power necessary, to fulfil such a mighty work. As he stretched forth his hand towards heaven, darkness fell upon the land of Egypt so thick that it was felt. Again as he stretched forth his hand over the sea it was parted and afforded, to the children of Israel, a dry passage, as he struck the rock a fountain of crystal water flowed to quench the thirst of his people. We read in Holy Writ, that Jeremiah, the prophet of God, was sanctified before his birth, as he was destined to foretell the coming of Christ, and as

Isaias was destined for a like mission, his lips were purified by a burning coal taken by the hand of an angel, from the altar of incense. Saint John, the Baptist, was sanctified before his birth through the visit of Jesus and Mary, because he was to be the precursor of our Divine Lord. Looking back at these events as we find them recorded, in Holy Writ, the question comes, can there be any position as exalted as that for which Joseph was destined? Leaving this unanswered for the moment, and to be accurate, we must confess, that whoever held the highest position on earth, we know not who is the next in sanctity and glory to the Blessed Virgin in heaven, as the Church has decided nothing on this matter. But however, that may be, there is no doubt the Son of God is of the same Divine essence and is equal to the Father, and as man he sits at the right hand of God his Eternal Father, and it is also certain that the Blessed Virgin sits at the right hand of her Divine Son. From this order, at least according to our way of thinking, it would appear that Saint Joseph's place would be next to the Bleseed Virgin. Because Jesus, Mary and Joseph, united on earth, constituted the Holy Family, they no doubt all fulfilled the will of the Eternal Father, and as they were united on earth it would appear as though they are not now separated in heaven. Now in answer to the question, can there be any position as exalted as that for which Joseph was destined? The Blessed Virgin being always excepted, the theologians look on the position of Saint Joseph, here on earth, as the most exalted to which man could be elevated. A great spiritual writer calls him the shadow of the Eternal Father, from the fact, that he had the brightest treasures of heaven under his care. When we consider the matter carefully, and when we look with the eyes of faith on the Divine Child, and when we behold His Virgin Mother—the brightest pearl of heaven, before whose purity the brilliancy of the angelic hosts fades; we are not at all surprised, that the common opinion of theologians is that Saint Joseph was sanctified before his birth. But Saint Joseph was a hidden Saint, the world knew him only as a poor artisan, but the veil was drawn aside, for the Evangelist, looking into the abyss of holiness, in the depths of his soul pronounced him a just man. Saint Jerome in commenting on these words, says that they meant much more than what at first sight they seemed to convey, that their meaning was that Joseph possessed every virtue and that in the highest degree.

This was the man that God chose to be the spouse of the Blessed Virgin. The priests of the temple in whose charge she was, were inspired by God, to provide a husband for her. But as she was an heiress, he should be one of her own family, so Saint Joseph one of her own tribe and a near relative, was by God's divine providence chosen to be her spouse. She was not alarmed, for her virginity, in contracting marriage with Joseph, as she knew by divine revelation that she had nothing to fear, having made a vow of virginity herself, a part of the revelation was that he had made one also, and that he knew of her engagements. With this fore-knowledge, they met, and having a mutual understanding, or we may call it a compact, to preserve their virginity during life, they were espoused. But this was not a mere espousal, it was a real marriage, they were both united in heart and sentiment, for the bond of marriage was made more solid by the chaste love of these angelic

souls, because the union of the soul's affection is the strongest of all ties.

But why did God require that the Blessed Virgin should be married? The Fathers of the church and the theologians give many reasons. One of the many is, that the prophets foretold that the Messiah, would descend from the house of David, and to prove this, it was necessary that the Blessed Virgin should be married to a man of her own tribe. For as Saint Jerome remarks, it was not customary among the Jews to trace the genealogy of women, but it was a strict law, that a man should take a wife of his own tribe, so the genealogy of the husband proved the descent of the wife. The evangelists did not, as was the custom, give directly the genealogy of the Blessed Virgin, but that of Saint Joseph. They show that he descended from the royal house of David, and by doing so, proved that the Blessed Virgin was descended from the same house, and that the prophesies regarding the Messiah were fulfilled.

There is another reason on the part of Our Divine Lord. The mystery of the Incarnation and the virginity of His Blessed Mother, not being understood, by the Jews, they would look upon Him as an illegitimate child and would be very much scandalized. He was humble—the humblest of all men, when yet an infant. He was brought by His Mother to the temple and underwent the ceremony of circumcision. There was no necessity for complying with this law on His part as it was a law made for sinful man, but He was the immaculate God, and did it to humble Himself and give an example to us. His Blessed Mother next to Him in the great virtue of humility, underwent the ceremony of purification, a law to which she was by no means bound, for although she was a mother, she was still a virgin and the law was not made for her, but she also would give us an example. But no humility would justify her to appear before the world as an adultress, and to allow her son to be looked upon as an illegitimate child. There was still a more cogent reason, as there was a law among the Jews condemning an adultress to be stoned to death. Had the Blessed Virgin not married, she would have been stoned to death after the birth of Our Divine Lord, as an adulteress, the Jews being ignorant of the great mystery that was wrought in her. It was thus the marriage saved her from all these inconveniences, for the Evangelist says Our Lord to the age of almost thirty years was thought to be the son of Joseph.

Another reason given by the Fathers, is that Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin would have a protector in Saint Joseph. This was manifestly shown, when she went to Bethlehem, where God in His divine providence decreed that the Saviour of the world should be born, as foretold by the prophets. She travelled from house to house, seeking shelter and that shelter was rudely denied her, repulsed from the inn, because there was no room, but the real reason, because she was poor, she is left abroad on the face of a cold and unsympathizing world. Young and tender, in such a critical moment, weary and tired, probably hungry, driven from the habitation of man, standing in a cold and desolate world without a roof to shelter her, the night approaching and throwing its dark shadows around her, surely amid these bitter circumstances, she stood in the deepest need of Saint Joseph's sympathy and protection. It was also a bitter hour for Saint Joseph, and how his tender heart felt. We may how it was

wrung with bitterness, because of the sufferings of his delicate spouse, and Providence decreed it so, that he had not the means to alleviate her distress. Nevertheless, she felt his protection; and his presence, was not only a consolation, but a guarantee of safety, when he took her to the stable—the habitation of beasts, as the habitation of man was denied her. Here let us bow before the depths of this great mystery, the Creator of the world, denied a home by His own creatures, His Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph—the wonders of creation, and whom creation will wonder at forever,—forced to take him to the habitation of beasts. That indeed was a bitter night, if we look on the distressing circumstances, that attended Mary and Joseph, still it was the most propitious night recorded in the annals of time. There, that night in the stable, when they beheld for the first time the Saviour of the world, a joy filled their hearts, compared with which, the joys of earth fade, as the glimmering star hides its head before the sun in his noon-day splendor.

Afterwards on another trying occasion the necessity of Saint Joseph's protection was felt, and God so recognized it, that it was to him he sent the angelic messenger, bidding him to fly into Egypt with the child and His Mother when the cruelty of Herod sought his life. How bitter was the long and weary journey, accompanied as it always is, with all the inconveniences and suffering, that attend extreme poverty! The stay in Egypt required Joseph's labor and protection for the maintenance of the Holy Family; in the performance of this great work done for Jesus and Mary, who can recount all the hardships and difficulties he had to contend with; in a strange land where he was unknown and even suspected.

However, Our Divine Lord repaid that pagan land for its hospitality, such as it was; after His departure, a saving virtue remained behind, as a vessel for a long time, containing attar of roses, retains for years the delicious odor after its precious contents had been removed. Egypt was a land sunk in the depths of the grossest idolatry, nothing could be more degrading than to see man made to the image of God bowing before serpents, and even before lifeless things, forgetting his own dignity. But the presence of Our Divine Lord was felt, from the first moment He entered that unhappy abode of paganism, though the Egyptians knew not who He was, for where ever He went the oracles were silent, and the idols were broken in their fanes. The land that gave Him shelter; from the tyranny of a wicked King that sought his life, He adorned with the greatest doctors of the church. It became the home of the Augustines, the Athanasius; the Cyrils and the Cyprians. The African church sent forth her light and subordinating it to the infallible light of Rome, contributed to enlighten the world, to destroy heresies, and to recall the wayward children, who wandered away from the Church back to the bosom of their Mother. Nor was this all. We owe to the same cause, the monastic life that peopled the deserts of the Thebiad and Nitria, and we are at a loss which to admire more, the the heroic austerities frightful to human nature, or the simple childlike sanctity that distinguished the lives of these holy men. The annals of their lives are, even to this day, a light and a revelation to Christian people. What Catholic ever reads the lives of the

Fathers of the desert and did not feel his heart go out, and his imagination wander back to the hallowed spot, where Paul the simple and his brethren dwelt! Did he not feel his soul dwelling in raptures, when reading the simple language of Paul to the demon, who had possession of the poor sinner, who, great sinner as he had been, was not excluded from the charity of the simple monk! Paul addressed the wicked one in these simple words. "If you do not go out from there I will tell Jesus Christ," and the foul enemy could not withstand the simplicity, the sanctity, and the humitity of the lowly monk.

There is another reason the Fathers of the Church give for the necessity of the Blessed Virgin's marriage. It was necessary from the beginning of the world, at times, to conceal from the arch-enemy of mankind, the secret of the Divine Counsels. Not that God could not act openly, and by His Divine power impede the enemy so that he could neither persecute nor annoy Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, had it pleased Him to do so. But He is not only all powerful, but He is all wise, and when ever He acts, He shows his wisdom as well as His power. Thus in all His works there is ever preserved, a certain congruity even of time and manner, that the beauty of order may exist, which is always manifested in whatever He does. Thus in His most magnificient work—our redemption, He wished to show not only His power, but also his wisdom and prudence, and in so doing, He sweetly disposed all things celestial and terrestial, and ejected from them all strife, for He was the God of peace, and the whole world enjoyed tranquillity His coming. It was thus the foul fiend, by the power of God was kept in doubt, with regard to the Divinity of Our Divine Lord because he did not understand the great mystery of Our Lord being born of a married woman yet a virgin, and we may say here parenthetically, that some of the children here on earth, are to this day, like their fathers lacking in like knowledge. Our Blessed Lady is a model for women in all stations of life, for all who lead a life of holy virginity in the cloister or in the world. She is the ideal woman—the fairest type of virginal purity, the lily among thorns. Although Our Blessed Lady is a type the highest to which a creature could attain, and although no one ever reached or ever will reach to her sublime sanctity, still she gave an example that has drawn multitudes of virgins after her through the ages of the Church; but this is not all, she protects them from danger and temptation, when they have recourse to her powerful intercession. She herself was conceived without sin, the slightest temptation never assailed her, because there was no inclination to evil in her soul, still there was no one in this life, who so assiduously fled from the occasion of of sin. This was a particular feature of her character that should be studied and imitated by all virgins, whether bound by vows in the cloister, or whether living amid the turmoils of the world. And the next thing necessary is to have recourse to her in all their trials and necessities.

She was a wife and a mother. We need not speak here of her constant and sublime contemplation. But even leading such an exalted supernatural life, she never forgot or put aside her household duties, but performed them in the most perfect manner. If married woman cannot reach her ecstatic union

with God, they can, through the grace of the Sacraments, imitate her in her diligence and care in performing their household duties, and in the consideration and love they owe to their husbands. In their moral influence on the household, they should especially imitate her. Though Saint Joseph was a saint of the most exalted virtues, a man after God's own heart, a man trusted with God's greatest treasures, still his union and association with the Blessed Virgin exalted him still higher in the realms of transcendant sanctity, strengthened and increased his virtues, especially the virtue of holy chastity, for in beholding her, the love of the angelic virtue was increased in his soul.

Our Blessed Lady was a widow, and in her great charity, could feel for the woman whether poor or rich, bereft of her protector. It is the poor widow especially that feels the loss of her husband. She feels the rude severing of the bond that bound them for life. It is not only the loss of him, who supported the family, but the bond of a consecrated love was broken by the rude destroyer, for, if possible, the poor love with a more disinterested love than the rich. This is the sharp visitation of God's Divine Providence. It appears severe to us, but it works for the better in the end. It chastens the soul and draws it nearer to God, it weakens the ties of earth, and gives a deeper and clearer insight into the glories of a future life. In the depth of the poor widow's faith, in the bitterness of her poverty, in the calm resignation of her soul, she leads her orphan child to the house of God, to seek consolation from Him, who never closes His ears to the cry of the widow or the orphan. But she is a fair treasure on earth, in the sight of Him, who refines the purest gold in the crucible of tribulation ; for the tears that fall from the upturned eyes and washes the pavement, go up as a sacrifice of resignation and praise. laden with the burden of sweetness more dear to the heart of God, than the song of the angelic hosts that surround His throne.

Finally the home at Nazareth was a perfect model for the home of the Christian family. The Father, the Mother and the Child, constituted the Holy family. However, we have drawn out this article too long to enlarge on this phase of the subject, which we intend to revert to at some future period. But we cannot close without a few words, on the Divine Child, Our Blessed Lady, and Saint Joseph. The faith, the knowledge, and the love of the two latter being so strong, and having the Divine Child present, what reverential awe must have ever filled their hearts! What depths of humility must have taken possession of their souls! How they must have annihilated themselves in the Divine presence! The peculiar graces that each of them received from God, to fit the one to be the Mother of the Divine Child, and the other to be the foster-father, and the graces of the espousals that united their hearts, contributed to make Nazareth the true model of the Christian family.

O where was joy or pleasure
  Except with Him their love?
And toiling never tir'ing
  With dreams of bliss to be
They glory thus in living
  A life of mystery.

Mary Allegra Gallagher.

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"The love of the Saints is an entire world of serene brightness, of an assured refuge, of innappreciable consolations, of marvellous helps, of a ravishing poetry, of holy and exquisite joys, and of heavenly presentiments."

These beautiful words have suggested to us the idea of offering to readers of "The Carmelite Review" each month of this "Holy Year," one of the many Saints commemorated as time goes on, by the Church of God. One, generally speaking, not so well known, though environed with the aureole of sanctity, and, in a special way, devoted to our ever Blessed Mother. Perhaps, with God's blessing, the short memoirs may awaken desires of studying more deeply these beautiful lives, of imitating these examples and gaining all the spiritual advantages enumerated by the learned prelate whose great work we have quoted.

The "Imitation of Christ" also encourages us to make friends with the saints, so that after death they may receive us into everlasting tabernacles.

Lovers of Mary, St. Cyril of Alexandria.

January 28th.

We have gone over to Bethlehem, and adored the Divine Infant in union with Mary and Joseph, the Angels, the Shepherds and Sages, and the echoes of celestial music are still ringing in our souls. In this first month of the new year and century, let us dwell a little on the example, and ask the patronage of a glorious saint devoted to the Word made flesh, and zealous for the honor of His Blessed Mother ("Dei para"), one whose invocation "Holy Mary, Mother of God," etc., shall vibrate to all time through the aisles of Holy Church.

St. Cyril, whose life on the solitary Carmel prepared him for the episcopal dignity, was Patriarch of Alexandria in the year 412, and some years later, when the heretical Nestorious, Bishop of Constantinople, denied that Mary should be entitled "Mother of God," he nobly withstood this teaching, and appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff, Celestine. A council was convened in Ephesus, the city sanctified by her presence and that of the "Beloved Disciple" to whom our Lord had confided her in Calvary.

Two hundred bishops attended, and we are well acquainted with the result of their deliberations, and the wonderful joy and triumph of the vast number who were awaiting those glad tidings that their beloved Mother was rightly invoked os "Mother of God." It was a new diadem for her royal brow,—not, indeed, as to time, for in the midnight silence of Nazareth, "the day of His espousals," (with human nature), she had been elevated to that incomparable height,—the Divine Maternity,—but new in this triumphant proclamation against its enemies. Now was confirmed all that loving homage, respect and confidence with which the faithful raise their eyes to her glorious throne, and then, lowering them to the wants and sorrows of exile, ask her to pray for them "*now*" and "at the hour of death."

The holy Patriarch had much to suffer for her cause, and no doubt, rejoiced at being "counted worthy" to do so. If life-everlasting is promised to those who "explain" her, how much more will be added to its essential reward by suffering also for her sake?

He passed to that exceeding reward in the year 444, to the vision of God and His star-crowned Mother,—"the glory and beauty of Carmel." May he obtain for us greater zeal for her honor, greater fortitude in suffering. greater confidence in all needs of life, and above all, her loving protection at the hour of death! "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now, and at the hour of death."

St. Francis of Sales.

(Englished by S. X. Blakeley from *"Fleurs de Sainte Enfance."*)

AMONG the saints whom the Church presents for our veneration during the present month where can we find one who shines forth in the celestial firmament with such resplendent lustre as does the meek, the loving, the fervent St. Francis? He was born on the twenty-first of August, 1567 at the Castle of Sales in Savoy. His father, the Count de Sales united in his own character every virtue that goes to make up the devoted Christian, and every quality inseparable from the polished nobleman.

His mother Frances de Sionnas was even in a more eminent degree a model of the rarest virtue, but the virtue which, above all others grew and flourished in the hearts of both was the darling virtue of charity to the poor and afflicted. As a reward for this charity God bestowed upon them, for a son, a saint. The pious countess offered him to our dear Lord before he saw the light, and often during prayer she would say "rather would I see him die than sully the white robe of his baptismal innocence." Francis at first appeared so fragile that it seemed indeed as if he might be gathered early to fill a place in the celestial garden of Paradise, but as time went on he grew stronger, and the apprehensions of his devoted parents finally died away. His beauty was of so exalted a type that it called for the admiration of all, while the purity which illumined his expressive countenance entranced every one who looked upon his face. His pious mother devoted herself heart and soul to the care of this "child of many prayers." She herself led him to Church and inspired him with reverence for the sacred place. He was her little escort upon all her missions of charity, and she made his childish hands the medium of her bountiful gifts. Upon their return home she would tell him some pretty legend of the Blessed Virgin, or read to him the life of some youthful saint and thus by reflections and comments suitable to his understanding made him secure the full benefit of that spiritual food. The holy child surpassed the fondest hopes of the countess. He loved to hear Mass, and said his prayers with a fervor and recollection not usual at his age. His chief pleasure consisted in making little altars, and imitating ecclesiastical functions, and when he had been surprised into the commission of some childish fault he never sought to screen himself by the slightest equivocation. Francis was not content to fulfil the charitable commissions of his mother. He even anticipated her by becoming a little petitioner himself. He would solicit from the various members of the household, and when nothing else presented itself he would set aside a portion of his meals for the poor. And remember that he was not at this time six years old.

When he had attained his sixth year he was sent to college first to Rocheville then to Annecy. It was with the deepest regret that his mother bade him farewell. This did not proceed

from a blind and selfish affection, she dreaded the blight which might chill the fair blossoms of virtue now taking deep root in the fair garden of his heart. But his father the Count de Sales was determined that no effort should be spared to have his son become one of the most profound scholars and accomplished gentlemen of his rank, and declared that it was quite time that his collegiate education should begin. The little Francis, by his success in his studies fully satisfied the requirements of his father, while by his rapid progress in all that was good he calmed the anxieties of his mother. When his eleventh birthday approached his father resolved to send him to Paris where he would enjoy still greater educational advantages. The countess petitioned that he might first remain with her for a few months that she might fortify him against the new dangers he might encounter. The holy youth had no sooner returned to the paternal mansion than he made known his ardent wish to receive the tonsure. Nothing was further removed from the views of the count. Francis was his oldest son, the object of his most tender affections. From the moment of his birth he had entertained the greatest hopes of a brilliant future, which increased with each added year. Still being gifted with the virtue of prudence, and imbued with the spirit of religion he consented to the request of his child knowing that no positive engagement was connected there with, and hoping that Francis might eventually turn his thoughts in another direction.

With the parting counsels of his beloved mother cherished deep in his innermost heart Francis bade an affectionate farewell to home and friends and was soon en route for his destination.

Arrived at Paris he pursued his studies with the same success with which he had began them. He was directed therein by a zealous priest who had been secured for the purpose, and thus his progress in virtue was also assured.

When at the end of the sixth year he came again to Savoy he had adopted the practices of severe penance and had made a vow of perpetual chastity. He did not venture to speak of it to his father, and it was only after several more years of study at Padua, and a tour through Italy that he obtained, with great difficulty the consent of the count to become a priest.

God called him to labor in this vineyard for the salvation of innumerable souls. Oh ! for what an infinite number did he not open the gates of Heaven ! Who can compute the great, the vast throng of those led by him to the way of perfection whether as a missioner in Chablais which he brought back almost entirely to the faith—as Bishop of Geneva—or as Founder and Father of the admirable Order of the Visitation Nuns ! This great saint died at Lyons in 1625, December 28, feast of the Holy Innocents whose purity was like unto his own. Seeing that the last moment was nigh, those who lovingly surrounded his bed began the prayers for the agonizing. When in the Litany of Saints, they uttered the invocation : "*Holy Innocents, pray for us* !" the saintly prelate for the last time raised his eyes to heaven and with the same spirit of tranquillity which had distinguished him during life gave back his soul to the Creator he had so devotedly loved, and entered at once into the joy of his Lord.

Editorial Notes.

From the Apostolic Delegate.

At the commencement of the New Year, with much pleasure we make room for the following from the worthy and esteemed representative in Canada of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

University of Ottawa.
Ottawa, Canada,
Nov. 30th, 1899.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,—

Thank you for the "Specimen Copy" of the Carmelite Review, which you have been kind enough to send to me.

I am much pleased to know that such a Review exists in the interests of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and the Brown Scapular, and willingly give it my blessing and approval.

Wishing you every success, believe me to remain.

Yours faithfully in J. C.
† D. FALCONIO Arch. of Larissa.
Apost. Deleg.

Anno Domini 1900.

The Holy Year has commenced, and in the mind of holy Church a new century has opened its yet unstained pages. From our hearts let our feeble voice join the mighty throng of Christians in singing "Holy God we praise thy Name for thy countless gifts in the past century!" We leave to the historian the story of the 19th century and the unwritten history of the 20th century. May it be wholly consecrated to the honor and glory of God! May Mary Immaculate, the glorious Queen of Carmel be known and loved more and more! For our dear friends and readers may this and every year bring them all happiness and copious benediction!

An Advocate of Arbitration.

Archbishop Martinelli, Delegate Apostolic to the United States, as quoted by the *New York Journal*, gave utterance to some very wise "thoughts on a Christmas season clouded by contention between nations and prevailing wars." His Grace shows how Christ is the Arbitrator, and the world's only arbitrator to-day is Christ's Vicar the Pope. To quote Mgr. Martinelli:

"During the Middle Ages the Roman Pontiffs were the arbitrators in affairs of world-wide importance. It is true, they were not always successful in preventing the shedding of blood, but their influence prevented savagery in warfare, and the "Peace of God" which they constantly proclaimed as a duty upon all Christians often gave the opportunity for cooler counsels to prevail. The present Pontiff Leo XIII., is an ardent advocate of arbitration. He would have willingly acted as umpire in the Spanish-American war to prevent bloodshed, just as he acted as mediator between Spain and Germany in the case of the Caroline Islands dispute. The Holy Father would gladly have used his good offices to prevent war in the Transvaal, in the Philippines or between any nations on earth. They are all the children of the Heavenly Father, and all have equal claim on the paternal solicitude of the Vicar of Christ on earth. Leo XIII. has written eloquently on the subject of arbitration. It would be the crowning glory of his pontificate if the nations should, with earnest accord, submit the difficulties to a court of mediation. The calling together of a peace congress at The Hague seemed to promise much, but subsequent events have proved that the lofty ideas presented at that conference have not born fruit."

The Papal Delegate to Canada.

To our esteemed contemporary, *The University of Ottawa Review*, we are indebted for the following brief sketch of Mgr. Falconio, who has just most graciously blessed our little magazine:

Mgr. Diomede Falconio was born on the 20th of September, 1842, at Pescocotanza, a small parish of the diocese of Monte Casino, Italy. At the age of 18 years he entered the Order of St. Francis. Having completed his studies under the direction of the learned religious of the Roman Province of his Order, he was sent to the missions of the United States. On the 4th of January, 1866, he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo. While in America Mgr. Falconio was charged with several important offices of trust in his Order. He was for a time professor of Philosophy and vice-president of the Franciscan College at Allegany, N. Y. (1866). The following year he became professor of Theology and Secretary of the Franciscan province of the Immaculate Conception. In 1868, he was elected President of the College and Seminary of St. Bonaventure. The same year Mgr. Carfagnini, Bishop of Harbor Grace, entrusted him with a delicate mission to Newfoundland; and a year later he became secretary to Mgr. Carfagnini and administrator of the Cathedral parish of Harbor Grace. In 1882, Mgr. Falconio returned to the States where he remained until, on his election to the Provincialship of his Order in Abruzzo, he was recalled to Italy in 1884. During the next eight or nine years, Mgr. Falconio occupied successive posts of honor and responsibility and was charged with several delicate and difficult missions in different Franciscan provinces. He was about to visit France in obedience to the commands of his Superior General when July 11, 1892, Leo XIII proclaimed him bishop-elect of Lacedonia. On the 17th of the same month he was consecrated at Rome by His Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valetta. His administrative success was so marked in the diodese of Lacedonia, that the Holy Father confided to him the difficult task of governing the united sees of Acerenza and Matera with their combined flock of 150,000 souls, amidst whom he was zealously laboring when last August the voice of the Universal Shepherd called him to a wider sphere of action as Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

Everyone admires the wise choice of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, in sending to us Mgr. Falconio, to whom Canadian Catholics give a most sincere and hearty welcome.

A True Shepherd.

"He never told any body of his good deeds, but he often said he would die poor." So it was said of the saintly Bishop of Burlington, Vt., Mgr. Louis de Goesbriand. His whole fortune left at his death was but two dollars! What a tribute to the glory of holy Church in America. This man of God was a nobleman by birth as well as nature. He was the son of Marquis Henri de Goesbriand of Berdolas. He was humility itself, and his sole earthly possession was his clothing. His great desire was to make others happy and he gave all to charity. Well do we remember the fervent and encouraging words this holy prelate wrote to us in the days when the CARMELITE REVIEW had just delivered its Salutatory! "Precious in the sight of he Lord is the death of his saints!" Vermont saw other great men but their glory is of this world.

Homeward Bound.

"Mary's Dowry" was once England's title, in the days when she was the Isle of Saints. That day passed, and with it priest and altar. But will not the prayers of the chosen sons of Mary bear fruit? Will not the

land first hallowed with the holy Scapular once more be decked with cross and statue? The answer will doubtless be in the affirmative if we judge from current events. We refer to a scene which might have happened in the ages of faith when people were more concerned about their soul's salvation than the conquest of far-distant republics. This event was the ceremony of unveiling of a lofty crucifix erected in a field adjoining an Episcopalian Church in Yorkshire. The cross was erected in public homage to our divine Redeemer and to mark the opening of the twentieth century. Among the inscriptions on the stone one reads: "Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us!" To which, we are sure, our pious readers will join us in saying a fervent "Amen!"

A New Contributor.

The learned Jesuit—Father Deharbe, who spent a long time in compiling his now famous catechism—once remarked that writing for him was a cross. Every time he put pen to paper he suffered from intense headaches. In fact, he called his books by the expressive German name of "Schmerzenkinder." Nevertheless, his was a great work, and had on it the stamp and blessing of obedience. We were reminded of all this when we thought of good Friar John, who this month makes his initial bow to the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW in his "Soliloquies." Friar John wondered if our readers could decipher his penmanship, but was satisfied when we told him of the tribulations of the proof reader, and that there was such a despot as an editor whose business it is to unmercifully cut and trim before the reader had a chance to meditate on and apply to himself the wise philosophy of Friar John.

The Ideal of the Masters.

One of the features of the multiple "ante"-Christmas numbers of the metropolitan newspapers was the reproduction of the composite of the masterpieces of the great painters of the Madonna. One journal not to be outdone by its "esteemed" contemporary, gave what it claimed to be a composite picture of what is "best in the religious art of the centuries." This was said to be gotten out under the direction of the National Academy of Design. It has color enough to satisfy the taste of the most voracious reader of the multi-colored journals. But from the spiritual side,—as Kipling says—"that is another story." The real curiously interesting religious photographic triumph of the artist is the composite photograph of 300 Madonnas by Mr. Joseph Gray Kitchell of Indianapolis. It is the result of eight months' labor. The picture produced,—an ensemble of all the famous paintings of the Divine Mother,—is virtually a new Madonna, and it seems hard to describe or analyse it. It is spoken of as mysterious and spiritual. Of course it is more a matter of technical interest to photographers. However, we cannot but speak of it since anything bearing on our Blessed Mother interests us. Mr. Kitchell says he always had a longing desire to produce in one photograph an image of the Madonna which realizes the ideal of all the artists that have ever painted this subject. Whether he has succeeded is an open question. It must be remembered that only a pure and holy soul can conceive a holy subject. The Masterpieces of the Madonna were put on canvas by men whose hands were as familiar with the beads as with the brush. Mary is an inspiration to the

Catholic mind. She is the most beautiful amongst creation, "our tainted natures' solitary boast." In truth, the picture of Mary Immaculate, to quote the New York journal which reproduced Mr. Kitchell's composite,—"appears to the religious instinct as well as to the artistic. No matter to what church one belongs or how liberal he may be, the picture of the Mother of Christ has a fascination. A subject that has inspired artists to their greatest efforts since the Christian era began still retains its hold on the human mind and heart. It is the highest expression of feminine purity and beauty."

Humility is a Virtue.

Under the brief caption "Well Put," that could be shortened to "Amen," as being synonymous, one of our Catholic contemporaries recently endorsed what it calls a critique truthfully made by the *Catholic World* of Dr. Conde B. Pallen's splendid book entitled "What is Liberalism?" which we lately approved of and heartily recommended. This critic starts by saying: "We thank God that Liberalism, as the word is used by Mr. Pallen, has little prevalence here." This reminds us of some such similar words in the 18th Chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, where we read the opening prayer of a man who also exclaimed "O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men," etc. Further on the writer starts to compare the Catholicity of America, and *vice versa*. This seems to us to be in very bad taste. It should not be forgotten what Shakespeare says of comparisons. If Liberalism is not prevalent in America, Doctor (not Mr.) Pallen wrote a useless book without a purpose. Far from it. He would have received but platitudes from his reviewers had his book appealed to the "mutual admiration" circles, but he told the truth and was "roasted" for thus having the courage of his convictions. Our editorial confreres should carefully read the beautiful exposition of the general Intention in the December *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. By perusing it meditatively they will see why we are inclined to thank God that we are "not as the rest of men," and that the letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII meant what it said. Oh! with the dying century may also depart the detestable spirit of liberalism. May we learn humility and "be converted and become as little children" if we wish to "enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In the Land of St. Teresa.

The Bishop of Salamanca in a recent pastoral letter has announced to his diocese, and in fact to the Catholics not only of Spain, but of the entire world, that he intends to build a magnificent basilica at Alba de Tormes in honor of St. Teresa, whose heart is preserved at the Church of the Carmelite Nuns of the town. What a sad contrast to this happy news to hear of the unholy war raised against Spain's greatest benefactors, the religious orders. Listen to these valiant words of a mitred champion of the friars, Mgr. Spenola, Bishop of Lerillo. In a recent pastoral he says, fearlessly:—

"We hope that the Senate of Spain will never listen to these resolutions of Senores Morayta and Blasco Ibanez, which they and their Masonic associates would fain ask a Catholic nation to enact (against the Orders.) The very fact of their presenting them is the reason why we should raise a warning voice, for already throughout Spain it has been the subject of dis-

cussion and astonishment; aye, even now it is the theme of the Catholic world through the pages of the press. It is, therefore, incumbent on us to warn our flock that they, too, may join in a unanimous shout of disapproval in order that Spain and Christendom, too, may know that in the land of St. Dominic, of St. Peter of Alcantara, of St. John of the Cross, of St. Teresa, of St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia and St. Ignatius of Loyola, only a very few, a mere handful, abhor and detest our Religious, while the people as a body—in the immense majority—love them, and condemn and anathematize the conduct of those who seek to discredit and vilify them, at the same time they discredit and vilify religion—of which they are the honored sons."

Genius in Cowl and Cassock.

If all the facts and names were brought together, we would have a good sized volume relating the material benefits conferred on humanity by priests and Religious. Some day in these pages we will tell our readers about a French Carmelite renowned for his great engineering feats,—Father Sebastian Truchet, on whom Peter the Great conferred great honors. Again, only of late we read of the Cappuchin Fiorini who invented an apparatus to prevent railway collisions. A Dominican father is also spoken of as the inventor of a machine that surpasses the linotype. And now comes our friend Dr. J. N. Maingot with his ingenious Musico Dumb-bells. Father Maingot is a resident of the West Indies, and not very long ago spent some very pleasant days with our fathers at Niagara Falls. Each dumb-bell has a musical attachment corresponding to one of the notes of the octave. Eight bells (each a different note) are held by as many pupils, so they go through the ordinary calisthenics with a musical accompaniment. The use of an organ or piano is dispensed with. Thus the teaching of music, especially reading at sight, is combined with calisthenics, —the physical and intellectual advantages being joined together. Dr. Maingot has been induced to put his novel dumb-bells on the market so that the world can reap the benefit of his invention.

The Holy Year.

Most unprecedented privileges were accorded in the Papal decree regarding the opening of the Holy Year which commenced on the first day of this month of the new year, and of a new century dedicated to the Redeemer of the world. It was but fitting that in the most solemn manner thanks be given to God for the benefits, spiritual and temporal, received during the course of the nineteenth century which is now to be enscribed on the scrolls of the historian, and likewise, as reads the decree "owing to the urgent necessities of the times that greater favors be implored in order to begin the new era auspiciously."

It rather surprised us during the past month to find here and there paragraphs in some of our Catholic exchanges wherein reference is made to the "Virgin Mary." It grates on the ears of a devout client of our ever Blessed Mother who herself long ago prophesied that "all nations shall call" her *Blessed.*

***

Indeed the time has not yet arrived (May the Lord hasten it!) when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares." It is a sad reflection to a Christian when he is told by the best statisticians that during the past two years 41,375 men have been killed in battle! There are to-day rulers who can say with the old Roman "Varus, where are my legions?" Yes, as we write many a soldier is marching to the judgement seat of the God of armies. How long will the cry be *Quid novi ex Africa*? Let us pray that nations, like individuals, may recognize the divine hand that justly chastises them.

***

Francis W. Grey, a most delightful writer, contributes a very pretty story in the December number of the Cana-

dian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* In this fascinating sketch the author without difficulty transports the reader to the days of faith, so one can, without difficulty, imagine he sees and hears those Carmelites in "merrie England" chanting the divine praises.

***

Last month we called attention to what we called a *remarkable* indulgence of 100 years attached to the beautiful End-of-the-Century Prayer. Since we went to press the Benedictine, Father Maler, wrote to the editor of the *New World* saying that in the original German he overlooked in proof reading (being at that time very ill), the word "years" instead of "days." If the indulgence is thus curtailed it does not lessen the beauty of the prayer which is to be heartily recommended.

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"The report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is a reminder of how ill the United States governs dependent races. If our system in the Philippines is like our Indian record—and so far it bears a deplorable resemblance thereto—we shall have a never-ending series of insurrections there as long as we hold the islands." These are the sentiments of a secular paper,—the *Buffalo Express.* It is a paragraph well worth pondering over.

***

"What is the most important thing in life?" *The Penny Magazine* gives a money prize to the best answer to this question. Is it possible that people have not yet found out the answer at the end of the nineteenth century? What are the public and high schools doing? They should invest five cents in a Catholic catechism, an invaluable little book which very clearly answers all *the most important* questions.

***

In over fifty churches of Brooklyn mission services have just been held. These exercises which, with God's grace, will bear great spiritual fruit, were ordered by Bishop McDonnell as a proper observance of the closing of the nineteenth century and as a fitting preparation for the twentieth century. The observance, however, is in keeping with the Encyclical issued by Pope Leo XIII., in which the Holy Father requested that the bishops of each diocese throughout the world shall order some special celebration as a proper tribute for the marvelous growth which the Church has made during the past century, and as a plea for special guidance from Providence during the incoming century. Most of the religious Orders had representatives among the missionaries, amongst whom were four of the Carmelite Fathers.

***

Preparations are being made for a suitable celebration of the birthday of His Holiness the Pope, which will be early in March. On that day he will, please God, complete his ninety-first year. How curious it seems that all seem to agree that his precious life will be continued into the new century! Even he appeared to be filled with the same idea, and various arrangements are being entered into by him, which will not come off until next summer, and even later in the year. There will be a solemn Te Deum at St. Peter's on the birthday of His Holiness.

***

At its sitting last month in Rome the Sacred Congregation of Rites took up, considered and advanced the canonization processes of many Blessed and Venerable servants of God. Amongst others appears the name of Venerable Sister Anna of Jesus a Carmelite nun. These processes may be completed in time to permit of the canonization ceremony during this Holy Year.

***

A writer in the bright and interesting *St. Joseph's Blatt* says that two million children are educated in France by the religious Orders without a cent of cost to the infidel government. And 100,000 old and infirm persons find food and lodging with the Religious. Annually over 250,000 persons are cared for free in the hospitals under the direction of the religious Orders. These figures should shame the enemies of the Orders.

In Reply.

BY THE EDITOR.

[N. B.—We only give replies to questions of general interest.]

E. DE M., Spokane, Wash.—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII was born March 2nd, 1810. He was elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878, and is the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter. He *does* wear the Scapular and has for it a profound veneration.

JOHN MARIA, San Antonio, Texas.—In some of the churches in the United States the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular is canonically established, in which case the names are inscribed in the register kept at the church enjoying the privilege. Send the names to any of our monasteries, if you are sure the confraternity is not erected there. We gladly help priests to establish the confraternity.

REV. F. X., Chicago.—We sent you only *Faculties* to enrol persons in the Scapular. The erection of a Confraternity is a different matter.

MISS M., Antigonish, N. S.—Yes, the Masses will all be celebrated at the Shrine of Our Lady, as requested.

SISTER S., N. Y.—Of course you can send the Scapular names to Carmelite Priory, Englewood, N. J. It is the same if sent to any house of the Order in the United States or Canada. In any case two cents postage suffices.

HERR ANTONIUS, Cincinnati.—Our stock of bound volumes of the "Rundschau" is limited. Fire destroyed the bulk of them. Of course you may write to us in German. Our address is "The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ontario."

BRO. J., New Orleans.—Wear it day and night. No one should ever lay aside his Scapular.

THOS. G., Bridgeport, Conn.—Some of our friends wish us to print the monthly summary of contributions—others wish the contrary. If you see it given on the third page of the cover, you will know we are consulting the wish of the majority.

R. C., Portland, Maine.—Pope Leo XIII did most assuredly grant a special blessing to all our readers and benefactors. His Holiness did so in the presence of several of our Fathers, some of whom are right here with us. Our work is not *merely local*—it is broad—international if you will. Cardinal Gibbons, writing to us, spoke of our work covering the Western Hemisphere. We have the approbation of several Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, including His Excellency, Archbishop Martinelli. It is the same in Canada, as you will see in the present number of the REVIEW. Any contributions sent to us "at long range" do no harm to our good and hard-working parish priests. On the contrary. Experience shows us that those who are zealous in honoring Mary here at her Shrine become most generous when called on to help their home charities. No, the Scapular may not be necessary for salvation, but we should not care to be in the place of him who ignores it.

OLD READER, Alexandria, Virginia.—The Holy Sacrifice is offered up at the Shrine twice a week for our benefactors, living or dead. We shall soon give you a chance to help beautify the Shrine.

MRS. L. M., Providence, R. I.—Nothing was wanting on our part to have the Hospice in good running order by now. We are sorry for any disappointments. Most friends pity rather than censure us. Next spring the building will be open, we hope, and ready again for guests as it was last fall, when destroying fire ruined the Electric Company's power house and thus suddenly cut off our supply of electricity. We suffered heavily in consequence, but bear it all cheerfully for Our Blessed Lady's sake. But we did not lose courage. In fact, we are sure the mere mention of the fact, now that our correspondent catechises us, ought to impel our friends to be generous with us in this crucial moment. We need all we get. One subscription, unpaid, is not much—but it is much in the aggregate. So you have a means and a motive for exercising benevolence.

REV. P. O'N.—Any of the reverend clergy of the United States or Canada desirous of engaging our Fathers for missions in their parishes, should address

VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C. Prov.,
Hospice of Mt. Carmel,
Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Our Fathers give missions in English or German.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Father Finn's books make very acceptable holiday gifts and ought to be in great demand at New Years. Messrs. Benziger Bros. of New York (36 Barclay St.) Cincinnati and Chicago have gotten out a splendid edition of "The Best Foot Forward." Every one enjoys reading Father Finn's books. They interest young and old. The present work sells at 85 cents.

Many amongst the clergy have given a hearty welcome to "Daily Thoughts for Priests" by Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Father Hogan has already published a delightful and practical work on "Clerical Studies," and has conferred a great boon on thousands of English speaking priests by bringing out the present volume which has been a desideratum in the library of many a hard-working pastor. The price is $1.00. Address the publishers, Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, Mass.

We had occasion a year ago to recommend as a suitable and charming holiday gift Mr. Henry Coyle's beautiful verses embraced in his book "The Promise of Morning." We are glad to print below a review of the same by that estimable Irish poetess and saintly nun, Enfant de Marie, who writes as follows:—

"This pleasing addition to poetic literature receives its title from the opening poem, and ought to be welcomed by all readers of "The Carmelite Review" who are familiar with the name of Henry Coyle. His sweet thoughts of our Blessed Mother have now and again appealed to our love and excited our confidence for Mary's name ever wakens sympathetic chords in the heart of all who love her. The dedication of this beautiful volume "To all who have been kind" and the poem on the power of kind words, makes us appreciate in the author a sensitiveness to kindness which is peculiarly characteristic of great minds. There is a sweet touching legend of Easter and how the bruised lily bloomed in resurrection beauty like its Maker. And the pathos murmuring in "The Lonely Vigil With The Dead" and other poems, reminds us of the words so frequently quoted from Shelley's exquisite poem. "The Sky Lark:"

"Our sweet songs are those that tell of saddest thought." With much interest and pleasure, we congratulate the author of these very pleasing poems and trust there will be appreciated as they deserve by "all who have been kind" and may receive the blessing of Him to whom alone belongs the power of crowning with unfading laurels of glory the use made of His gifts in the order of nature as well as of grace.

There is always some very bright, interesting and edifying reading for English and German readers in the "Holy Trinity Church Bulletin" published monthly by the Carmelite Fathers in Pittsburg, Pa.

Write to St. Joseph's Home, Jersey City, N. J., for a copy of the *Orphans' Messenger and Advocate of the Blind*. A quarterly Catholic Magazine devoted to the interests of the Orphans and Blind of St. Joseph's Home. Subscription price 25c a year. Subscribers share in Spiritual benefits of the Pious Union of Prayer. The Pious Union of Prayer, St. Joseph's Home, has for its object to care for and educate Orphans and Destitute Children. To give a home and Christian education to Blind Children, also to care and console Poor Aged Blind, who keep Perpetual Adoration for Members. The Spiritual benefits are numerous and ver great.

Both priest and organist will find a much-desired help in an easy "musical guide for Mass service," and other splendid publications of the Union Music Co., Scranton, Pa. The *American Ecclesiastical Review*, and other reliable critics, speak highly of these works. Address the company, or W. P. Schilling, P. O Box 33, Scranton, Pa.

Those interested in the noble work of the Association of Perpetual Adoration, which quietly and substantially lends aid to poor Catholic Churches, should read the *Annals*, a very interesting periodical. now in its ninth year, published at the Convent of Notre Dame, West Ritteuhouse Square, Philadelphia.

There is no need of introducing Miss Anna T. Sadlier to our readers. Her name on the title page is a guarantee of what follows. Her "True Story of Master Gerard" will introduce the reader into a realm of delight. It is just the thing to send to a friend during the holidays. It is no exagge ation to say that the publishers, Messrs. Benziger Bros., have achieved a triumph in the printer's art. Price of the book mentioned is $1.25.

A book handy for teachers in schools and colleges, and directors of young mens associations, is "Liudolf," A Historical Drama of the

Time of Otto the Great. The play is in five acts, and is from the pen of Rev. A. Guggenburger, S. J. It is published by B. Herder, (17 South Broadway) of St. Louis, at 50 cents.

The Jesuits of the German province have given to the reading world many learned volumes. One of these masterpieces, the result of many years of study and research, is now ready. This is Volume III—"The Social Revolution"—of Father Guggenburger's great work, entitled "A General History of the Christian Era." The distinguished author is Professor of History at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. There is no doubt that this book will at once be adopted in Catholic colleges as a text-book. It is also intended for Reading Circles and for private instruction. Volumes I and II are in preparation. Each volume, like Vol. III, now ready, is uniform in size, viz: 8vo-ca. 432 pages, with six splendid maps. The binding is in fine cloth with gilt title on back and front. The price per volume is remarkably low—$1.50, which is within reach of the poorest student. The book can be had from the publisher, B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. In the preface to this book, the author says in words worthy of a son of St. Ignatius, that he "is not so vain as to imagine that he has produced a perfect work—a perfect history of this size and aim is practically an impossibility—he can truthfully say that he has devoted much time and care to its compilation; and he will be sincerely thankful for fair criticism and any helpful suggestions that may be kindly offered."

In the making of books the Messrs. Benziger Brothers ars past-masters. While giving the best they manage to keep within the range of the present buyer. The latest addition to their present long list is "A Round Table of the Representative French Catholic Novelties." At which is served a feast of excellent stories by Rene Bazin, Mme. Caro, Champol, Pierre L'Ermite, Charles Le Goffic, A. de Lamothe, M. Maryon, Raoul de Navery, Vicomte de Poli, Leon de Tinseau, Comte de Villebois-Mareuil. With handsome Portraits, Biographical Sketches, and Bibliography. 12mo, handsomely bound. The price of the book is $1.25. This is a companion volume to "A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelties," at which is served a feast of excellent stories by Eleanor C. Donnelly, Anna Hanson Dorsey, Ella Loraine Dorsey, Maurice Francis Egan, Francis J. Finn, S.J, Walter Lecky, Christian Reid, Anna T. Sadlier, Mary A. Sadlier, John Talboi Smith, Charles Warren Stoddard and "A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novels." At which is served a feast of excellent stories by Louisa Emily Dobree, M. E. Francis, Theo. Gift, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Sophie Maude, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, Baroness Pauline von Hugel, Lady Amabel Kerr, R. B. Sheridan Knowles, Francis M. Maitland, Clara Mulholland, Mrs. Bartle Teeling. These handsomely printed and beautiful bound volumes together or separately make ideal holiday presents.

We heartily recommend to our readers Mr. Philip A. Kemper, 19-21 West 2nd Street, Dayton, Ohio., for the very best and cheapest in the line of cards or pictures to be sent to your friends during the holidays.

"The Paraclete."—A manual of Instruction and Devotion. Price 60 cents, Benziger Bros. New York.

Three splendid stories—"Little Arlette" and "'Twas To Be," by Henri Ardel, and "Lot Leslies' Folks," by Eleanor C. Donnelly, are within the reach of the most economic book buyer, besides being attractive and desirable holiday gifts. Price of each, 50 cents. Write to the publishers, Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., 824, Arch st., Philadelphia. This reliable firm always pleases its patrons.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

Rev. Andrew M. McLoughlin of the Order of St. Augustine who died lately at Lansingburg, N. Y.

Rev P. V. Kavanagh, of the Congregations of the Missions, former President of the Niagara University, a worthy priest of God whose life was full of good works.

Thomas Francis Brown, of Welland, who died Dec. 14.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below.** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract vnd surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

LEO XIII PROCLAIMS THE HOLY YEAR.

To All the Faithful of Christ:—

"As the present century, almost the full length of which has been by God's goodness covered by Our own life, is now hastening to its close, We have gladly determined, in accordance with the custom of Our predecessors, to pass a decree which may be a source of salvation to Christian people."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1900. NO. 2

Our Lady of the Snow.

OH vision beautiful beyond compare !
Mother most blessed of The Incarnate Word !
Eye hath not seen, nor any ear hath heard
Nor heart conceived of aught one half so fair :
Jesus and Mary ! How shall mortal dare
To speak such names as these ? Our hearts are stirred
To joy, at hearing ; as a caged bird
Joys in new freedom, light, and summer air.
Mother most beautiful and whiter far
Than newly-fallen snow, than tongue may frame
Art Thou : The music of each Blessed Name,
Jesus and Mary, sounds above the jar
And jangle of life's discords : Each shall claim
Love, homage, reverence, from all that are.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Two Strangers.

THIS morning two strangers I saw on the green,
With faces like angels, so mild and serene.
When they played with the flowers what did I behold,
Oh, one's touch was silver, the other's 'twas gold.
See, you who may doubt it, the buttercup fair,
And search in the heart of the lily. Take care,
Or, perhaps, it will flow and be lost to your view ;
I wish they had stayed awhile longer, don't you ?

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

A Little Prayer for the Carmelite Fathers in Retreat.

I.

O BLESSED Virgin, glorious Queen,
Mount Carmel's light and love,
Look down upon their priestly hearts
And bless them from above.
Obedient to our Saviour's voice
They all have gone apart,
To "rest a little while" and hear
The secrets of His heart.

II.

Oh! may the Spirit of the Lord
New light, new love inspire,
Inflaming more and more their hearts
With sacred Altar fire.
Keep Thou their blest anointed hands
Pure as the lilies fair,
For day by day the Sacred Host
Will find a resting there.

III.

Watch o'er them when poor sinners come
With sorrow to their feet,
That like their Lord, compassionate,
They may be mild and sweet.
And may their words of life and light
Breathed forth in His dear Name,
Sink gently into listening hearts,
Their coldness to inflame.

IV.

Oh! may Thy silvery star-like ray
Securely lead them on,
Until the darksome night has passed,
And earthly shades are gone.
May they Thy glorious beauty
With joy forever see;
Pray for them all, sweet Mother!
And ah!— remember me!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Our Chronology.

By Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

On the first of January, 1900, Emperor William, of Germany, on the occasion of dedicating the military banners, referred to the day as the first day of the new century (the 20th), and only a short time before the Holy Father had expressly declared that the first day of January, 1901, was the opening day of the twentieth century.

These different statements gave rise to a repetition of the vexed question of our chronology. The question itself dates back to Charlemagne, and was discussed anew as often as a century came near its end. It might therefore prove interesting to our readers to hear the reasons upon which each party rests its claim to be right in its calculations.

Here we have to say at once, that there are also different views of the age of the world since Christ. For in the year 525 a Scythian monk, Dionysius Exiguus (Dion the Short), who at the time was Abbot in Rome, calculated the time that elapsed since the birth of Christ, and his figures were adopted by the Catholic Church and the governments. Now there are a good many scholars who wish to convince us that his calculation is at fault, and Christ was born not in the year 1 but the year 4 before Christ, so that at present we should not write 1900 but 1904.

The arguments and reasons adduced for this figure are, however, not conclusive, and different scholars have repeatedly changed their opinions in the matter. Besides, possession is nine points of the law, and we may therefore be pardoned when, until positive proof to the contrary is forthcoming, we not only follow the customary chronology practically, but also consider it the only correct one, for we know the frantic efforts made by infidel scholars to disprove anything and everything the Catholic Church holds.

The next question is: From what day do we commence counting? The Latin phrase is: Post Christum natum —after the birth of Christ, but we find also the expression: Anno Incarnationis Dominicae—"in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord," and incidentally we are asked: Are the days of the Incarnation or Nativity of Our Lord fixed beyond cavil or arbitrary days of commemorating a mystery of faith?

Not a few patrons of the latter opinion maintain that Christmas on the 25th of December was but a substitute for the pagan Saturnalia, which last from December 17-25, just as the Feast of the Annunciation (25th of March) took the place of the Feasts of the Equinox and the beginning of Spring. This, however, is a gratuitous assertion, for 1st, in this case Christmas with its octave should have commenced on December 17th, and 2nd, there is a prevailing tradition in Rome that the 25th of December is the historical day of the Nativity.

In the first centuries of the Church Christmas did not hold the prominent rank it holds now, and the Eastern churches especially celebrated the Nativity of Our Lord and the adoration of the Magi together on the 6th of January. St. John Chrysostom says in a Christmas sermon, delivered in the year 386: "Not ten years have

elapsed since this day became truly known to us; in the beginning it was known to those of the Occident, and they taught it to us not so long ago. Above all the inhabitants of Rome had *exact knowledge* of it, and they celebrated it for a long time and according to an ancient tradition." Also, St. Augustine says, that Christmas in Rome was celebrated on the 25th December *from the beginning*. And when the Church of Rome elevated the rank of this festival, the Eastern as well as the Western churches adopted it without reluctance. Hence the 25th of December is the historical day, and this determines also the 25th of March as the day of the Incarnation.

But are we to count the first year from the 25th of March or the 25th of December? The word Incarnation is used in a two-fold sense, namely, dogmatically as the day on which the Son of God assumed human nature, and this took place on the 25th of March, and secondly in common parlance as the day on which he appeared as man to us, and in this sense it is synonymous with the Nativity (25th of December). Hence the phrase, post Christum natum—after the birth of Christ—leads us to believe that the first year commences not with the Incarnation but with the Nativity of Our Lord, consequently on or after the 25th of December.

In pagan Rome they counted the time from the founding of the city, "anno urbis conditae," and commenced the new year on January the first. The god Janus, after whom January was named, was represented as two-faced—one the face of an old man looking back, the other the face of a young man looking forward, thus symbolizing the passing of the old and the beginning of the new year.

There can be hardly any doubt that Dionysius followed the Roman custom in computing the year, and therefore commenced the first year of the Christian era with the 1st of January, *after* the birth of Christ.

The 1st of January as New Year's Day found, however, little favor in the eyes of the Christians. Tertullian, Augustine and Chrysostom preached against participation in the festivities in vogue on that day, and the beginning of the year in sundry places and at different times was counted from different days, some counting from the 1st of January, others from Christmas, others from Easter, or the 25th of March. Only towards the end of the 15th century all the Christian nations united upon the 1st of January as New Year's Day, and this accounts for the differences in historical works, of which one records an event as happening in say, 1244, whilst others place it in 1243 or 1245.

The salient question in controversy is: When does the year 1 commence? Some maintain that time does not commence with one, but with 0 (naught), and hence the 10th of January would designate a fraction of the first year, and only after the first 365 days were over we would have a unit, the year one, and consequently the date 1900, January 1st, would mean 1900 full and complete years and one day above. According to this opinion the 1st of January, 1900, would in reality be the first day of the year 1901, and therefore the first day of the new century.

Now, independent of the fact that time has never been computed from its beginning, but arbitrary beginnings of computation were made after time had existed for thousands of years, we have to go according to the common

acceptation of the world, and according to this there is no year 0, but all computation commences with 1, praenumerando, or in other words the *first* year is identic with the year *one*. We do not say the 1st of January after 1900, nor do we say the 1st of January of the nineteen hundredth year, but we simply call it the year nineteen hundred, and the use of the cardinal figure instead of the ordinal identifies the running year with the figure by which we designate it. When the French Revolution decreed a new division of time, they called their first year from the beginning the *year one* of the one and undivided Republic.

The patrons of the other opinion proceed mathematically and maintain that 99 are not 100, that consequently a century is over only after a 100 years are full, and therefore 1900 is not the beginning of a new, but the last year of the old century, because it is the last year of the last decade in the century. The Popes proclaiming the Jubilees in 1500, 1600 and 1900 adopted this way of counting, and distinctly designated these years as the closing years of the respective centuries.

The question is of no practical importance as time flies unremittingly in perfect independence from our computation. We might perhaps reconcile both opinions if we call the year of the Incarnation and Nativity of Our Lord the year of 0, and commence, with Dionysius, the year *one* on the 1st of January, post Christum natum—after the birth of Christ. Thus starting from different points of counting we would arrive at the same figure and celebrate the beginning of the new century next January 1st.

Things Catholics Do Not Believe.

CATHOLICS do not believe that any man can obtain salvation by his own good deeds, independently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and His grace, or that he can make any satisfaction for the guilt of his sins, or acquire any merits except through the Saviour. Catholics do not believe that it is allowable to break a lawful oath or tell a lie, even for the conversion of a kingdom, or to do anything whatever of a sinful nature to promote the supposed interests of their Church. The false and pernicious principle that the "end justifies the means" or that one may do evil that good may come, is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, who avoid evil and do good, who are blamelessly ignorant of Catholic truth, and of the just claims of the Catholic Church to be the only true religion, are excluded from heaven, provided they believe there is one God in three divine persons (or unity in trinity and trinity in unity); that God will reward the good and punish the bad hereafter; that Jesus is the Son of God, made man who redeemed us, and in Whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever by their sins offended God.

Universal Jubilee of the Holy Year.

PASTORAL LETTER

OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO ON THE UNIVERSAL JUBILEE PROCLAIMED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

Denis O'Connor, by the Grace of God and the appointment of the Holy See, Archbishop of Toronto.

To the Clergy, Secular and Regular, to the Religious Communities and all the Faithful of the Diocese—health and blessing in the Lord.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

TO-DAY the Holy Father inaugurates the Holy Year of Jubilee by throwing open the Holy Door of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome and at the same time three Cardinals deputed by him open the Holy Door of the Basilicas of St. Paul outside the walls, of St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major. This ceremony signifies that these chief churches of Rome and Christendom are now open to the Catholic pilgrims of the entire world, and that in them in a special manner will be unlocked the treasures of the Church, whence may be drawn in full and overflowing measure the graces and favors she dispenses to her children during the year of Jubilee.

The Father of all the Faithful declares that the Jubilee is "a source of salvation to Christian people," and that "it affords abundant help for the renewal of moral conduct and for that renewal of mind and heart which leads to holiness." He shows the need of this renewal because "a great number of Christian people daily squander the great gift of Faith, led astray by a false license in thought and judgment, as well as by the poison of false doctrine which they drink in too eagerly." He points out that "the object of the Devotion of the Holy Year is to recall to the thought of their salvation all who run the risk of perishing and of losing the lasting happiness for which they were born." He assures us that the Church will accomplish this by "appeasing the outraged Divinity of the Saviour, by multiplying prayers and by calling Christian people to the hope of pardon by throwing open the treasures of grace, the dispensing of which belongs to her." The letter of the Holy Father explains so fully the object and end of the Jubilee, the reasons of it, the dispositions with which it must be undertaken and the good results we may expect from it, that the words of any other could only weaken his teaching. His letter should be read, and read often, should be studied carefully that it may be well understood, because the better it will be understood the greater will be the desire to share in the fruits of the Jubilee, which are an increase of faith and confidence in God, of zeal for His glory, and of love for our fellow-men, all so clearly manifested in this message of peace and good will to the Christian world.

The meaning of a Jubilee.—Under the Old Law the year of Jubilee was appointed by God Himself. In the Book of Leviticus, chap. 25, we read

that God said to Moses : "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land, for it is the year of Jubilee. Every man shall return to his possessions and everyone shall go back to his former family." The remission here spoken of meant a general release and discharge from debt, whereby every Jew returned to his former possessions, and a setting free from bondage or slavery whereby everyone of Jewish birth was free to go back to his family. What the Jewish Jubilee did in the material order, the Christian Jubilee does in the spiritual order. The Christian who turns the Jubilee to good account is released from the slavery of sin by obtaining pardon of its guilt in the Sacrament of Penance, and is set free from the debt of temporal punishment attached to it, by the Plenary Indulgence the Church accords during the Holy Year. He returns to his former possessions, God's favor and friendship, justified by the sanctifying grace imparted by absolution, and he returns completely to his family by receiving worthily Holy Communion, which unites all the members of the Christian family on earth, not only with the head, which is Christ, but with one another. It is also an assurance of future union with the head and members of this family in heaven. "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever (J. vi, 51-52.)" This necessarily supposes perseverance in grace, and the desire to persevere is made manifest by making a pilgrimage to Rome and by the prayers said during visits to its principal churches. During the Jewish Jubilee all servile work was forbidden ; the Christian Jubilee demands that we be willing to sacrifice the time and labor that might prevent compliance with its requirements.

Kinds of Jubilee.—Jubilees are ordinary or extraordinary. The ordinary Jubilee, like its Jewish prototype, recurs after stated intervals of time, now of twenty-five years. Of these the Jubilee occurring in the year completing the century is the most important, and for this reason the Holy Father styles this one, "The great Jubilee." Extraordinary Jubilees are proclaimed on the occasion of certain events affecting the world for good, as the election of a Pope ; these are Jubilees of thanksgiving. They are also proclaimed when events occur that deprive God of the honor that justly belongs to Him, or His Church of the freedom that is necessary for the due performance of her divinely appointed duties. Thus in 1886 Leo XIII. proclaimed a Jubilee "to obtain through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary, special help in the actual tribulations of the Church." These are Jubilees of reparation and supplication.

Conditions.—To share in the advantages offered during a Jubilee the conditions laid down for gaining them must be complied with exactly. These are always described accurately in the letter of promulgation. The conditions required to gain the Plenary Indulgence of the present Jubilee are a good confession, a worthy communion, a pilgrimage to Rome, a visit to the four churches named for ten days, not necessarily consecutive, and in these churches vocal prayers are to be said for the intention of His Holiness, that is for the progress and triumph of the Church, the uprooting of heresies, the conversion of sinners, concord between Catholic Rulers and the peace and welfare of Christian people.

The obligation of a pilgrimage to

Rome makes it clear that the Jubilee Indulgence can be gained, generally speaking, only in the city of Rome, and all who can undertake the journey thither without grave difficulties, are invited and expected to do so. The Holy Father gives as reasons for this: "Rome is the common country of Christians of whatsoever place, the chief seat of sacred power and the guardian of Divine doctrine. There is, then, nothing more suitable than that Catholics repair thither at intervals, not only to find salutary remedies for sin, but also to acknowledge the authority of Rome. (Letter of Sept. 30.)" To do this entails a sacrifice of time and means, but these are not to be compared with the spiritual gains this sacrifice will procure. To ensure greater readiness to undertake the pilgrimage, no Indulgences applicable to the living can be gained during the Holy Year, except such as are accorded to the last blessing given to the dying, to the recitation of the Angelus, to the visits made to the Blessed Sacrament during the devotion of the Forty Hours, and to those who accompany a priest carrying the Holy Viaticum to the dying. This withholding of Indulgences from the living is intended to attach us more strongly to the See of Rome and to bring home to us more forcibly the truth that Rome, the See of Peter and of Peter's successors, is the source of all graces and blessings in the Church, and that Christ, the invisible Head of the Church, gives spiritual life and action to all His members of the Church militant through him who is its visible head on earth.

As a compensation for the loss of Indulgences applicable to the souls of the living, the Holy Father grants that all these Indulgences may still be gained, provided they are applied, not to the living, but to the souls in Purgatory by way of suffrage. During the Jewish Jubilee owners of property were forbidden to reap what the earth produced of its own accord. The fruits of the earth during that year were common property and the poor undoubtedly had the greater share. In the Christian Jubilee the poor souls in Purgatory, and there are none more helpless, share in the fruits of the good works done by their brethren on earth, and these lessen the sufferings in Purgatory by applying for the benefit of the prisoners held therein, the Indulgences of which the Church deprives themselves for the time being.

All Indulgences commonly applicable to the souls in Purgatory may be gained as usual during the Holy Year.

Who Are Dispensed from Visiting Rome.—It was said above that the Jubilee Indulgences can be gained, generally speaking, only in the City of Rome. Amongst the faithful, however, there are some for whom the pilgrimage to Rome is out of the question, owing to their duties in life or to their physical condition. Therefore the Holy Father, in a letter, dated November 1st, 1899, dispenses from this visit to Rome all regular inmates of convents of women, the inmates of charitable and penal institutions, all persons prevented by physical ailments from undertaking so great a journey, and, finally, all persons over seventy years of age. All persons so dispensed may gain the Indulgences of the Jubilee at home during the Holy Year. To do so they must make a good confession and communion, and visit the church, or chapel in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved in their residence, four times a day, each day for ten days, not necessarily consecutive, and say prayers for the Holy Father's intention.

They in whose residence there is no church or chapel, will visit the nearest Catholic Church in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept, the same number of times, and pray in the same way and for the same intention. They, who for physical reasons cannot pay these visits, may have this requirement for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence changed by their confessor, in confession, into something equivalent, or nearly so, regard being had to the physical condition of the penitent.

No special prayers are prescribed to be said during these visits, but since the Rosary is a devotion very dear to His Holiness, it will be well to recite five decades of it at each visit. This ought not to be too much for those who have not to visit different churches. It is not necessary that the conditions be fulfilled in the order given, but it is necessary that the condition fulfilled the last be done in the state of grace to gain the Plenary Indulgence of the Jubilee.

Other Favors.—During the Holy Year confessors have unusual and enlarged powers to deal with penitents making the Jubilee confession.

Penitents have the privilege of confessing to any priest duly approved for hearing confessions.

Religious, with vows, simple or solemn, may choose for the Jubilee confession any priest approved for hearing confessions of Religious of whatsoever name or community.

All persons exempted from the visit to Rome may gain the Plenary Indulgence of the Jubilee *twice* during the Holy Year by fulfilling the conditions twice. Confessors, however, are permitted to use the extraordinary powers granted them *only once* for any one penitent; and any penitent can make an unusual choice of a confessor only once.

The Holy Father recommends that everyone enter into the spirit of the Devotion of the Jubilee by "keeping his mind bent on the thoughts that may assist his faith and piety." Many of the Faithful cannot be classed with those who are exempt from visiting the Holy City, and yet will find it very difficult to undertake the pilgrimage. As many as can do so, ought to do so, to show their faith and their love for the Holy Father, and obedience to his wishes. They who will be deprived of this pleasure must not forget that it is still in their power to aid much in promoting the success of the Jubilee. For them, as well as for all others, the prayers and blessings of the Church, her Sacraments, and Holy Sacrifice will still have all their ordinary effects. Indulgences have their extraordinary effect, due to a privilege. Let there then be an increase in prayer and good works, so that God may have mercy on His people and grant them the remission that cannot be obtained at present by Indulgences. They may live in the hope that later they will have the privilege of the Jubilee Indulgence at home during a part or the whole of the year, for it has been customary for the Popes to grant to those who could not visit Rome the favor of gaining Jubilee Indulgence extended to them, following the Holy Year. Though so far there is no indication that this favor will be granted, yet it may be presumed that nothing less will satisfy the Holy Father's goodness of heart and his zeal for the salvation of souls. Let all, then, merit this favor by praying frequently during the Holy Year that it may be blessed by God, and that the Holy Father's wishes in its regard may be fully gratified.

One other reason for earnestness on the part of all the Faithful: His

Holiness states pathetically that he promulgates this Jubilee "to mark the last step of the solicitude with which We have exercised the Supreme Pontificate." Surely it is the duty of all as his loving children to acknowledge gratefully the Holy Father's boundless solicitude by carrying out as fully as they may the wishes that he seems to indicate may be his last.

This letter, as well as the Papal letter proclaiming the Holy Year, will be read to the Faithful in all the churches of the diocese, and to Religious in chapter, on the first Sunday after its reception, or as soon after as possible.

May the Divine Babe of Bethlehem find in the hearts of all a fitting abode, that they may give glory to God in the highest, and possess fully the peace He brings to men of good will.

Given at Toronto, under our hand and seal, and the signature of our Secretary, this 24th day of December, 1899.

DENIS O'CONNOR,
Archbishop of Toronto.

J. M. CRUISE,
Secretary.

BULL OF PROMULGATION.

LEO, BISHOP, SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

To all the Faithful of Christ who shall read these letters—health and Apostolic Benediction.

AS the present century, almost the full length of which has been by God's goodness covered by Our own life, is now hastening to its close, We have gladly determined, in accordance with the custom of Our predecessors, to pass a decree which may be a source of salvation to Christian people, and may, as it were, mark the last step of the solicitude with which We have exercised the supreme Pontificate. We refer to the Great Jubilee, long ago made a part of Christian custom, and sanctioned by the forethought of Our predecessors. Handed down to us from Our fathers, it has come to be called the Holy Year, on account of the extraordinary sacred ceremonies with which it is accustomed to be celebrated, but especially because it affords more abundant help for the correction of morals, and for that renewal of mind and heart which leads to holiness. We Ourselves were witness in our youth how helpful to salvation was the last Jubilee decreed in solemn form during the Pontificate of Leo XII. at a time when Rome was the greatest and safest theatre for a public act of religion. We remember, and We ever yet seem to see in our mind's eye, the apostolic men who preached in the public streets, the most sacred places in the city resounding with the praises of God, and the Pontiff, with His college of Cardinals, setting an example of piety and charity before the eyes of all. From the memory of those times the mind is recalled with some bitterness to the sad reality of the present day. For demonstrations of which We speak, and which, when carried out without hindrance, in the full light of the city, are accustomed wonderfully to foster and arouse the piety of the people,

there is now, in the changed state of Rome, either no opportunity of organizing, or the permission depends on a will other than Our own.

THE NEED FOR PRAYER.

Nevertheless, We trust that God, Who helps all good designs, will vouchsafe a prosperous and inoffensive course to this Our design, which we have undertaken for His honor and glory. For whither do we look, and what is it we desire? This thing only, that We may by Our efforts put as many men as may be in possession of the glory everlasting, and that We may to this end apply to the diseases that afflict the souls of men those remedies which Jesus Christ has wished should be in Our hands to dispense. Not only does Our Apostolic charge call for this action from us, but the very circumstances of our time seem almost to demand it. Not that our age is sterile in good works and Christian glory; on the contrary, by God's help, splendid examples abound, nor is there any kind of virtue, however high or arduous it may be, in which We do not see many souls excelling, for the Christian religion has a certain divinely implanted force, inexhaustible and ever active, which arouses and fosters goodness. But, looking around, a man turns to the other side, and, oh! the darkness, the error and the mighty multitude of those rushing to endless ruin! We are especially troubled with sadness as often as We think of the great number of Christian people, who, captivated by a false license in thought and judgment, and eagerly draining the poison of false doctrine, daily squander the great gift of divine faith. It is from this that comes the distaste for the Christian life and the widespread lapse of morality; hence, too, that eager and insatiable appetite for the things which strike the senses, and all the thoughts and pre-occupations which, turned from God, are fixed on the things of earth alone. It can scarcely be estimated what ruin has already issued from this dark source and invaded the principles upon which states are founded. For the spirit of revolt so widely spread, the stormy outbursts of popular discontent, the perils that no one can foresee, and the crimes of tragic horror are discerned, by those who look into their causes, to be nothing else than a sort of lawless and unbridled endeavor to gain and enjoy the things of this world.

It is, therefore, a matter of private and public benefit to admonish men of their duty, to rouse their hearts, sunk in lethargy, and to recall to the thought of their salvation all those, who, hour by hour, rashly run the risk of perishing and of losing, through carelessness or pride, heavenly and unchangeable happiness for which alone we were born. This is the great object of the devotion of the Holy Year. During its months our Holy Mother, the Church, mindful alone of mercy and forgiveness, strives with all her zeal and strength to turn the minds of men to better things, and that penitence, the great source of amendment of life, may wash out the faults which each one has committed. With this object in view, multiplying her prayers and increasing her devotion, she endeavors to appease the outraged divinity of God, and to call down from heaven an abundance of divine blessings. Throwing wide open the treasures of grace, the dispensing of which has been entrusted to her, she calls all Christian people to the hope of pardon, in order that she may vanquish the most unwilling by her abounding and indulgent love. And so, please God, from all

this what rich and timely blessings may we not expect!

THE SOLEMN HOMAGE.

The opportuneness of the matter is increased by certain extraordinary ceremonies, news of which has already, We think, spread abroad, for the consecration in some sort of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. We refer to the solemn homage which is to be paid all the world over on the confines of two centuries to Jesus Christ, Our Saviour. Willingly have we praised and approved of the designs formed in this regard by the piety of private persons, for what could be more holy or more salutary? All that the human race can desire, love, hope for, and seek, all is in the only-begotten Son of God, for He is our salvation, our life, and our resurrection. To wish to leave Him is to will our utter perishing for ever. Wherefore, though the voice of adoration, praise, honor and thanksgiving which are due to Our Lord Jesus Christ is never silent, but is ever heard in every place—nevertheless, no thanks, no honor can be so great that more and greater are not due to Him. Besides, are the men of unmindful and thankless hearts who are accustomed to repay their Saviour's love with contempt, and His benefits with injuries, few in number at the present time? At any rate the lives of very many passed in opposition to His laws and precepts are evidences of a wicked and ungrateful disposition. And what are we to say of our age having seen the renewal more than once of the awful heresy of Arius concerning the divinity of Jesus? Well, therefore, have you done who by this new and splendid design have given to the piety of the people an incentive which ought to be carried out in such a way that nothing may befall to hinder the course of the Jubilee and its appointed solemnities. This forthcoming manifestation on the part of Catholics of their faith and piety will also have the further object of expressing their detestation of the impieties which have been uttered or perpetrated during our time, and of making reparation for the insults offered to the sacred divinity of Jesus Christ, especially those committed in public. And now, if we are really in earnest, the form of satisfaction most to be desired, and at the same time the most real and manifest, and the most plainly marked as genuine, is true repentance for sin, and then, having implored peace and pardon of God, to fulfil with greater zeal the duties necessary to virtue, or to resume those that have been neglected. And since the Holy Year offers such favorable opportunities for this object as We pointed out at the outset, it is equally clear that it is desirable and even necessary that all Christian people should gird themselves for the task full of hope and courage.

Wherefore, with eyes raised to heaven and with heartfelt prayers to God, who is rich in mercy, that He would graciously vouchsafe to hear Our petitions and favor Our enterprise, to enlighten men's minds by His power, and to move their hearts in accordance with His goodness; following in the footsteps of the Roman Pontiffs, Our predecessors, and with the assent of our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, by this letter, in virtue of the authority of Almighty God, of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and Our own, We order and promulgate, and will that it should be regarded as ordered and promulgated, a great and universal Jubilee in this Holy City, beginning from the

first Vespers on Christmas Day in the year 1899, and ending with the first Vespers on Christmas Day in the year 1900, in the hope that it may happily work for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the increase of the Church.

CONDITIONS FOR GAINING THE JUBILEE.

During the year of Jubilee we grant and concede mercifully in the Lord a Plenary Indulgence, remission and pardon for sin to all the faithful of either sex who, truly penitent and having confessed and communicated, shall piously visit the basilicas of the Blessed Peter and Paul, also of St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major, at least once a day for twenty days, consecutively or at intervals, according to natural or ecclesiastical computation—i. e., reckoning from the first Vespers of one day till nightfall on the following day. These are the conditions for those who are living in Rome, whether they are citizens, or visitors. But those who come from a distance shall devoutly visit the same basilicas on at least ten days, reckoned as indicated above, and shall there pour forth their pious prayers to God for the exaltation of the Church, extirpation of heresies, concord among Catholic princes, and the salvation of Christian people.

Since, however, it may happen that some, in spite of the best of intentions, may be unable either to fulfil the conditions above laid down in whole or in part, being prevented by sickness or other legitimate cause whilst in the city or on their way hither, We, in consideration of their good will, as far as We may in the Lord, grant that provided they be truly contrite, purified by confession and strengthened by the Holy Communion, they shall share in the above mentioned Indulgence and pardon as if they had actually visited the basilicas indicated on the days appointed by Us.

ROME'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Wherefore, beloved children, however many and wherever you may be, if you are able to visit her, Rome invites you most lovingly to her arms. In this holy time it is becoming that a Catholic, if he would be consistent with himself, should make his stay in Rome with Christian faith as his companion. He ought, therefore, especially to renounce all idle or profane sight-seeing as unsuited to the time, rather keeping his mind bent on the things that may assist his faith and piety. It will be especially helpful if he seriously ponder the peculiar spirit of this city, and the character which has been divinely impressed upon it, a character which no thought or violence of men can change or destroy. Alone from amongst all others, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, chose the City of Rome for a most high destiny above all human thought, and hallowed it to Himself. Here, not without much long and mysterious preparation, He placed the seat of His empire; here He commanded that the throne of His vicar should stand for all time; here He has willed that the light of heavenly doctrine should be piously and inviolably kept, and hence, as from a most sacred centre, should be shed abroad over every land; so that the man who shall separate himself from the faith of Rome shall separate from Christ Himself. The City's sanctity is increased by its ancient religious monuments, the singular majesty of its churches, the shrines of the Princes of the Apostles, and the tombs of the bravest martyrs. He who rightly understands how to listen to the voices of all these will assuredly feel that he is here not so much a traveller in a

strange city as a citizen in his own, and by God's help will leave it better than he entered.

In order that this present letter may come more easily to the knowledge of all the Faithful, We desire that printed copies of it, signed by the hand of a notary public and attested by the seal of some duly constituted ecclesiastical personage, may meet with the same credence as this letter itself if it were shown and presented. No one, therefore, may change the terms of this Our declaration, promulgation, concession and will, or rashly oppose it. But if anyone shall have presumed to attempt it, let him be aware that he will thus incur the anger of God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, in the year of Our Lord, 1899, on the fifth day of the Ides of May, and in the twenty-second year of our Pontificate.

C. Card. Aloisi-Masella,

A. Card. Macchi,

Pro-Datary.

Witnessed on behalf of the Curia,

G. Dell' Aquila Visconti.

Place † of the Seal.

Registered in the Secretariate of Briefs,

J. Cugnoni.

In the year of Our Lord, 1899, on the 11th day of May, the Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the twenty-second year of the Pontificate of Our Holy Father in Christ and of Our Lord Leo XIII., by Divine Providence Pope, I have read and solemnly promulgated this present letter Apostolic in presence of the people in the porch of the Holy Basilica of the Vatican.

Giuseppe Dell' Aquila Visconti,

Abbreviator of the Curia.

Monthly Patrons.

St. Ildephonsus.—*February 15th.*

Our patron this month from "the sunny land of Spain" is not unlike the glorious defender of St. Mary's Divine Maternity. Like him, he was prepared in monastic solitude for the Episcopal dignity, and like him also, he had to contend with heresy and to suffer much in the cause of Our Blessed Mother, whose virginity was assailed.

There is a beautiful vision recorded in his life, which occurred in the Cathedral of Toledo on the Feast of the Annunciation.

The Queen of Angels appeared, surrounded by the choir of celestial virgins, and bearing in her hands the book he had written in defence of that virginity she so highly prized, she thanked him most graciously, and presented a beautiful chasuble for Holy Mass.

On another occasion, in the same place, St. Leocadia, virgin-martyr, appeared to the holy bishop and made known the resting place of her relics; then in the hearing of all present she exclaimed:

"O Ildephonsus! through thee doth live our Lady Queen, who holds the heights of heaven." His words on the subject so dear to Mary are profound in learning, tender in piety, and full of confidence in her intercession. A few of these burning flames from a saintly heart will not be unacceptable.

"O Virgin Mother of God, grant me to cling to God and Thee, to wait on Thy Lord and Thee, to serve Thy Son and Thee. Him as my Maker, Thee as the Mother of my Maker, Him as the Lord of Hosts, Thee as "the handmaid of the Lord," Him as my God, Thee as the Mother of my God."

He passed to the eternal kingdom January 23rd, 669—a beautiful day for the transit of this great light from Spain!—one on which Holy Church celebrates, if we may thus express ourselves, the veiling of her chaste virginity, the guardianship of which was confided to her virgin spouse, St. Joseph, that, beneath his care, its lily fairness might bud forth the Saviour, and also that no breath of suspicion might tarnish the beauty of her good name.

Let us learn to prize this virtue and guard it jealously in ourselves, confiding in the Virgin Mother's aid, so that we may one day hear from the lips of her Divine Son: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

Although this saint belongs to the month of January, we have placed him (after the example of Rev. H. G. Bowden in his "Miniature Lives of Saints") in this early Spring-time, when the first white flowers drooping over the snow may remind us of the pure humble virgin who sprang forth in beauty before God and His holy angels.

Let us ask St. Ildephonsus to obtain for us life and zeal for Mary's honor, and to imitate in ourselves what we admire in her example

O spotless snowdrop of the earth!
Accept our earnest prayer;
And make us humble, chaste and mild
As these Spring flow'rets fair.

Enfant de Marie.

Leo XIII in the Vatican Gardens.

By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.

ALL Catholics of every age, country and condition have a reverent respect for the person and a deep interest in the acts of the Head of the Church Universal. Everything that relates to his life, whether it concerns health or labor, is cherished with affectionate regard and read with pardonable and unflagging attention. His sacred office is hedged around with such majesty and crowned with such glory that the whole Catholic world grasps with eagerness whatever is published about his public life as High Priest of Christendom and whatever is known of his private life, his customs, routine of existence and even his simple recreations. Like the Church of which he is the supreme head, Pope Leo XIII. is cosmopolitan, and his affection for his subjects as well as their reciprocal love are manifestly universal.

Every man must have his hours of repose when, free from the arduous labors and fatigue of professional life, he may recuperate his strength and rest his wearied mind. The Pope, whose life is in the main continually occupied, is also compelled to have his resting hours, and he finds in his old age opportunities for simple but healthful recreation in his outings in the gardens attached to the Vatican Palace. Restricted by the melancholy conditions put upon him by political exigencies he can no longer appear in the streets of his imperial city, nor journey, as did his predecessors, to points distant from Rome, where he might avail himself of health-giving change of air and scenery and obtain a needful respite from the severe and ceaseless labors of official life. The Holy Father finds in his visits to the Vatican gardens some relaxation from the routine of duty and rest from the hard actualities of constant work.

It may be premised that the Pope has been always fond of moderate outdoor exercise, and his extreme age has been in fact due to this circumstance. In youth he was slender and delicate, and "calm, chaste scholar" was of retiring disposition. During his vacations he was much given to hunting, and might have been seen with gun slung over his shoulder climbing the mountains near Carpineto. He often wearied by his ardor those who accompanied him in his favorite pastime. The gunning piece which he used is still preserved in his native place. It is a flint-lock, old fashioned musket with very long barrel and the but-end highly wrought, which recalls vaguely the Arabian musket. The bracing mountain air and the athletic exercise of hunting, which sets every muscle in motion and awakens the habit of attention, soon removed from the pale student the fatigue and depression of the school-year that had been occupied with constant labor. Thus, by bodily exercise in his native air, so necessary for brain-workers, he recovered his strength and gladly returned to resume his studies in Rome. The Vatican gardens are not as large as we would naturally imagine, nor do they really correspond to the extent and amplitude of the palace to which they form a noticeable adjunct and ornament. They form a large courtyard of the prison in which the Italian Government has confined the

Pope, and the word *courtyard* is not an inexact term to describe them. Overlooked as the gardens are on both sides, they are the object of vision for Italian police agents, who may easily follow, as they often do, the slightest movements of the Holy Father in his daily outing. Within a short distance stands the fort of *Monte Mario*, whose cannon are directed against an imaginary enemy. From this eminence, which surpasses in height the glorious cupola of St. Peter's (458 feet), the visitor may survey all the picturesque circumvolutions which Leo XIII. has caused to he made in the gardens. On the other side is the *Zecca*, which, now occupied by the Italian Government, overlooks the lower part of the gardens, and thus the whole enclosure forms really the courtyard of the Pope's prison.

During the reign of preceding Popes there was no carriage road through the gardens. Pope Pius IX. always went afoot. Leo XIII. had a drive made, nearly two miles in length, and the construction of this driveway taxed the skill and ingenuity of the engineers. To effect the Pope's purposes, they were compelled to lay the road out by many ingenious windings. It brings into view the most beautiful portions of the gardens, and it turns and returns to itself like a huge serpent, uniting the lower section of the gardens, which is a parterre in the Versailles style, to the long walks bordered with elm trees and overarched with thick foliage, and also to the vineyard, which the Sovereign Pontiff has had planted on the slope of the hill.

The gardens are enlivened by the waters of two monumental fountains. One in the lower part is called the fountain of the Holy Sacrament. It represents a sort of monstrance, from which jets of water, issuing from a central disc, form rays, and from the under portion six other jets, three on each side, spout upwards, reminding one of the candles on an altar. Further on is another fountain called the fountain of the Eagle. Like the former one, it owes its existence to Paul V., but here is rock formation, consisting of grottos, whence torrents of water gush forth, drawn from the acqueduct of the *Acqua Paolo*. The murmuring of the one fountain and the splashing of the other are very pleasant in the hot days of the summer season.

Not far from the spot may be seen the walls of the ancient enclosure, which were built by St. Leo IV. to defend the Vatican against the invasion of the Saracens. This wall is flanked by two large towers, one of which, called the Gregorian, serves as a support for a small embattled dwelling. This is the Casino, built by Leo XIII., in which he passes the trying days of summer. We can imagine how extreme the heat is in Rome, when an Italian proverb tells us that only Englishmen and dogs are to be seen in the streets. The Casino has been built in a position higher than the Casino of Pius IV., which is situated in the lower part of the gardens, and it is in consequence more healthy and made much more pleasant and agreeable by the abundance of verdure and the shade of the lofty trees that contribute to the coolness of the place.

Further on, at the extreme east of the gardens, is another tower, that of St. Leo, which is now used as an astronomical observatory, and in which great and appreciable scientific work has been done. The collection of astronomical and other scientific instruments offered by the Italian clergy to

the public in the Vatican Exposition of 1888 was found to be so remarkable that Leo XIII. resolved to preserve it, and had it placed in the old observatory, founded in the Vatican in 1582 when the reform of the Calendar was projected, and ever since that period unused. Pope Leo XIII. revived the old observatory and confided it to the illustrious Barnabite, Father Denza, an astronomer of great renown. The latter, at the instance of the Holy Father, proffered, for the making of a photographic chart of the heavens, the services of the Vatican observatory to the International Society. The Pope gave orders for the special instruments needed for such delicate work, and thus the Vatican observatory is in regular communication with the principal astronomical stations of the world. The Vatican Exposition contributed to show, as Leo XIII. said in the Act of the Foundation of the Observatory, "that the Church and her pastors are not averse to true and solid science, either of divine or human things, but rather embrace and favor it, and make it progress with love, as far as it lies in their power." Of course the Pope's action was vehemently condemned by the Italian press in the pay of the government. Their envy was provoked by the honor given to the Vatican observatory, and one of the principal papers, *Il Diritto*, affected to be astonished that the International Society did not prefer "the grand observatory of the Roman College, which enjoys a universal reputation." The *Diritto* forgot to recall that this observatory was the work of the Jesuits, from whom it was stolen by the Italian Government, and that its universal fame was mainly due to the labors of the illustrious astronomer, Father Secchi. As usual, it ascribed the honor shown to priestcraft, and its object to some unworthy political end.

Ordinarily after dinner the Pope leaves his apartments to take the benefit of a little fresh air. He is carried in his *portatina*, or portable chair of red velvet, and borne along quickly by his chairmen through the halls and the long gallery of the Vatican library, which leads to the door opening at once on the museums and gardens. Here a carriage awaits him. If the weather is fine the carriage is a landau of simple build, much less luxurious than the traditional coach with its eight springs. If, on the contrary, the weather is doubtful, the Pope uses a closed carriage lined with white silk, the upper part of which is surmounted by a light seat wrought in leather and gold. The Pope usually wears a heavy white coat over his cassock and a red, gold-bordered hat, made, as it is styled, *a la papale*. When he enters the gardens he finds his faithful Swiss guards, who kneel to receive his blessing ; two noble guards ride beside the carriage, and papal chamberlains and his major-domo accompany him. The carriage moves on, drawn by magnificent Roman horses, in color ebony-black, whose long tails float with the least stir of the breeze.

After a short ride the Pope may wish to take a little exercise. At a signal the carriage halts and the Pope descends, leaning on the arm of one of his chamberlains and using his gold-headed cane. Sometimes he refuses the cane, accompanying the refusal with the jocose geniality of good-natured old age. He walks slowly towards the favorite spots that have preoccupied his mind. These select places are many, varying as they do day by day ; but the foremost among them is the grotto of Lourdes, which

was constructed by Pius IX. in a corner of the gardens after the original at Lourdes. A lamp burns here day and night, and it must be a source of great consolation to this august old man, who has been rightly called the "Pope of prayer," to come and venerate this statue of Our Blessed Lady. At the feet of the Holy Virgin, who holds the beads on her arm, Leo XIII., doubtless, formed the resolution to consecrate eight Encyclicals to the devotion of the Holy Rosary in order to teach the world that prayer is its greatest, most urgent need.

Not far from this hallowed spot is a miniature reproduction of the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris. Here may be seen gazelles, sometimes white long-haired goats, that have been sent to the Pope by far-distant missionaries, or cockatoos with shining plumage, which give forth shrill cries amidst the silence of these gardens, where no outside noise or din penetrates. Just as St. John, according to tradition, delighted in taming birds, so the Pope loves these little creatures of Almighty God, which fulfil at least the mission given to them on earth.

In the first years of his Pontificate Leo. XIII. was wont to repair to a small house in the gardens and pass some time in a diversion much in vogue in Italy, which, for a better name, we may call "snaring." In those days his hand, less tremulous than now, would take the cord which closed the prison of the birds of passage, and the Pope would amuse himself for some moments listening to their frightened cries, the beating and flapping of their wings and watching their fruitless endeavors to get out of the sportsman's net. But the cord which shut them in their prison soon relaxed, the net opened out, and the birds, hitherto captive, flew away swiftly, uttering joyful cries, while the Pope followed their capricious windings in the air, and thought, perhaps, of the freedom which he had given them and which is denied him, the successor of St. Peter.

The Pope also directs his steps towards the Gregorian tower, where he enjoys some moments of rest, but he goes oftener to his vineyard, which he watches with the greatest pleasure and solicitude. A priest, who has in Italy a great renown as an agriculturist, Don Candeo, visits this vineyard every year. He verifies the condition of the shoots, calculates the amount of the vintage, and his labor brings him what he values most, a long audience with the aged Pontiff, who, after speaking with him about his vineyard, converses with him about God, His Church, and the courage with which he should fight evil under all its forms and aspects. During the past summer, which was unusually cool for Rome, the Pope remarked: "This reminds me of my native mountain air, which I have not breathed for forty-two years, and, what is more, never shall again. Sometimes," he added, "in the gardens here I get a whiff from the pines, which carries me in a moment back to Carpineto." It was an expression of loving regret for his birthplace quite justified in the holy old man, whose heart has been wrung by many a sorrow.

But his outing has fatigued the Pope, and he often rests himself on a rustic stone seat in the rear of the Leonine tower, where he is protected from the cold northern winds and where his view, glancing over the vineyard, the object of his solicitude, is fixed on the cupola of St. Peter's, which limits the eastern horizon. He chats also with

his chamberlains and noble guards. In these recreative moments the Pope loves to bring up the past, so far distant that it has already secured its place in history, and he does this with such an accuracy of memory, with such precision in the relation of facts, as to provoke the astonishment of his hearers. He is also occupied with the present, asks the latest news of those around him, and resumes the conversation with such sentiments of faith as are calculated to engrave on the minds of his little audience the teaching which he wishes to inculcate. The Pope is always equal to himself, and even in those moments when we would believe that he lays aside all grandeur to act and speak as a man it is always the Pope who speaks, it is always the Vicar of Jesus Christ who acts.

The cool evening air warns him that he must think of returning to the palace, and, besides, he knows that Cardinals and prelates are waiting for him in the antichambers of the Vatican. He has always sacrificed pleasure to duty, but more particularly so since he has been Pope, for he is the Vicar of Him who became all to all. He steps into his carriage and it moves on slowly to lengthen the time of the outing and to give the prisoner, together with the pleasure of a longer ride, the illusion of freedom.

Having come to the anti-chamber of the museums the Pope descends from the carriage, blesses the Swiss guards, and, ascending his chair, is carried by his attendants to his apartments. The Pope's recreation is at an end, his outing finished, and the remainder of the day is taken up with what has been the occupation of his whole life: prayer and work.

Soliloquies.

By Friar John, O. C. C.

On Christmas Eve an old man, ninety years of age, struck three blows with a golden hammer against the walled-up door of a church in Rome. Thousands had gathered to witness the ceremony. All newspapers of the world gave an account of it. To many an onlooker it seemed a meaningless rite.

But 300 million hearts in the world felt the force of these symbolical blows. It meant to them an unusual increase of Faith, Hope and Charity. It meant that the treasures of the Church have been opened to their fullest extent by the hands of the Venerable Vicar of Christ, Our Holy Father.

The Church is a Kingdom of souls, but it is a visible Kingdom—for human souls dwell in material bodies. Everything that God gives us reaches us through the body. Therefore, in His wisdom He has attached His graces to visible and sensible signs, the Sacraments. The Church, in calling us to share in her inexhaustible treasures of graces and merits, calls us by visible signs, and asks of us visible works of Faith, Hope and Charity.

This Holy Year means a public profession of Faith on the part of all the members of the Catholic Church. Not all may be able to join in the great procession to Rome, but those who

cannot gain the Jubilee this year in Rome will be given an opportunity to make it at home. As a rule the Jubilee is extended to the rest of the world after it is closed in the Capital City of Christendom.

The great Jubilee recurs every twenty-fifth year under ordinary circumstances. But in 1850 the state of Rome was such, after the flight of Pope Pius IX. to Gaeta, that the Jubilee was not promulgated. In 1875 the same Pope had been deprived of his temporal power and the City of Rome was too unquiet for a grand religious demonstration such as is called forth by a great Jubilee. The last Holy Year was, therefore, in 1825. There cannot be many Catholics living now who can remember the wonderful demonstration of Faith in that year. Our Holy Father is one of the few who remember it, and he alludes to it in a most touching manner in his letter for the present Jubilee.

We can hardly form an idea of what this Holy Year meant in former times. There were no railroads or steamboats then. Most of the pilgrims went on foot—usually in bands and groups. Early in the morning they would hear Mass, and, singing hymns, they would march in procession along the roads leading from every country in Europe to Rome. At the approach of night many would find admittance to the Hospices attached to Monasteries, which, in Catholic times, covered all Europe. And thus the pilgrims would journey onward for days and weeks until they would reach the Eternal City.

After having performed all the works prescribed, the Holy Father would give them his blessing before they returned to their homes. Every day new processions came into the city, processions moved from one basilica to another, the churches were continually crowded with visitors, the prescribed prayers were said in public, confessions were heard all day long, Holy Communion was administered continuously until noon, alms were distributed abundantly, and all the pilgrims observed the black fast on stated days.

What will the present Holy Year show the world? Will it be an outpouring of pilgrims from all countries, a concerted manifestation of the great unity and Catholicity of the Church such as has never been witnessed hitherto?

I do not know. I only know that it is the most burning wish of Pope Leo's heart, and the facilities of reaching Rome are such at the present day that, where thousands made it possible to visit Rome in former centuries, hundreds of thousands can now undertake the pilgrimage with ease and comfort.

Could the Christian world close the century in a more becoming way? All that we rejoice in, our Christian heritage not only, but even our material advancement, our civilization, our true progress, all is owing to the Church, to Rome, the capital of Christ's Kingdom on earth. Rome is now, as it has always been, since Peter died there, the hope of the world.

Only a few days ago a gifted and celebrated convert, Mr. Benjamin F. De Costa, D. D., lectured at Montreal on "America." At the close of his lecture he invoked the Blessed Virgin to drive out the demon of divorce from the States, and to bring about a true, pure and sanctified marriage among the Americans. "Mary," he cried out, "Mother of God, help them, help us, help all!"

The reformation, he said, had been tried in America, and the moral decay

resulting it was impossible to deny. The absence of Confession led to sins against nature and an increase in divorce. The Roman Church, he concluded, the custodian of the Bible, the sole teacher of the Bible in its integrity, is the great hope of America to-day.

All eyes of the civilized world will be turned to Rome this year. Catholics and non-Catholics will increase in the knowledge and love of truth and holiness. It will be a Holy Year.

The powers of evil knowing this, are doing their utmost to counteract it. The worshippers of merely material goods are glorying in the coming extraordinary display of this world's treasures and splendors to be exhibited in Paris. The two great nations, who are in the van of industrial and commercial progress, are at war in distant countries to extend their empire and increase their possessions. For you may try to justify the South African, or the Philippine war, as much as you like, you will never succeed in making yourself believe that they were undertaken for a holy cause.

Of course we know and hear enough of the great efforts to be made by Protestant missionary bodies to convert the Philippines to the gospel of Christ and to Christian customs and manners. These poor, benighted islanders, a prey to superstitious practices, must be delivered from their oppressors, the terrible Friars. In this particular they are of one mind with the insurgents, who dislike the Friars also, but who, strange to say, hesitate to embrace their would-be deliverers.

There is a gentleman called Schurmann, who was one of the Commissioners sent by the President to these islands for the purpose of making a report on the condition of things there. This wise man gives an advice to the Protestant missionaries who intend to work there, which is almost too naive not to be sarcastic. He gravely advises them to drop all their differences and to unite in doctrine and ceremonies if they wish to succeed. Why does he not advise them outright to become Catholics, for the Catholic Church is the only Church, which is one.

The Protestant sects are sterile, and cannot bring forth children that will loyally acknowledge their mother.

Some months ago there was trouble in Samoa. The natives demanded Mataafa, a good and pious Catholic, for their king, but the English Protestant missionaries had a young convert, Malietoa Tanus, whom they wished to impose upon the natives as their king. Those who followed the events as chronicled in the papers will remember the action of Justice Chambers and the trouble which ensued, culminating in an outrage, perpetrated by an American naval officer.

All that is settled now. Germany, making use of the present pliant attitude of the British Government, has obtained sole control of the islands, and Mataafa is one of the most docile and submissive of subjects.

But my brave Malietoa Tanus is now turning upon his Protestant protectors and abusing them in heroic fashion.

In a letter to the *London Times*, published January 12, Malietoa Tanus, after giving copies of the protests he addressed to the United States, Great Britain and Germany against the Samoan treaties, characterizes the partition of Samoa as a gross violation of the treaties. He calls it a crime against the law of nations only equal to the dismemberment of Poland, Denmark and France.

He thinks that if it is necessary for the great powers to promote wars and

annexation to distract the minds of their people, that the Hague conference was the greatest farce of the century. He also asserts that the civilization introduced by the great powers in their annexation in the South Seas, Africa and elsewhere is inferior to the primitive state of the countries stolen, leading to war through breach of faith on the part of the government officials, and to the decimating of the people by contagious diseases and spirituous liquors.

Malietoa Tanus must have been informed of the number of saloons which have started up in our new American possessions. But he reserves his hardest blows for his spiritual guides, the English missionaries.

He says: "The missionaries, who graced our country with their holy or unholy presence, introduced the same religious differences and hatreds against each other as obtained at the hour in civilized states. The missionaries live in palatial concrete houses with all the luxuries their countries can afford, and charge us for Bibles and prayer-books, which, we understand, are sent as free offerings."

He further charges the missionaries with extracting all the money possible from them, in return for which they only receive a Bible, a hymn-book, or a "Pilgrim's Progress."

He instances the Wesleyan missionaries collecting £20,000 ($100,000) at a single meeting in Tonga, adding: "The missionaries aroused a great spirit of emulation, telling the natives that the largest givers would be the most acceptable in the sight of God, thus reversing the spirit of the "widow's mite." He concludes the letter with these words: "These be thy gods, oh, Israel!"

Truly these good missionaries should not have abandoned such an apt pupil. It was a dangerous thing to do. He knows too much about them.

The same arraignment can be made against Protestant missionaries in all heathen countries. Compare the position which the Protestant missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands gained by similiar methods, with the self-sacrificing spirit of Father Damien. President Dole is the son of one of these missionaries. The poor natives of these islands are not only decimated, they are nearly extinguished.

And, therefore, it is that wars of conquest by Protestant nations can never have a holy purpose, or be productive of good to the nations conquered. Catholic countries are maligned for their wars of conquest. Spain is execrated by Protestant historians. And, yet, Spain did not decimate the natives by "contagious diseases and spirituous liquors," as Malietoa Tanus puts it. Look at Mexico! Seven-tenths of its inhabitants are Indians or have Indian blood in their veins. Where are the North American Indians? In South America and the Philippines we find the same condition. France, although so hostile to the Church at home, knows how to value the civilizing influence of its missionaries. And even Italy has missionaries, who are actually civilizing the cannibals of Terra del Fuego without any government support.

Look at India! Whatever has been done for the natives as far as Christian civilization goes has been done by Catholic missionaries. Even materially these countries do not prosper.

The South African and the Philippine wars have lately so engrossed the attention of our papers, that the awful state of things in India and in British East Africa is lost sight of. People are dying by the thousands in both these colonies of starvation. The famine this year is worse than it has been for years. The natives around and in Bombay are no longer even seeking to escape the bubonic plague, their

sufferings have made them so apathetic.

When I read of that half pound of chocolate presented by the Queen of England to each British soldier in South Africa, I could not help wishing that some one might suggest something similar for the thousands of her Indian subjects dying of hunger.

While I am writing this the slaughter of human beings is going on in Natal, a country named in honor of the Nativity of the Prince of Peace. There is no Holy Year proclaimed for these unfortunate victims of mistaken progress. Processions are formed there—not for the purpose of gaining the favors of heaven, but for war, which, as an American general aptly said: "is hell." The pilgrims fast also and undergo untold sufferings and privations, but not in a spirit of penance for their sins but in a spirit "on fratricide intent." It is not a great Jubilee but a great curse, the curse of Cain, which has fallen on the greatest Empire of this world in this last year of the century.

Let us hope that with the end of this century all the misery of war and mutual slaughter will have an end.

Millions of Christians, in union with the Vicar of Christ on earth, will offer up extraordinary prayers, will undergo unusual penances, and the Sacraments will be received with unusual fervor and frequency during this Holy Year.

Prayer is the greatest power on earth. The most powerful navy on earth, the most death-dealing instruments of war, even the almighty dollar, are powerless in comparison with prayer.

And if the prayer of ten just men would have sufficed to save Sodom and Gomorrah, surely the prayer of 300 millions of penitent Catholics will have its saving influence on this world of ours.

Thousands who are now astray will learn, like Mr. De Costa, to look upon the Church of God as "our hope, our only hope" for America and the world.

A Letter From Rome.

ROME, Jan. 6, 1900.

Dear Father:

On December 24th took place the opening of the Holy Door of St. Peter's Church, which was the beginning of the Jubilee. The ceremony was very solemn, and will not be forgotten by anyone who had the pleasure of being present.

Early in the morning the whole city was astir. In the Vatican there was not less excitement, all who were to take part in the service hastening to and fro. At last at about 10:30 a. m. the procession began to move from the inner gallery to the Sala Ducale. First came the representatives of the various Religious Orders, followed by the parish priests of Rome, then came the Procurator Generals of the different Orders, the Bishops and Cardinals with white mitres.

The Pope left his private apartments at about 11 a. m., and, accompanied by his household Prelates and escorted by his noble Swiss soldiers, passed through the Sala Ducale, where those that composed the procession and the Palatine guard lined the way, and entered the Sixtine chapel, where the most Blessed Sacrament had previously been exposed. Having knelt for some time in adoration, and having incensed the most Blessed Sacrament, he intoned the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which was taken up by the singers of the Sixtine chapel, under the direction of Don L. Perosi. This being finished the Pope again ascended his sedia gestatoria, and, preceded only by the

Prelates, he descended by the Scala Regia to the vestibule of the church. The remaining persons forming, the procession followed up immediately. In the vestibule the tribunes, which had been erected and tastefully decorated for the occasion, were occupied by the ambassadors of the different countries to the Vatican, several persons of the nobility and many other distinguished people. When the Pope arrived here he ascended the throne prepared for him near the Holy Door and rested a little while. Then he arose, holding a candle in the left hand, and went to the Holy Door. Having received the golden hammer from Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, and having given the candle to the Cardinal Deacon, he struck the door three times with increased force each time. At the third stroke the door fell and was removed, while the bricks were washed and dried by the confessors of the church. The Holy Father recited some prayers, and, the entrance being free, he knelt down on the step before the door and intoned the *Te Deum;* then he arose, and with a firm step, alone he entered the church followed by all in the procession according to their dignity. In the meantime His Holiness proceeded to the chapel of the Pieta, where he received the two men to whom he gave the charge of the door during the Jubilee.

All the clergy having entered the church the Holy Father went to the altar, where the most Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Here having prayed a while he proceeded in his sedia gestatoria to the middle of the church before the Confession of St. Peter to give his blessing. A band playing in the meantime did not prevent the people from cheering as soon as they caught sight of the venerable old man. Just where the Pope passed there were many Catholic societies with their beautiful banners, and all seemed to vie with each other in showing loyalty to their rightful sovereign. As the Holy Father was about to give his blessing all noise ceased, and it was so still that the trembling voice of the Supreme Pontiff could be heard distinctly at a distance as he read the prayers and finally imparted his blessing. After this was read the decree of the Pope granting a Plenary Indulgence to all present, when the applause commenced again, and ceased only when the Pope had disappeared from the sight of the public.

On the same day and at the same time the Holy Doors of the other three basilicas, St. John Lateran, S. Mary Major and St. Paul, were opened respectively by the delegates of the Pope, Cardinals Satolli, Vannutelli and Oreglia.

On the day following the ceremony some papers tried to spread a report that the exertion of the previous day had proved fatal to the Pope's health, but His Holiness refuted this himself, for the next day being Christmas he arose and said his three Masses and gave audiences as usual.

Apropos of the Pope's health is an event that took place a few weeks ago. A Jesuit Father was giving a mission in the northern part of Italy, when one day ten young ladies presented themselves to him with a request, asking him whether it would be allowed. Their request was this: that each one of them might be allowed to give up one year of her own life to God in order to give ten years more to Pope Leo XIII. The Father told them it was allowed, and with this intention the young ladies came to Rome to see His Holiness and to make their generous offering. The Holy Father, although at that time being troubled with a cold, did not give audiences, yet when he heard of their arrival gave orders that they should be admitted. At the appointed time, with a gilded address, the young ladies appeared and made their generous sacrifice. They were so overcome by his fatherly appearance that when they left there was not one that did not shed tears of joy.

Of course we can not tell whether their offering was accepted by God, but, nevertheless, even if it is not, a sacrifice impelled by such pure and unselfish motives will surely have its reward.

Yours, etc.,

A. W, O. C. C.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mg Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF METLILI. AN EXPEDITION IN THE DESERT. 1865—1866.

Sad state of Laghouat after the insurrection—The tribes of the south still rebellious—The rising of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh—Preparations—The camp of the column—The *Goums*—The campaign—Metlili and the Chambaas—De Sonis defeats and pursues Si-Lalla—Capture of flocks—Defeat of the Chambaas—His report—He returns to Laghouat—The country of thirst—Anxious tidings—New expedition—Organization of the campaign—Prudence of the Commander—His activity—Departure—Camp at Hadji-Eddin—The light column—Fearful heat—The Commander's repast—The arrival at Oued-Gharbi—Deception—No water—The wells of Bou-Aroua—Hope—The enemy disappears—The Commander is forced to stop the march—Return to the wells—The Goums make a large razzia—The wells of Mengoub—Second razzia of the Goums—De Sonis resumes the pursuit and reaches the bivouac of Si Lalla—The Smala of Si-Lalla carried off—Return to Laghouat—Officer of the Legion of Honour—The conquest of a soul.

IT was in the month of October, 1865, that Colonel de Sonis returned to that town of Laghouat from which he had been driven in 1861. Late events had fully justified his forebodings, the insurrection having broken out in every direction, while villages had been pillaged, the French colonists massacred, and universal terror prevailed. De Sonis, in fact, had been sent to Laghouat to bring back peace and security to the country at whatever cost. The most important of the rebel tribes, the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh, had then at their head a young man of twenty, Si-Hamed-ben-Namza, whose hatred was guided by a real warrior, his uncle, Si-Lalla, a man whose courage, ability, and thorough knowledge of the country made him a most formidable enemy to the French troops. Around them were grouped all those whom the inextinguishable fanaticism of Islam had roused to fury, owing to the preaching of certain of their Marabouts, who were continually exciting them to what they called a "holy war," to drive the hatred "Giaours" from the land.

M. de Sonis at once took the offensive. He had gathered round Laghouat nearly 2,000 camels to act as transports for the luggage, provisions, and water of the troops, and formed his camp just outside the oasis of Laghouat. An officer describes it as follows:

"Having no wood of which to construct barracks, our men made bricks of sand, burnt in the sun, after the manner of the country, and, in an extraordinarily short time, a multitude of huts were built, each and all according to the taste of the men. One erected a chalet, another a tower, a

third a minaret, and so on. Everything came into play; the old biscuit tins made window frames; verandahs and blinds were formed of the reeds of the country. Each corps had its little street, its officers' quarters. The whole camp was healthy and beautifully clean. The troops were bright and gay, and a quantity of tame gazelles played amidst the huts, and were great pets with the men."

The moveable column which was to take part in this expedition was composed of the 12th battalion of infantry, a battalion of Zouaves, a squadron of mounted infantry, and two pieces of artillery, with some Spahis and infirmarians. The "*Goum*" numbered six hundred horsemen. That corps, as every one knows, is the Arab contingent, which each tribe is bound to furnish to the French army. They render invaluable services by their quickness, their knowledge of the country and the people, and their extraordinary sagacity. M. de Sonis had won not only their esteem and their confidence, but also, which is more rare, their fidelity. He could always reckon upon them.

The campaign began in the autumn, and till December they were employed in various small expeditions against hostile tribes and in enforcing their submission. But on their return to Laghouat they heard that the chief of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh was in the neighborhood of Metlili, and that the insurgents had made a raid on a friendly tribe, carrying off their camels and flocks. M. de Sonis determined to march at once to Metlili, which is a place fifty leagues to the south of Laghouat at the extreme frontier of the French colony. There he arrived on the 9th of January; but only to find that Si-Lalla had already evacuated the place, carrying off an immense amount of booty, with the flocks and camels of the Chambaa. Very early the next morning the Goum was sent to try and overtake the hostile column. Very soon a sharp firing was heard, and a wounded Arab came to report that the enemy were found by the rocks which lined the ravine of Sidi-Cheikh. Peace had been offered them on condition that the flocks were given back, to which the answer had been a vigorous fire. The captain sent, therefore, for reinforcements, and was about to take up a position in the valley of Oued-Macekel, at a little village surrounded with palms, through which the enemy must pass if de Sonis attacked them in front.

De Sonis at once started with his cavalry, two companies of infantry and once of Zouaves, and after a quarter of an hour's march discovered the insurgents on the heights above the valley. The infantry instantly prepared to scramble up the rocks on hands and feet, as skirmishers, and managed to dislodge the hostile troops before they had had time to prepare for this attack from behind, the cavalry having at the same time made a charge in front. Then began a pursuit from rock to rock. To the left de Sonis perceived a large body of the enemy carrying off the flocks, and instantly sent his cavalry in pursuit. The insurgents, however, thinking themselves safe amidst rocks which were inaccessible for horses, mocked at their approach. De Sonis made his men dismount, leaving only a few to guard the horses, and at once opened fire upon the enemy. This move was so successful that the insurgents fled in every direction, abandoning their flocks and herds. It was a regular *sauve qui peut*, and very

soon the whole of the French troops reassembled, and they returned victoriously to Metlili at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The Goum had arrived an hour before. They brought back seven thousand three hundred and fifty sheep, two hundred and sixty camels and fifty-eight donkeys. The French column had five thousand sheep, one hundred and thirty-three camels and forty-eight donkeys ; while they had had no deaths among their men, and only a few wounded, thanks to the precaution de Sonis had taken in making them dismount. The Goum, who had remained on horseback, had had a good many men killed and wounded, besides a large number of horses.

M. de Sonis remained at Metlili from the 11th to the 19th of January. It is a poor little place, built in a sandy ravine, and surrounded with rugged cliffs, which serve as ramparts, while the interior is composed of dirty, tortuous streets, or rather lanes, inhabited by a nomad tribe called Chambaa, who are owners of the oasis. M. de Sonis imposed a fine of 100,000 francs on the inhabitants, and assembling them in the mosque, gave them new Caids to replace those who had passed over to the enemy ; after which he returned to Laghouat, which he reached on the 28th of January, 1866. He had insisted that the negro slaves he had found, as well as the negresses, should at once be freed, and brought a number of them back to Laghouat, where they were instructed and baptized, and afterwards placed in respectable houses. He had also found in one of the tents of the enemy 10,000 Spanish douros, or about 50,000 francs. One of his Arab officers asked him what he was going to do with the money. "Why pay it into the Treasury, of course," was his reply. The Arab was very much astonished and said : "But the Treasury is rich. France spends 10,000 francs a day for the maintenance of these troops. She does not need this money, which is, after all, your own booty ; and with your household expenses——" De Sonis interrupted him with an energetic "*Never !*" and then added : "After all, what is all this worth ?" Shall I not one day have to go naked into my grave ?"

This expedition of three months is only mentioned by M. de Sonis in a letter of a few lines to a friend :

"I live a regular Bohemian life, which makes me grow old, but does not exhaust my health, nor, I hope, my soul. I have not slept in a bed for three months, and have been continually in the saddle with my little column of 1,700 men, who are really excellent troops. I have had a very successful expedition lately to Metlili, in which I lost very few men, and have insured the submission of all the tribes to the east. Our troops have never before gone so far south."

The campaign being at an end, M. de Sonis went to Algiers for a few days to fetch his wife and children, and settle them once more at Laghouat. "All along the road," writes Madame de Sonis, "we had proofs of the passage of the insurgents. The caravansaries had all been pillaged, many of their owners killed, and one young French girl carried off to the desert. We halted in the midst of ruins, and our beds consisted of boards laid upon biscuit tins. The owners of these so-called inns, who had only returned during the last few days, seemed very anxious, and no wonder."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editorial Notes.

Pertinent and Practical.

The *Weekly Bouquet* touches on a matter of very great importance, when it lays stress on the necessity of our Catholics employing the services of physicians who themselves are practical Catholics. For the "souls that have been saved by timely baptism at the hands of Catholic doctors have been many, and notice of coming death has often enabled souls to be prepared and strengthened by the Sacraments. Not long ago a Catholic, who had been careless in his religious duties, was seized with a sudden illness. No immediate danger was apprehended by his family, but nevertheless he died. 'Why did you not tell us of his danger?' cried his wife to the doctor in attendance. 'We should have sent for a priest.' 'My dear madam,' said the physician, 'I did not see the necessity of disturbing him and his family for the sake of mere superstition. It was far better to allow him to slip quietly into the arms of the Lord!' And so the poor man, who had not received the Blessed Sacrament through negligence for years, died as he had lived. We know that God is merciful, and it is not for us to say what became of his soul, but if a Catholic physician had been called the bereaved might have been spared much poignant regret and suffering." The so-called friends of the sick man are generally the ones on whom the responsibility rests for engaging creedless and conscienceless physicians, who should be told to pick up their morphine needles and go seek practice among those who wish to die as quadrupeds.

One Fold and One Shepherd.

The press is almost daily recording the names of prominent persons who are coming back to the true Church. And there are others whose names do not get into print. Whilst in solemn homage we dedicate the new century to our dear Redeemer we can do so filled with the most buoyant hopes that there will be but "one fold and one shepherd." Outside of the Church the temples of worship are conspicuous by their emptiness, and the self-appointed exhorters have no power or authority to bring back the sheep that have gone astray. Many causes, except the true one, are given for non-attendance at church. But the real reason is—to quote the words of the brilliant editor of the *Antigonish Casket*—because:

"People no longer believe in eternal punishment—a dread that for fifteen centuries held the Christian world in subjection. Why only for fifteen centuries? Because with the sixteenth came the revolt of the sensual and the new idea that each one was entitled to construe religion for himself. The idea of hell for the sensual was abhorrent to good society; it was a vulgar bogey. 'Sin as much as you please, if you only have faith,' purred the new philosophy. Very comfortable this, and more comfortable still the newer, which teaches that all religion is a mere fable, invented by cunning persons to keep the mass of mankind in subjection. The one idea is the legitimate offspring of the other. These are the causes, mainly, why the temples of Protestantism are to-day filled with the abomination of desolation."

Indulgences During the Holy Year.

The *Ecclesiastical Review* reminds the faithful that from the Eve of Christmas (First Vespers) of the past year to the Eve of Christmas, 1900, the usual indulgences, plenary and partial, which Catholics may gain at other times, are suspended. Excepted from this rule are :

1. Such indulgences (partial) as are granted by the Ordinaries to the subjects (not, however, the indulgences imparted with the Papal blessing given twice a year by the Bishop).

2. The Plenary Indulgence *in articulo mortis.*

3. Partial Indulgences for visits to the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Adoration.

4. Indulgences for accompanying the Blessed Sacrament to the dying.

5. Indulgences for the recital of the *Angelus.*

6. Privileged altars and Indulgences exclusively applied to the souls in purgatory.

In lieu of this, all the faithful are to apply themselves to gain, if possible, the Jubilee Indulgence by a pilgrimage to the Holy City. Whilst they cannot gain for *themselves* any of the usual indulgences, they can offer them by way of suffrage for the souls in purgatory ; for *all indulgences* without exception are, during the year of general Jubilee, applicable to the souls of the departed.

This limitation holds good only during the regular year of Jubilee (to be gained in Rome), and is not extended to the following year, when, as is customary, the Pontiff proclaims an extension of the solemn Jubilee to all parts of the world for those who were unable to make the Jubilee visit to the Holy City in the preceding year.

A Monk Who Works.

Not long since, in the London Catholic Times, a writer told of a work shortly to appear from the pen of a young Dominican Father, for which a great demand may be anticipated. It treats of certain aspects of the social question, which the writer has studied under decidedly peculiar circumstances. In peasant garb and under an assumed name the good friar presented himself some twelve months ago for employment at one of the principal mines in the Charleroi district. He was taken on, and for a year worked in the pits as a common miner, residing the while in one of the ordinary lodging houses, and to all appearances leading the life of his fellow-workmen. Mixing freely with the miners, coming into frequent contact with the chiefs of the revolutionary party, and occasionally meeting some of the great industrialists, he has gathered a rich store of experience and has been able to collect a mass of invaluable information respecting the social problem, more especially with reference to the object for which strikes are periodically organized. Some curious and interesting revelations may be expected as to the inner workings of the Socialistic movement among the mining population of Charleroi and its environs. It is stated that the young Dominican author is soon to undergo his examination in social philosophy at Louvain, on which occasion the question of strikes is to be the object of his thesis.

Leaves From an Old-Fashioned Book.

The *Inter-Mountain and Colorado Catholic* is printing the *Imitation of Christ* as a serial. It makes good reading too. It would be a nice thing if some other Catholic weeklies gave

installments of some good standard work instead of the insipid stuff they unload on a long-suffering reading constituency. Speaking of the *Imitation*, it reminds us of the following from George Eliot's pen. She wrote:

"The small, old-fashioned book, *Thomas a Kempis*, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother, who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

The Greatest Man.

"Who is the greatest man the century produced?" is now a question freely discussed. All the great lights in the military, in science, in statesmanship, in invention, in literature, in music and in philosophy have been reviewed. Strange, though, none of the thinkers and writers in their review allude to the first man of the century, Pope Leo XIII. The age marvels at his piety, diplomacy, wisdom, statesmanship and learning. But we live in days of materialism, and this great Pontiff—the "man of peace" and "light from heaven"—who unfolds the commands of God and shows us the way of truth and salvation, is not popular in a world which wastes its strength in dancing around the golden calf.

"Have Patience, Lord!"

If one can judge by some of the best English journals, which doubtless voice the feelings of many of their readers, there is growing a deep sorrow and sincere repentance amongst Englishmen, who feel the chastening hand of Providence. This prayer to the God of battles appeared lately in the *Westminster Gazette*:

Lord God, whom we besought so late,
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget
Thy Name and our weak human state—
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day no pomp of empire fills
The wintry land; amazed and awed
We watch Thy slowly grinding mills
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by foemen sore beset,
Dismayed we draw our destined lot,
We prayed to Thee, "Lest we forget,"
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vain-glorious words
And sorry self sufficiency
We boasted, girding on our swords,
As those who lay their armor by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies
Of warriors all unready found,
Of braggarts blinded to despise
Their foe before their trumpet sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,
Ere sounds once more the grim assault,
We do confess, O Lord, with shame
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain
Of idle brag and empty boast,
So shall we stand erect again
And face unmoved the hostile host.

The Papal Bull.

No apology seems necessary for us this month in publishing the full text of the papal bull promulgating the Universal Jubilee, although in these days of rapid presses news is no news after twenty-four hours. Be it so. But then the newspaper is thrown aside when read. On the contrary the magazine shares a better fate. It is kept and re-read. Moreover, as His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, says in his beautiful pastoral, which is so lucid a preface to the Holy Father's letter, the bull "should be read and read often, should be studied carefully that it may be well understood."

It is fitting that in this Holy Year Christians wear some external mark of faith and give public homage to our Redeemer. The suggestion of the *Ave Maria* that we wear the cross is a good one. It should relegate to the background the many useless buttons which nowadays give a shock to good taste. The cross—the symbol of Christianity—is always in place and can be easily worn by everyone, including members of the religious Orders. Some years ago the cross was far more in use, and it ought to be revived. There are varieties enough to suit all states. Let us take up our cross and show to the busy throng that at home and abroad we profess Jesus Crucified.

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God abominates what men love most. As with individuals, so does He punish nations which abandon Him. Corruption follows national pride, and the microbe of dissolution does its deadly work. Great nations often die of suicidal corruption. Such thoughts are apt to lead to humble thoughts in these days of material advancement, and are worthy of meditation when we stand at the bedside of the dying century. The poet uttered the truth when he wrote:

"Moral of all human tales,
It is the same sad rehearsal of the past
First freedom—then glory. When that is passed—
Wealth and vice, corruption—barbarism at last."

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Sergt. John S. Ormsby, of the 13th Regiment, U. S. A., who formerly, over the name of "Stanly," contributed some beautiful verses to the columns of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, has sent some very interesting letters from the Philippines. He says that the devotion of the Filipinos to the Mother of God is great indeed. In the homes of these people one always finds a picture of "Our Lady of the Philippines."

In the last year of the century it is in order to recall these words of Cardinal Manning: "There is what is called the worldly spirit, which enters with the greatest subtilty into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time-spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting, which prevails in the age in which we live; and these are powerful temptations, full of danger and in perpetual action upon us."

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Last month the Right Reverend Bishop of Pittsburg completed his seventy-first year. For nearly half a century this zealous and esteemed prelate has worked in season and out of season for the good of souls, and his labors have been unostentatious. As an exchange says, he has ever been "watchful of the honor and integrity of her doctrine and ministers, encouraging by his presence the little ones of his flock, and through the length and breadth of his vast Western Pennsylvania diocese holding the realm of his authority with a firm masterful hand, yet, when circumstances required it, as indulgent as a mother." It is our wish and prayer that good Bishop Phelan be yet spared to us for many years.

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The world considers it remarkable for a Sister of Charity to forfeit the sum of $25,000 rather than abandon her faith, as laid down in the conditions of a father's will. Like Mary in the Gospel this good religious has "chosen the better part." Gold and silver can never purchase peace, content or real happiness even in this world. Religious men and women follow the evangelical counsels, and give up all that the world covets, of their own free will. After all "what doeth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. O'Shea & Co., of New York City, have done a service to Catholic readers by publishing an American edition of Monsignor Vaughan's excellent treatise on "Thoughts for All Times." To quote Cardinal Gibbons, who writes of this book:—"In 'Thoughts for All Times' the student will find a flood of light illuminating the principles of his theology; the priest and the catechist will find new mines of material, rich in illustration; parents will find much needed help in the arduous task of detaching the minds of their children from the things of this earth and directing them towards the affairs of heaven. From this book all will learn more clearly the meaning of the encouraging words of the Apostle: 'You have not received the spirit of *bondage* again in *fear;* but you have received the spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry: Abba, (Father).'"

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart improves with each number. The January and February issues reach a high standard in magazine making. A beautiful picture of His Holiness Leo XIII is offered as a premium for the current year.

"The Catholic Almanac of Ontario" for 1900 is a handsome and worthy "Souvenir of The Holy Year." The illustrations of prominent Catholic churches and institutions in the Province are very fine. There are likewise interesting articles that deal in detail with the different Orders of the Church in Ontario. Price 25 cents. Address, Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan, 510 Queen St. W., Toronto, Canada.

The last issue of the *Niagara Rainbow* is a splendid number. The Institute and Academy of Loretto, from which it comes, is as good as the best in the land, and holds a proud record as an educational establishment. Fortune has been kind in putting this school on the healthiest and loveliest spot in America.

The J. C. Ayer Co. have gotten out a useful and interesting little twentieth century almanac. It is a review of human endeavor during the nineteenth century, and a prophecy for the twentieth. On the whole the little work is correct. The resume of "Religious Events in the Nineteenth Century" is probably accurate,—but there is a mistake in its prophecy for the twentieth century when it reads "The Roman Catholic Church in America will become more American in character, resulting in there being a practically separate Pope for America." No fear. The Roman Catholic Church will cease to be such when it no longer shows allegiance to the See of Peter.

The Cincinnati Diocesan Commission on Church music has issued an official catalogue of masses, hymns, etc., accepted or rejected by a committee of musical and liturgical experts. The book should be in every choir and sacristy in America. One can then see at a glance what is fit and what is unfit for the House of God.

Rev. Father C. M. Seeberger, C. P. P. S., of Carthagena, Ohio, has published a useful little book entitled "The Scapular and Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,—*a complete Instruction on the Scapular and its Confraternity—for the Laity, and a reliable guide for its canonical establishment—for the clergy.*

"The Messenger of St. Joseph for the Homeless Boys of Philadelphia" for 1900 was issued recently. Its initial article is the annual letter and report of the Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C. S. Sp., superintendent of St. Joseph's House. Any one making an offering of twenty-five cents a year toward the support of the boys in St. Joseph's Home, becomes a member of St. Joseph's Association, and any person who secures twenty subscribers to the Association, or fills one book, becomes a solicitor, and is entitled to all the benefits attached to that office.

Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York City, have just issued a beautiful book for children, finely illustrated—"The Story of the Divine Child,"—by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, with fine half illustrations. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents. A life of Christ for children, written in language they can easily understand. The beautiful illustrations and the handsome binding make it an appreciated gift. Also "Instruction and Prayers for The Catholic Mother," by Right Rev. A. A. Eggers, D. D., Bishop of St. Gall. Printed on India Paper. 32mo, cloth, 75 cents. A beautiful prayer-book for Catholic mothers specially suited for a gift.

We have already had occasion to refer in our journal to the House of the Angel Guardian, which is, as you know, a refuge for Catholic orphans. Again we return to the same subject in order to make known the

good work which the Brothers of Charity, who have charge of this institution, are accomplishing, and to inform you that we have just received the beautiful *Manual of St. Anthony of Padua* which they have published with the help of their pupils. This work would be an honor to any establishment. The illustrations have been made by a distinguished artist, and the press work is excellent. It contains the Life of St. Anthony of Padua, a description of the principal sanctuaries in honor of this great saint, the hymns, the rosary, the novena, and a large number of prayers and exercises referring to this devotion. We could not do otherwise than advise our readers to send twenty cents in Canadian or American stamps to *Rev. Brother Jude, Superior,* 85 Vernon St., Boston, Mass., who will send them this beautiful publication, of which he may be justly proud, and then they can see for themselves what the House of the Angel Guardian is doing for the orphans. There is also now ready the "Life of Father Haskins," founder of the House of the Angel Guardian, published in the interests of orphan and destitute children. Price $1.00. Printed and bound by the boys of the House of the Angel Guardian, in their Industrial School.

Our Catholic women owe a debt of gratitude to the Messrs. Benziger for putting into a cheap, neat and convenient form "The Catholic Mother," a manual of Instruction and Devotions for the use of Catholic mothers —a translation from the incomparable work of Mgr. Egger, Bishop of St. Gall. This handy little book, so full of practical advice and consoling thoughts, is revised and adapted for use in this country. Price, seventy-five cents.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Happy death, 2; employment, 1; conversion, 5; restoration to health, 4; families, 2; spiritual, 1; success in affairs, 1; temporal favors, 2; two wayward sons; reconciliation in a family; for the overcoming of temptations; for the conversion of five persons; for spiritual and temporal welfare of seven families; for two vocations; for two clerical students; for six absent friends; for special favors.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

ANTHONY CASEY who died at Niagara Falls, Ont, Jan'y 13.

JAMES WALSH. one of our esteemed subscribers, who died Dec. 17, 1899, at Kansas City, Mo.

MISS BRIDGET DURKIN, late of Chippawa, Ont., who ended a pure and virtuous life, after long suffering born with Christian fortitude, on January 13th last.

MRS. SHANNON, who died in New York City.

MRS. HANNAH KYLIE, Pittsburg, Pa.

MRS. ELIZ. MCMAHON, who died Oct. 26, 1899, vested in the Carmelite habit.

VEN. SISTER MCXAVIER, an old subscriber who went to her reward at Dubuque, Iowa.

JOSEPH MCGOWAN, who died Nov. 13, 1899.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS, of the Wounds of Jesus, (Mary Gorman) who died at St. Joseph's Carmel, St. Louis, on the 16th day of November, 1899, fortified by the rites of our holy Mother, the Church, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, and near the close of the sixth year of profession.

ALICE MCALINDEN, who died Jan'y 1st, 1900.

JULIA PIDGEON, MARY ANN PIDGEON, PATRICK PIDGEON, MR. MURPHY; P. O'TOOLE, PATRICK CASEY; ALBERT POLCHINSKI; CATH. POLCHINSKI; MRS. M. J. MCFADDEN; MARY ANNE MCADAM, who was for 88 years a faithful servant of Mary, and who died on the 14th of Nov., 1899; MRS. MCCOY, who departed this life full of years and merits; ROBERT JOHNSON, who died an edifying death on Nov. 8th last.

MRS. BARBARA MOTZEL, whom God had taken away at Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 27, 1899.

May they rest in peace!

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from: St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, Snyder, Ont.; St. Leo's Church, Ridgeway, Pa.; Immaculate Conception Church, Ithaca, N. Y.; Guysboro, N. S.; Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Thomas' Church, Red Creek, N. Y.; Holy Angels Church, Centre Buffalo, N. Y.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Fennimore, Wis.; Pine Ridge Agency, S. D.; New Germany, Pa.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Mary's, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, St. Johns, N. F.; St. John the Baptist Church, Chepstow, Ont.; Alexandria, Ont.; St. Bede's College, Peru, Ill.; St. Joseph's Mission, Slickpoo P. O., Iowa; Guysbourgh, N. S.; St. Thomas' Church, St. Thomas, Ind.; St. Michael's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Carlsruhe, Ont.; Lesinore, N. S.; St. Dunstan's College, P. E. I.; Glace Bay, C. B.; Brachin, Ont.; St. Francis Church, Traverse City, Mich.; Washington, Ia., Immaculate Conception Church, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; Turners' Falls, Mass.; St. Boniface Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Higginsville, Mo.

Names received St. Joseph's Convent, Leavenworth, Kan., from: St. Antony's, Kansas City, Kan.; St. Patrick's, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Antony's, St. Louis, Mo.; Stanton, Wis.; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Boniface, Tipton, Kan.; St. Benedict's, Atchison, Kan.; St. Kasimir's, Leavenworth, Kan.; St. Joseph's, Leavenworth, Kan.

Names received at St. John's Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from: Pittston, Pa.; Barnesville, Minn.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Sparta, Wis.; Bedford, Pa.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Unionville, Ky.; Slatersville. R. I.; Ogdenburg, N. Y.; Shelbyville, Ind.

Names received at the Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from: St. Mary's Church, Lanesville, Ind.; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; Assumption Church, St. Paul, Minn.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Boniface's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Newburg, Wis.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind: Roanoke, Virginia; St. Teresa, P. E. I.; Villa Maria, Pa.; St. Thomas, Mo.; Jefferson, Wis.; New York, N. Y.; Herman, Pa.; Villa Angela, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.

Names received at New Baltimore (Pa.) Convent from: Sparta, Wis.; Louisville, Ky.; Pittston, Pa.; Dotyville, Wis.; Wilkesbarre, Pa.

THANKSGIVINGS.

Cedar Lake, Indiana,
Dec. 21, 1899.

Having promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to have the granting of my request published in the Carmelite Review, I now, since this great favor has been bestowed upon me, desire you to publish it in your pages to her greater honor.

C. McK.

"I now send my sincere thanks for the favor granted."

C. M. McD., Almonte, Ont.

A subscriber in New Baltimore, Pa., tenders thanks to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for success in an undertaking.

L. M. K., of Stratford, Ont., acknowledges to fulfil a promise, and renders thanks to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for a great temporal favor and restoration to health.

Favors for the Hospice.

Favors for the Hospice were received from: Franciscan Sisters, Buffalo, N. y.; Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa., 3; M. T., Boston, Mass.; C. B., Hamilton, Ont.; V. M. R., Toronto, Ont.; J. L., Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. J. G., Renfrew, Ont.; R. W., Centralia, Mo.; Miss M. M., New York City; C. K., Meadville, Pa.; H. A., Baltimore, Md.; K. C., Saxonville, Mass.; Mrs. J. G., Colchester, Ct.; Sr. I., Longue Point, Que.; Mrs. A. K., Findlay, O.; Sr. L. de P. M., Longue Point, Que.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below.** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract vnd surroundings. **Falls View** is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

"O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow"

Carmelite Review.

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A Beacon Bright.

BY HENRY COYLE.

OUR Lady of Mount Carmel, with sincere
And trusting heart, I pray Thee, help Thou me!
Have pity, Mother! hearken to my plea.
The shadows gather round me, and in fear
I cry for help. Alas! no friend is near
To succor and relieve my misery:
In dire distress I now remember Thee,
O refuge of the sinner—Mother dear!

Serene and steadfast is Thy gentle love,
Though we forget Thee, still thro' night and day,
We pray that Thou wilt shield us, be a stay;
In time of sorrow, may we look above
To Thee, O star of night—a quenchless light,
Shining thro' clouds and storm, a beacon bright!

Mater Misericordiæ.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

MOTHER of Mercy! Mercy show to those
Who seek it of Thee! And to us, the least
Of all who serve Thee, mercy be increased
According to our need: for friends, for foes,
This gift we humbly crave; and sweet repose
For all whose time of trial here hath ceased;
Grant all who serve Thee, bishop, layman, priest,
And nun, the peace that from Thy mercy flows.

Mother of Mercy! Let Thy mercy rest
On us, who oft have grieved Thee in the past;
And, when the way is long, the sky o'ercast,
Teach us the way Thou choosest must be best;
The joy that comes of doing Thy behest:
Grant peace and endless happiness at last.

A Message For March.

By Rev. J.. L. O'Neil, O. P.

A REQUEST from the Editor of The Carmelite Review that I would contribute to the pages of his March number some thoughts on the Rosary and St. Joseph, I could not gracefully decline. Indeed it is a genuine pleasure to accept the invitation, for the children of Carmel, as champions of Our Lady's honor, merit well of the sons of St. Dominic.

The Rosary and the Scapular, which, by excellence, is the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, are admittedly the most popular, the most widely spread of devotions to the Queen of Heaven. They are so closely allied that we find, from time to time, their clients banded together under the title of Rosary and Scapular Society. While this is uncanonical, insomuch as each pertains to a distinct confraternity, the identity of which may not be merged with another, but must be preserved intact, according to clearly defined regulations of the Holy See, the fact is here noted, not critically or censoriously, but as an evidence of the tender ties binding together the lovers of Our Lady's Beads and the wearers of her Livery.

I am assured, therefore, that a message concerning the Rosary will be welcomed by the readers of The Carmelite Review, independently of its form or bearer, and solely because of filial piety. Aught concerning St. Joseph is likewise dear to them, for where the Spirit of Carmel breathes, there the memory of St. Teresa is in benediction. And every reader of her life, every one familiar with the story of the growth and development of devotion to St. Joseph, understands how eminent is her place among the apostles, who have preached and taught in writing the glory of Our Lady's spouse, his claims on our love, and his power in our behalf.

In harmony with his office and mission, that of guarding the infancy and childhood of Our Blessed Redeemer, St. Joseph's relationship to the Rosary is confined to the first part, to the joyful mysteries—the scenes of Bethlehem and Nazareth, after the silence and separation of Egypt, and lastly, of the temple when the Beautiful Boy astonished the doctors of the law, whose wonder grew not less as He passed out and went down with Mary and Joseph, being subject to them. Upon the life of the gentle Joseph naught fell of the sorrows (save only the Circumcision with the prophecy of Simeon, and the Flight) with which, in such generous measure, his Foster Son redeemed our race. Nevertheless into all the trials and pains which the Holy Family encountered, before Our Lord began His public life, St. Joseph entered, lovingly, reverently, bearing such share of the burden as might best spare the beloved objects of his tender care. But once the ministry of Jesus was commenced, as the Master in Israel, we hear naught of St. Joseph. Even before the marriage feast of Cana, he had fallen asleep; he had gone to announce to expectant Limbo that redemption was at hand.

Thus we are restricted, in our contemplation of this singularly favored saint, to scenes sweet, precious and sacred of Mary and Jesus, of Mother and Child, in days before which hangs the veil of silence drawn by the spirit of God, over which rests a calm of

holy peace, from whose secure shelter Our Lord did not depart, for the conflict and the victory, until the hour had struck in which the law permitted Him to teach, in which He went forth to do His Heavenly Father's will. As standing between the old covenant and the new, as closing the line of Patriarchs, and heading the grand phalanx of the sanctified who would walk after Christ, we behold St. Joseph, the shadow of the Eternal Father, the guardian of Jesus in His infant years, the docile instrument of the Holy Ghost, for the accomplishment of wonders and marvels during the unspeakable period of the hidden life.

It is a happy plan that so attaches the memory of St. Joseph, in his festival of March 19th, to the splendid commemoration of divine power and wisdom and love, in the Incarnation, celebrated in the Feast of the Annunciation. The month of the Son of God become man is the month also, by Catholic piety, of His Foster Father. With faithful devotion, as by a natural law in the spiritual order, our hearts lovingly turn to St. Joseph, for it is a necessary outgrowth of our faith in the Incarnation. This stupendous mystery on which are built humanity's hope and salvation, is the root, the explanation, and, if necessary, the vindication of our love for Our Blessed Mother. It is also the root, the explanation, and, if necessary, the vindication of our love for St. Joseph.

However, in this, the first joyful mystery of the Rosary, St. Joseph takes no prominent part, and yet, as St. Jerome tells us, his place was one, in a manner necessary, assuredly of divine appointment, and for grave and precious reasons—the safe-guarding of the honor of Mary, among men, the concealing from the evil spirit of the mystery that had been wrought, and the designating of the lowly carpenter of Nazareth as invested with such relationship towards the adorable Trinity, as never before had come to mortal, nor shall they to another.

In the Visitation it is not certain that St. Joseph was the companion of the Blessed Virgin, for not only is St. Luke, who records the beautiful event, silent as to the holy patriarch, but solid reasons are given by eminent theologians showing the probability of his stay in Nazareth, while the Blessed Virgin found protection and an escort in some worthy matron, whose assistance he had secured. The argument that St. Joseph must have accompanied Our Lady during the long, laborious and somewhat perilous journey over the hill country from Nazareth to the home of Zachary and Elizabeth in "a city of Juda," * is not convincing. The honor of Mary did not require this attention, nor could St. Joseph have well remained for three months absent from his work and duties. Assistance, companionship and protection he becomingly provided, and these sufficed. Had he made that memorable trip and heard the solemn words of Elizabeth, no doubt could have troubled his mind after the return to Nazareth. †

In this view, we may not contemplate St. Joseph sharing in the gladness of that divinely arranged meeting between the mother of the Baptist and

* According to Blessed Albert the Great and St. Bonaventure, this city was Jerusalem; other authorities name the town of Hebron.

† In the "Divine Life of the Most Holy Virgin Mary," written by the Venerable Mary of Agreda, we are told that St. Joseph accompanied Our Lady to Zachary's home, remained a few days, then retired to Nazareth, and in due time returned to escort his Holy spouse to their home. (Chapter IX.) The saintly author of this remarkable book assures us that she received from Our Lady the account narrated in its pages. The difficulties alleged by theology, as given in our text, are not irreconcilable with the statement of the Venerable Mary of Agreda. However, as this is not the place for a discussion of this question, the reader may choose as he will.

the Mother of Jesus, when not only was Zachary's tongue loosened to praise the Lord, not only did Elizabeth proclaim the divine maternity of Mary, not only was John sanctified in the womb, but Jesus effected this miracle through His Beloved Mother, and she herself proclaimed that all generations should thenceforth call her Blessed. Yet in the fulfilment of this prophecy no voices are more lovingly raised than those of the children of Carmel and of the Rosary, nor may more devout clients of St. Joseph be found than those who thus honor his glorious spouse.

The Nativity of Our Blessed Lord in Bethlehem, the third joyful mystery, presents St. Joseph to our devout meditation in so touching and tender an attitude that we at once realize his place and power as head of the Holy Family. Verily, the Lord "made him master of His house and ruler of all His possessions," * beginning here, in visible form, that sacred commission of which Pharoah's to the other Joseph was only a figure. The Egyptian king raised Jacob's son to dignity second only to his own, in all the lands that owned his sway; but the King of Heaven has elevated our Joseph to heights sublime by giving to him the care of His greatest treasures, His Divine Son and the Immaculate Virgin Mary—a thought and truth which at once brings us into the region of divine wonders as we enter Bethlehem's holy cave to venerate Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

An intimate, integral part of this beautiful mystery is St. Joseph. Dogma and devotion, fostered by Christian art, picture the Holy Three, the Earthly Trinity, as Catholic theology permits us, in reverent spirit, to name them.

* Psalm civ., 21.

And thus, by a certain spontaneity Catholic piety links their blessed names, nor yet loses sight of the immense space that intervenes between Creator and creature. That we say lovingly and from our hearts and often through the day, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph I give You my heart and my soul! Jesus, Mary and Joseph be with me in my last agony!" is a tribute to the unerring instinct of Catholic faith enkindling piety into a flame of tender devotion, the divine fires of which are burning in the Incarnation, in the coming of Jesus, born of Mary and fostered by Joseph—a plan designed by the wisdom of Almighty God.

And as no Christmas crib is complete without the image of Joseph, venerable and tender, so no Catholic heart has made fitting habitation for Jesus and Mary that welcomes not her holy spouse.

His place in the Presentation of the Divine Child in the temple is no less clear. "They carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord," is the manner in which St. Luke * tells us that Mary and Joseph began the work prescribed by the law; and further, the Evangelist records that "His parents were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him," † by holy Simeon. Joseph shared in the sorrow of Mary when the inspired priest foretold the sword that would yet pierce her heart. It was in God's design that he should share in all the joys and griefs affecting Jesus and Mary during the holy childhood. And thus it is becoming that we invoke him, asking that he will teach us the meaning of the blessed mysteries in which he participated and for the profitable learning of this lesson, that

* II., 22.
† II., 33.

we may be, as was the Divine Child, subject to him and Mary in devout obedience, in the following of God's leading as revealed by them.

And this brings us to the closing Mystery of the Rosary's first part—the Finding of Our Lord among the Doctors in the temple. After this brief appearance of the Holy Patriarch, in the sorrow of the loss of Jesus, in the grieving while the weary search went on, and in the burst of joy wherewith they found Him whom their souls loved, we watch the gentle Joseph going down to Nazareth, where the hidden life settles about him in an unbroken calm, from which no sound comes to us, nor is it permitted even to enjoy a passing glimpse of his blessed ways as he rounded out His lowly but sublime career. Mary and her Beloved Son we shall behold amid sorrows and in glory, as we make the round of our Rosary decades, but Joseph we shall see no more.

His work was not for the days of the Passion, nor was it intended that he should mingle in the ministry of Jesus after the public life had begun. His place, in our contemplations, must be near the Infancy, and in the silence and solitude of the "Hidden Life," with that one break in the long stretch of thirty years, (between the Flight and the Marriage of Cana) when the Holy Ghost was pleased to manifest the marvels of wisdom in Jesus growing in grace before men, as he appeared, a boy of twelve, among the doctors.

Pre-eminently the patron of the humble and the lowly, of those whom the world knows not, whose lives are in hidden and laborious ways, St. Joseph stands as the model of the Christian parent, and the protector of little children, for the love of Jesus once a child. His example and patronage hold lessons of life and power of grace for all who desire his comfort and aid, and who are willing to walk after him. In the joyful mysteries of the Rosary he may be easily studied. Even in that mystery in which he figures not,—the second—he is our guide. He does God's will. Silently he labors and prepares for the maintenance of his holy spouse, and patiently waits her coming in the time appointed by God. To do likewise in our state is to do according to God's highest law.

For the children of Carmel and for the lovers of the Beads this month of St. Joseph should be a time of special meditation, a time of special petition. Gathering in spirit, in the home of the Incarnation, entering with holy confidence into the companionship of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, their devout clients of the Rosary should find in the study of these mysteries, wherein St. Joseph holds so important a place, streams of light, abundance of grace, strength for every need. Having before our eyes the example of the Earthly Trinity we can better understand the splendid design of God. Realizing the magnificence of the Father's love in sending His Divine Son for our salvation, witnessing the unspeakable humility wherewith Our Lord accepts the charge, conscious of the mighty share of the Holy Ghost in this marvellous manifestation of goodness and mercy and power, we can more readily learn the lesson of ardently loving Him who hath so loved us, of humbly following Him who hath annihilated Himself for us, of loyally corresponding with the inspirations of the Divine Spirit, the Sanctifier of our souls.

In this work of grace here and of glory hereafter we can have the powerful co-operation of Mary and Joseph, who will benignly listen to our pleadings, who will enlighten our minds and move our hearts, so that we may gradually and surely come to participate in their love of Jesus Christ. And this is the crown of their desires on earth, while its endurance in heaven will be a portion of their unending triumph.

"As of a Little Child."

By Francis W. Grey.

THE Rev. James Carman, appointed rector of Eastbury, Saint Simon's, in succession to the Rev. Thomas Huntley, "lapsed to Rome," was a man after the Bishop of Middlehampton's own heart, which is as much as to say that if he had any "views" at all, and "views" were foolishness, or worse, in the opinion of "John Middlehampton," they were as "broad" as those of his predecessor had been "high." More, no one could, in reason, require of him.

In his previous charge it had always been his endeavor, to use his own favorite expression, to "to keep his church in the middle of the road," meaning, presumably, half way between "Roman excesses" and "Protestant shortcomings." As a matter of fact he had as strong an objection to "labels" of any kind as his bishop had to "views," and was, in his heart of hearts, strongly inclined to sympathize with those who claimed to be "religious," while declining to be "labelled" as Christian.

He seemed, therefore, the last man who was likely, as human probabilities go, to follow his predecessor's example and "lapse to Rome." Rather he was much more likely to drift into Unitarianism; unless, indeed, the deep, real devotion to the Person of his Divine Master, which possessed his inmost being, should avail to keep him from such an insult to Him he loved so well. In that, if in nothing else, he was a man spiritually akin to the Rev. Thomas Huntley, as, also, to many others with whom, as yet at all events, he little dreamed that he had aught in common.

He was not, moreover, disposed to make any sudden changes in the ritual to which his parishioners had grown accustomed. Ritual, indeed, to which, as it seemed to him, both parties to the eternal controversy attached so undue and exaggerated an importance, had for him little or no meaning, since the doctrinal convictions which it was supposed to symbolize were wholly unworthy of serious consideration. Lights, incense, vestments; if his parishioners desired them he had no objection to using what might be, and probably were, "aids to devotion"; to teach what the former rector had taught was, for the Rev. James Carman, a moral impossibility. He could not teach what he did not believe; he would not if he could. Truly he had learned one lesson at least from Him he loved so faithfully, that "lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord;" and to preach what he held to be false was to utter lies in the sight of God. That was something about which he had convictions, and very strong ones too.

And in regard to this matter of the message which he must deliver to his people it fell to his lot to practise another lesson which he had laid well to heart: "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones that believe in Me." Little ones: the ignorant, as he deemed them; mistaught; credulous of childish superstitions; these were they whom he must not scandalize. They had been brought to believe many things that he knew to be false; doctrines distinctively "Roman" and mediæval. These he would simply leave untaught, for the reason already

stated; hoping, praying, it may be, that they would in time fade from the fickle imaginations of a rustic population, eager, like all rustics, for something new, ready always to follow suit if their "betters" set them the example, their jealous distrust of said "betters" notwithstanding. But there were other dogmas, certainly not more distinctive of "Romanism" than of "orthodox Protestantism," which, to him, were erroneous and misleading to say the least: the infallibility of Scripture for example, with all that followed from such a "gratuitous assumption." In his view the Old Testament was a collection of Jewish legends, historical and poetic, written long after the dates assigned to them by "antiquated tradition;" compiled by writers who, in Eastern fashion, personated the prophets and law-givers of their race in order to gain an influence otherwise hopelessly unattainable. As to the New Testament, that, also, was, in great part, mythical; of no greater authority or authenticity than the earlier and later legends of the Saints. But, under all, lay his devotion to Our Lord as to One Divine; One who had a supreme, inalienable right to his complete, unhesitating obedience.

Could he teach his people the latest conclusions of the higher critics, conclusions which might, and probably would be, as others had been, set aside in favor of newer and more startling ones? His own belief in Holy Scripture, as a revelation from God to man, was, to say the least of it, in a state of solution, if not actually dissolved. Here, again, his unformulated, but none the less vivid faith in the Divinity of Christ, withheld him from utter infidelity. If the wisdom of the Father, the teacher sent from God, had deigned to quote "Jewish legends" in order to enforce His own teachings—if His, indeed, they were—who was he that he should question their moral usefulness, whatever he might conclude concerning their origin or authorship. For his people, certainly, for most men possibly, the advice of Thomas a Kempis was the soundest and safest: "Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken."

How could he, in any case, give intelligible expression to the chaos of his mind? Could he, dared he, destroy the "cosmos" of his parishioners' belief, such it was; shatter the airy fabric of their spiritual vision, and, literally, "leave not a wrack behind?" What had he to offer them in its stead? Guesses? The theories and conclusions of scholars each at variance with the other? They could not satisfy even him, though he had given the best years of his life, the best powers of his mind and brain, to the study of them all, seeking, "as a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls," for one that he could accept as true and final, in which he could rest and find peace, yet, so far, had failed to attain such a "pearl of great price." His parishioners were content with the "baubles" which had pleased their forbears. Why should he tell them that they were worthless? Not, at least, until his own quest had proved successful.

In the meantime he could preach "Christ Crucified," what his evangelical father had been wont to call "Gospel Sermons;" devotional, that is, not doctrinal. The "fall," as theologians called it, might be a myth; there was, at least, a "survival" in each and all of us of habits and tendencies acquired in a lower state of physical and moral development, which "survival," with all its attendant circumstances, consequent or otherwise,

was, in its effects, equivalent to the "traditional" fall of man from a condition of innocence into one of sinfulness. Sin, therefore, was the retrograde tendency of a nature not yet perfectly developed: it followed that the whole duty of man is to "press upward, working out the beast" in him, the "beast" that still formed part of his physical "ego," that "law of sin in his members" of which Paul of Tarsus spoke as "warring" against the law of his mind. Which "beast," he doubted not, was strong in many of his parishioners; who could conquer it but Christ?

This, then, was the conception of the duty that devolved upon him. In place of "myths" he would give them this one, transcendant fact, that the Man, Christ Jesus, had conquered the beast Sin, by His death on the Cross, that, in Him, we too can overcome "and let the ape and tiger die." For theology, or theological phraseology, he had little use, and less love; the "how" was of no account, if only the result were attained.

So he allowed the services of the old parish church to be carried out as hitherto, and wore the vestments as his predecessor had done. For the great Rood, on the old, black oak screen, he had a deep, loving reverence: did it not proclaim, to all who had eyes to see and hearts to be touched, the stupendous fact that formed the sum and substance of his preaching, even as it formed the sum and substance of his belief? It was for the same reason that, being passionately fond of music, he could never hear Bach's chorale, "O Caput Cruentatum!" or the "Stabat Mater," without being moved to tears. Nor was it mere "sensible" devotion; rather, it was the very desire of his heart, as it was that of Paul of Tarsus, to be crucified with Christ. That he should ask the Mother of Sorrows for a share in her Son's passion and her own, seemed, to him, his "latitudinarianism" notwithstanding, only right and natural.

But, like many another who deems himself "emancipated" from the "trammels of an antiquated tradition," he was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of dreams, and of other "psychic phenomena," as learned men are pleased to designate what our more simple-minded grandmothers were wont to call "ghosts." The late rector, so he was not long in learning, had been "convarted to Popery," as William Hart, the sexton, put it, by a dream or vision of Carmelite Friars singing Mass in the old Parish Church of Saint Simon's. "They du say as how parson he seed Popish monks in t' old Church" the sexton lost no time in reporting to the new rector, adding, by way of corroboration that "old Gaffer Goodenough, up by at Eastbury Union"—anciently a Carmelite Monastery—"he seed some queer figgers one night in t' old passage;" the cloisters, namely.

"Is Gaffer Goodenough still alive?" the rector had asked with much interest.

"Naw, zur," was the disappointing response, "he wor burried last April, was a year agone." So that the Rev. James Carman had to content himself, for the present, at all events, with such hearsay evidence as this.

In any case whether the late rector had merely had an unusually vivid and circumstantial dream—and that, even, might have been "induced" by some "exterior intelligence," a Carmelite ghost, for example—or had actually experienced an "objective hallucin-

ation" it did not greatly matter which, since, whichever it were, it was characterized by all the congruity of personality and local coloring which mark a genuine "psychic manifestation." He, personally, was in favor of the latter theory; had, in fact, very little doubt but that the Rev. Thomas Huntley had, to all intents and purposes, "seen" the spirits of the Carmelite Friars.

A most interesting experience, certainly; he quite envied his predecessor. Not that such a phenomenon could or would have the same effect upon him as it had produced in the case of the late rector. He, of course, had no illusions concerning "continuity" between the pre-reformation "Roman Church" and the past-reformation "establishment," which last was merely the ecclesiastical branch of the civil service; nor had he "superstitions," in respect to the "Real Presence," or, in fact, in regard to "Sacraments" of any shape or form, except as convenient and conventional symbols of what no human mind could possibly understand, much less express with any degree of adequacy. Still he certainly would like to see the Carmelite Friars; to be as fortunate as the Rev. Thomas Huntley, or even the ignorant old pauper, Gaffer Goodenough.

It was chiefly a matter of temperament, of course, and his temperament was, he felt sure, the exact opposite of that of the late rector; yet, also, to a great extent, a matter of local influences, so to speak. Moreover, if the Rev. Thomas Huntley had really "seen" the Friars in the old Parish Church, and Gaffer Goodenough "queer figgers" in the desecrated cloister, such "facts," by all the rules that govern "psychic phenomena," indicated a disposition, on the part of the "intelligences" whose will power had "induced the hallucinations"—the Friars, in short—to remember the scenes of their earthly sojourn; to remember them so vividly as to wish to revisit them, perhaps to do so as "actually" as it was conceivably possible in the case of "disembodied spirits."

All of which, and much more that I am wholly unable to make plain, simply because I, at least, do not pretend to understand it, held possession of the Rev. James Carman's thoughts to a greater extent than, I fancy, he at all realized. He found himself, almost without consciousness of what he was doing, walking round the old church, which was close to the rectory, the last thing at night, as if he fully expected to hear the Friars chanting their solemn-sounding offices. But the days passed, and no "manifestation," visual or aural, was vouchsafed to him. Clearly, it was more a matter of temperament than he had imagined; possibly, also, in order to be "*en rapport* with the manifestants," as the phrase goes, it was first necessary to have beliefs—"superstitions," he deemed them—akin to theirs, as the Rev. Thomas Huntley had evidently had. As to Gaffer Goodenough, an inherited credulity concerning ghosts was sufficient to account for his experience. In either case it was, after all, a matter of temperament, and a man can no more change his temperament by an act of volition than he can change the color of his eyes.

But, though he did not see the Friars or hear them chanting, he thought about them constantly, chiefly, I think, when, as he often did, he looked up, lovingly and reverently, at the great Rood, the carven image of Christ

crucified, on the black oak screen. That, he knew, had been replaced there, after centuries, during which its place of fitting honor had stood empty and neglected, by his predecessor's generous devotion; it was the one point of concord between the Rev. Thomas Huntley's temperament and his own. It was, also, as he grew to recognize more clearly every time he looked at it, the strongest, truest point of concord between the late rector and the Carmelite Friars, who, in the olden days, had first placed the blessed Rood on the screen they themselves had carved with loving, patient, skilful hands; placed it there to preach, silently, yet with power none might presume to limit, from day to day, from year to year, to poor and rich, to learned and to ignorant, to saint and sinner, the surpassing love of Him "who bore our sins in His own body on the tree." And since he, in common with the late rector, had this point of concord with the Friars, the temperament of all of them had so much in common, that they were, each and all, dominated, controlled, pervaded by the Cross of Christ.

It was a stage in God's way to peace which it had taken him a long time to travel; that first step which, proverbially, cost so much, compared with all the rest. Christ crucified: that was the central fact in the spiritual life of the Friars, as in that of the Rev. Thomas Huntley in his own. That fact had produced, in the lives of the Friars, certain very definite effects: their chastity, poverty, self-denial, penance: their whole sacramental system, which to them, at least, had been a reality, and not a mere conventional expression of the inexpressible, had centered round the Cross of the crucified God-Man. So had it been with the Rev. Thomas Huntley, with the result that he had sought, within the pale of Rome, sacraments that were realities—if such there could be—and not the badges of warring parties; concerning which all men who owned allegiance to the ancient Church spoke with one voice, in all ages, and in all lands. In his own life the grasp of his soul on that transcendant fact had saved him from utter unbelief, and he knew it. Much as this was, much as it implied, was it all that it could do in aid of his spiritual development, which must advance or else retrogress?

Advance? Whither? Towards Unitarianism, into which so many "liberal" churchmen appeared to be drifting, he could not take one conscious, deliberate step without denying his Master with a treachery blacker and more unpardonable than that of Judas. Whither, then? Towards Rome? Was that, in very deed, as he himself had so often asserted, the only alternative logically possible?

His whole philosophy, at all events, pointed, with unwavering, inexorable insistence, in that direction; as did his belief of the inevitable law of evolution for all organisms, physical and moral, individual and social. And, since social organisms were subject to the same laws as those which govern the physical, moral and spiritual development of each individual, consisted, in fact of the sum of such entities in one or other of these aspects, the organism which represented the sum of the spiritual entities—the souls of the human race—must, of necessity, conform to the same conditions. If so, where should he seek for it?

To the Carmelite Friars, at all events, the answer had seemed simple enough, though they had known nothing of the theories of the higher critics, still less

of evolution, of social or of spiritual organisms; but had, like Paul of Tarsus, known only Jesus Christ, "and Him crucified," with a reality of experimental, personal knowledge such as neither higher critics nor "liberal" churchmen could hope to attain to. For them the voice of the Church had been as the voice of God, a voice which said: "This is the way, walk ye in it." They had obeyed, without doubt, hesitation or question, and, in obedience, not in skill in exegesis, not in philosophy, but in simple faith, "as of a little child," had found that "pearl of great price" which he had sought so long and so vainly.

"As of a little child." The Old Testament, for aught he knew, might be merely a collection of Jewish myths, historical and poetic; of no more authority than those of Greece, Rome or India; the New, a set of legends; but as to the Cross he had no doubts at all. And it was in keeping with the Cross that He who died thereon should require of His brethren faith "as of a little child." That, as he was slowly but surely beginning to realize, was God's way to peace. It was the way the Carmelite Friars had walked it, the way which had led his predecessor—to Rome. Was submission to Rome, then, synonymous with submission to Christ crucified?

"As of a little child." The Carmelite Friars, the Rev. Thomas Huntley, had loved Christ crucified better, more faithfully, more vividly than he could ever hope to do. More: even such love as his, feeble and faint as he knew it to be, as compared with theirs was incompatible with "liberalism." The Cross was a dogmatic fact; he must either accept it with all that these others had found in it or he must let it go. The music of the Cross was out of harmony with the rhythm of his philosophy: the critical spirit was inimical to such faith as the Master asked of him. To these others the voice of Rome had been as the voice of Christ; they had obeyed with the humility and readiness of little children. Had Christ misled them? God forbid the thought! But they had found "joy and peace in believing;" and he? Between him and the outer darkness of practical infidelity stood the Cross of Christ; but, if all else were legend, was the Cross a fact? His inmost spirit gave the only answer possible: "Yes, for I *know* whom I have believed." That Cross, to which he clung with all the strength and fervor of his heart and soul, how had it influenced those who had realized it most vividly, who, crucified with Christ, had, thereby, been transformed into His likeness? It had led them to obey the Church of Rome, the only Church that fulfilled the essential requirements of a true and living spiritual organism. And as he bent in loving reverence before the carven Christ crucified, he "humbled himself, even as a little child." So humbled, he found peace, for to that, at last had he attained by "The King's Highway of the Holy Cross."

Ah! the mournful scenes of sadness
Cast their shadows over me,
Wakening plaintively the heart-strings
Of responsive sympathy.
Yet, the golden rays of gladness,
Emanating from above,
In my spirit find a reflex
From the sympathy of love.

E. DE M.

Short Sketches.

By Very Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O. C. C.

NIAGARA Falls—the subject of this sketch—would require the pen of a poet or the delicate touches of an artist to do them justice, claims to which the writer makes no pretensions. However that may be, their grandeur, at least in a general way, captivates all who behold them, some more, some less, as the capacity of enjoying the beautiful is more or less developed in the soul of each individual. The power and brilliancy displayed by the wild and troubled waters as they precipitate themselves into the deep chasm below do not overwhelm those who have a keen sense of the beautiful and who possess a vivid imagination, for these grand faculties of the soul seem to expand and drink in deep draughts which the grandeur of the scene affords. Other minds, whose faculties are not capable of grasping the various beauties displayed in the mighty cataract, experience a sense of disappointment. This is frequently occasioned by the imagination being over-wrought, even by a true description without the slightest exaggeration, for there is such a harmony in all its parts that the whole fails to bring out their power, majesty and grandeur at first sight to the ordinary beholder. It is only after frequent visits and after close inspection that they begin to grow on the imagination, for all objects have an innate faculty of presenting themselves to the human intellect, and the intellect has in turn, from its own nature, the power of forming conceptions of the object, which grows upon it.

I may here illustrate what I have been saying by giving a short description of a few peculiar features of one of the grandest works of architecture known to the world—Saint Peter's Church in Rome. On this grand structure the highest art is displayed by the architect, the sculptor and the painter. It was a subject worthy of their best efforts, for it is the largest and the most magnificent temple ever erected in ancient or modern times to the glory of the true and living God. I am speaking here of one of the most stupendous and most beautiful works of nature and of one of the grandest works of art. My object in mentioning the latter is to show that both produce a similar effect when seen for the first time by the ordinary observer, and that it is the colossal proportions of both, with perfect harmony in their parts, that are accountable for what would appear at first sight a mere delusion.

To give an idea of its vast dimensions it is enough to say that from sixty to seventy thousand people hear Mass in the grand Basilica. The porch at the front entrance is four hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet wide, and its roof is a blaze of gold. However, I do not intend to give a description of its grandeur at present, a few features, only, will answer my purpose. The great dome is the exact size of the pantheon, for it was the boast of Michael Angelo that he would put the temple of the gods in the air. From the floor to the summit of the cupola, where the cross crowns the globe, the height is 450 feet. To the ordinary observer standing in the piazza the globe appears to be about two feet in diameter and the entrance or neck about four inches, yet a large man can

pass through, and the globe holds twenty-four ordinary sized persons. There is a perfect harmony maintained throughout the vast structure, for distance, light and shade were always taken into consideration by the great architect. When, by drawing back the heavy leather curtain, one enters, the first object that arrests his attention are one hundred golden lamps that burn day and night around the tombs of the Apostles, and glitter like stars in the distance. Then to the right there is a beautiful marble statue representing an angel, holding in his hand a shell-like variagated marble Holy Water font. The angel, from the door, appears the size of a child four years old, but as he is approached he seems to grow, and when reached an ordinary sized man comes only to his shoulder. The statues of the founders of Religious Orders are of heroic size, from eighteen to twenty feet, still on their pedestals, when viewed from below, they appear only life size. The mosaic figures of the four Evangelists, which adorn the interior of the dome, are each thirty-six feet high, and the pen held in the hand of each is six feet, yet when viewed from the floor they appear only life-size, and the pen appears to be only six inches. Persons who have read of Saint Peter's Church and of the size of its vast proportions given in detail, are frequently disappointed when they see it for the first time.

It is very much the same with Niagara Falls, persons having read of the great cataract and having been told that the beautiful river having flowed somewhat calmly for twenty-four miles suddenly narrows when it reaches the rapids. That from there it hastens over a plain with an incline of fifty-two feet, and with impetuous velocity hurls itself over a perpendicular ledge of rock two thousand eight hundred feet broad on the Canadian side, and on the American side about half that width. On the Canadian side the precipitous leap of the waters is one hundred and fifty-six feet and on the American side one hundred and sixty-eight. They are told, also, that the falls present a scene of unexampled grandeur; that the tint of the waters, varying from a pale green to a light blue, is too delicate to be reproduced by the brush of the best artist; that the sound of the falling waters is heard at a distance of many miles, and that under certain atmospheric conditions the spray rises in an almost perpendicular column till it loses itself in the clouds. Very often, even by an imperfect description of this kind, which does not by any means come up to the reality, the imagination of the reader is so wrought upon that in all probability he will be disappointed the first time he beholds this grand phenomenon of nature. But it will grow upon him and will be to him ever new, and the oftener he sees it the more his delight will increase, for it is only to old acquaintances this stupendous work of nature unfolds the treasures of beauty which it conceals from the ordinary observer.

There are very many people in the United States and Canada who have a great desire to see the grand scenery and the beauties of the old world. This is quite pardonable, or I might say rather it is quite laudable, for curiosity is a very strong feeling in man's nature and is a great blessing if he always uses it for a good purpose. But it is the belief of most people, who have travelled extensively, that there is no scenery in the Old World grander than that in the United States and Canada. What can be grander

than the Niagara river and its continuation, the Saint Lawrence? What more beautiful river than the Hudson in the United States? It is called the Rhine of America, and most travellers say that for fine scenery it is superior to the far-famed Old World river, whose beauty has throughout Europe been celebrated in song. The palisades on the Hudson—a perpendicular wall of trap-rock rising from four to five hundred feet—give a sublime appearance to the magnificent river as they cast their rich daguerreotype into its deep waters beneath. The scenery of this beautiful river for one hundred and twenty miles north of New York City is unsurpassed by that of any river in Europe. But the Rhine has other advantages which the broad, deep waters of the Hudson do not possess. From Coblenz to the boundary of Holland, the magnificent heights that rise above the beautiful river are studded with the ruins of old feudal castles, each one of which has an interesting history of its own. These ruins, venerable for their antiquity, tell the story of other days and the civilization of past ages. The feudal system, though hampered with many imperfections, did some good work in its day. It grew out of the customs and the manners of uncivilized and barbarous people, and was the only mode of government that the times would admit. The Church, whose task at that time was an herculean one, in softening the manners of the barbaric hordes that were pouring down on the fairest countries of Europe, did not change the customs that nations and tribes were wont to observe, but occupied herself in abrogating the worst features of the system and in refining and softening the manners of the people. This was a task she could not have accomplished had she been merely human. None but a divine institution armed with divine power could fuse the races and bring into harmony so many elements of discord. The chivalry of the middle ages bear witness to the fact that she succeeded in accomplishing what to human calculation would seem impossible, and that she refined the rough material at her disposal and moulded it into a chivalrous and high spirited Christian people. The influence of the Christian spirit and the refinement of manners that she instilled into the people and the nations of Europe at that period are felt even to this day, not only by her own children but by those who went out from the bosom of their loving Mother. This is the advantage that certain localities in Europe, celebrated for the beauty of their scenery, have over the New World, for the former have a history that is entirely wanting to the latter.

In the Old World there are many varieties of beauty—some wild and majestic, others more tame, and others again more domestic. In the first class I may place the Alps, lifting their majestic forms with their cloud-capped summits crowned with eternal snows. As one views the mighty glacier bearing all obstacles before it in its headlong course, he is struck with awe, for the immense mass, gathering strength by its velocity, reminds one of the Almighty power of Him who drew all things out of nothing.

From the heights above Geneva there is a scene of unsurpassing grandeur. Looking down one beholds the clear blue waters of the lake and the beautiful city lying in repose on its south-western extremity. To the north-west at a considerable distance stretches the long line of the Jura, and far away to the south, above La ser Saleve, rises the haughty dome of Mont Blanc, crowned with eternal snows. This is the highest mountain in Switzerland. It

rises to the enormous height of eighteen thousand feet. When the noonday sun strikes its snow-crowned summit it flings back a shower of glittering light that enchants the beholder. Though this is the highest mountain in Switzerland its summit has been reached. But there is another mountain there called the Jungfrau, though not quite as high as the former, its height being thirteen thousand seven hundred feet, that has baffled all the efforts of man to reach its summit. It is the seat of eternal snows, the purity of which has never been sullied by the footprints of sinful man. What a grand and suitable place for angels to congregate and hold their councils when visiting this earth to give their protection to men !

In a short sketch like this I dare not speak of the beauties of Italy; they are so numerous that it would take a book to contain only a few of them. And then what pen can do justice to the Bay of Naples and to Vesuvius? The domestic beauties of Italy, its broad valleys teeming with the richest productions of nature, the vine-clad slopes of the Apenines glittering in the morning sun, made a charming picture that the cupidity of the first Napoleon could not resist. From the deep study of Thucydides he well knew how to address his soldiers, and under the existing circumstances what would appeal more directly to their interest. He accordingly took them to an eminence, and from there showed them the rich plains of Italy teeming with flowers and fruit. He addressed them thus: "Soldiers ! you have for a long time in the Alps been badly clothed and badly fed. The Directory owes you much and can give you little, but," he said, stretching forth his hand, pointing to the fertile fields of Italy, "there is a land worth fighting for." Yes Italy was rich and beautiful. Who has ever seen her profusion of roses blooming in the hedges and in the fields without an impulse of joy possessing his heart; and who has ever in that blessed land lifted his eyes towards heaven can ever forget the glory of her deep blue skies.

But what shall I say of Ireland, that most fertile of islands; there are beauties there peculiar to her alone. Her shorn meadows and lawns are more like a rich texture of woven carpet than a mere production of nature. How many an exile would wish to stand once more where her beautiful rivers flow, and sit beneath the old ancestral trees, the trees he loved so well in the morning of his days. How fair and balmy is its summer climate ! I may say in the words of the poet who sang so sweetly of home: "A charm from skies seems to hang always there;" there, there is a heavenly balm that no other sky can impart. If you add to this the moral beauty of the Emerald Isle, where shall you find a land so fair? If any one doubt of what I have been saying I would refer him to the old land so dear to many of its children in the New World. The scene that I am about to speak of occurred in the month of May. The meadows were in bloom, the bleating of the flocks and the lowing of the herds were heard from afar, the fertile land, the deep rich green of the luxuriant pastures studded with wild flowers, gave the surrounding country the appearance of a veritable paradise. In the morning the lark rose early from the meadow, rose on swift wing toward the clouds and commenced her matin hymn to the glory of her Creator. The loud voice of the blackbird was heard at intervals during the day, from the hazel copse the last sweet notes of the thrush were dying away in the distance, and the plaintive voice of the ringdove was heard from the tall elms. It was the close of evening, the air was laden with the sweet fragrance of the hawthorn blossoms and of the eglentine, and from the neat thatched cottages close to the road floated the sweetest of all music. It was the voice of the Irish Catholic family, the voice of the father and the mother, together with the chilren, reciting the Rosary. The witness of that scene declared on that very evening that Ireland was the most beautiful place in the world, and after many years and after seeing many lands he has not yet changed his opinion.

Soliloquies.

By Friar John, O. C. C.

OUR earth does not stand still. It turns around itself once in every twenty-four hours. The motion is from west to east. At least we are told so by science. It would be a greater disgrace for an educated man not to admit this than it would be if he were to deny all the dogmas of Christianity. And yet this scientific fact is not demonstrated. It is only what is called a scientific hypothesis. Whenever in science the true cause of certain occurrences in nature is unknown, we assume a cause which will present a satisfactory explanation of every single one of these occurrences, and we call that a hypothesis. Should anything happen in the course of natural events which could not be explained by the hypothesis accepted until then, it would conclusively prove that we were upon the wrong track and that our hypothesis does not hold good. Then we must look around for a new hypothesis which would cover all the explored ground. Everybody nowadays believes that the sun stands still, as far as our earth is concerned, and that day and night succeeds each other because our earth turns itself around once every twenty-four hours. And we believe all this, and look down with pity upon those benighted individuals who still think that the sun moves, because our hypothesis explains all the various happenings, or, to use another scientific word, all the phenomena of our solar system.

So far nothing has been observed which could not be explained by this hypothesis, but for all we know there may he quite another explanation of all these phenomena.

Many a one went to heaven who knew nothing of all this, and many a one died a happy death believing that the sun did all the moving.

I dare say one of the great delights of heaven will be the solution of all these questions, and God will unfold to us all the wisdom displayed in His creation. Our present theories may then seem to us very silly and short-sighted, just as the theories of the ancients seem to us now.

One of the strange facts resulting from the daily revolution of the earth from west to east is the experience of a traveller around the world who moves in the same direction as the earth. By traveling east continuously until he arrives at the point of departure, the globe-trotter finds upon his return that he has gained a day upon his friends who stayed at home. He has actually seen the sun rise and set one day oftener than if he had remained at home.

The clever winding up of Jules Verne's story, "Around the World in Eighty Days," is based upon this fact. It must be a novel sensation, and I have no doubt that in the near future, when the great Trans-Siberian Railway will make it possible to go around the Earth in forty days and less, many a one in search of new sensations will take this means of increasing the number of his days.

All of us who have lived until this month of March have been treated to a similar sensation. Only instead of gaining the day by moving faster than

the earth we gained a day by skipping a leap-year. If this year were not a centurial year it would be a leap-year. It is now four years since the last leap-year, 1896. The next one will be 1904.

The rule for calculating leap-years which I learned in my school-days was a very simple one. Our teacher told us to divide the last two figures of the year by four. If the division left no remainder that year would be a leap-year. Whenever the two last figures would be 00, which is the case in all centurial years, we should divide the first two figures by four. If these figures formed a multiple of four, that centurial year would be a leap-year.

The last centurial leap-year, therefore, was 1600, and the next will be 2000.

The present centurial year is no leap-year. We skip the extra day this year and put up with a February of only twenty-eight days.

Now comes the question which has puzzled me for a while, and which I leave to others to solve: Did I gain a day in my life, or did I lose a day?

When I die the date of my death will certainly be one day later than it would be if this year would have been a leap-year.

The real reason for dropping three leap-years in every 400 is, of course, to get the civil year as even with the solar year as possible. By this wise arrangement introduced by Pope Gregory, the civil year accords so closely with the solar year that it takes 3866 years to make a difference of a day.

The last day of February this year was the 28th, not the 29th, on account of this wise ruling of a Pope, whose calendar has been adopted by all the civilized countries excepting Russia. But Russia is going to drop into line on the first day of next January, the first day of the twentieth century. Another proof that Russia is to be one of the civilized countries.

Some years ago a Russian officer assured me that it was the providential mission of Russia to evangelize and civilize Asia. He accused England of having demoralized rather than civilized China, and mentioned the opium trade as a proof. He pointed to India, and, alas, with too much truth, to our American Indians, to prove that the English only know how to exterminate the natives and not how to Christianize them.

According to his view of things, Russia has a divine mission to bring about the downfall of heretical England. He said: "The day will come when Russia will be the great Empire of Asia, when China, India and Persia will be Russian provinces, and the Church will be Catholic in all the world."

"But," I replied, "the world would not be the gainer if, instead of having the present religious liberty which England gives in all her territory, we would have the narrow-minded persecution of the orthodox church, which you call Catholic by a misnomer."

"You are mistaken," the Russian answered, "in your idea that we intend to force the present orthodox church of Russia upon these countries. On the contrary, the Czar and the higher nobility of Russia are well aware of the difference between the Roman clergy and the Russian popes, between the well organized Roman system and the Petersburg Synod, and the desire for an untimate union with Rome is growing day by day. The day of a better understanding between the two only representatives of the true Church has dawned, and should our present

Czar live long enough you may witness the complete healing of what your historians call the Great Schism."

Many a time since that conversation have I remembered the predictions of the Russian nobleman.

The actions of the Czar within the last year seem to point to a partial rupture, at least, with the Petersburg Synod. The appointment of Catholic Bishops in Lithuania by the Holy Father at the request of the Czar, his ukase concerning the restoration of the Polish language in church and school in Poland, and most of all the opening of diplomatic relations with the Vatican by having a Papal Nuncio appointed to St. Petersburg, are all manifestations of an entirely new spirit in Russian government circles. It cannot be that the Procurator of the Synod meekly accepted all these changes. He is too well known as one of the most bitter enemies of Rome to allow any doubt on the subject.

Should it come to pass that Russia will eventually return to the bosom of the Church, then it will disturb the Catholic heart much less to see her gain possession of all Asia than it would under present conditions.

Great Britain is now fighting for supremacy in South Africa. Whatever may be one's views about the justice or injustice of the present war, it is certain that sooner or later a struggle between Boer and Briton for supremacy in South Africa would have to come. It may be all the better for Great Britain that she provoked it before the Boer became invincible. He seems to be very near that point now.

This struggle, however, is nothing in comparison with the tremendous struggle for supremacy in the East, which is approaching with inexorable fate.

The last day of February was also Ash Wednesday. When the priest with blessed ashes signed our foreheads he bade us remember that we are dust and into dust we shall return.

At no time in the history of the Church was his warning reminder more needed than at present. Our very progress in material things, which is called modern civilization, has a tendency to make us love the material goods of this world, the physical comforts of our earth life more than heavenly treasures and the consolations of the Cross.

Ash Wednesday ushered in upon us the great penitential season of Lent, a time of fasting, abstinence and voluntary mortifications.

Lent is not any more what it once was. We are so afraid to hurt ourselves, so fond of our physical lives, so sensitive against all bodily pain or discomfort that the Church has gradually relaxed her precepts of penance. How many are there who fast? How many Christians are there who realize that it is a proof of a mother's love for us that the Church has provided so many more fast days than feast days? Who believes nowadays that penance is absolutely essential to salvation? Or, at least, who lives up to this belief?

The whole trend of modern thought is materialistic. This earth must become a paradise worth living in. Disease must be stamped out. The body should suffer as little pain as possible. Our days on earth must be multiplied. Health clubs are organized, health foods are widely advertised, sanitary clothing, sanitary plumbing, sanitary everything, is the cry of the day, and all our inquiries about each other begin and end with a question about our bodily welfare.

Some of us, otherwise good Chris-

tians, become the veriest cowards when there is a physical pain to be endured. The fear of sickness unnerves the modern confessors of the faith more than persecution did the martyrs of old. I have heard pious people remark at the death of some one who had had a painful lingering disease: "Well, it is a blessed thing that he died. It was a release from his sufferings!"

Now we all know that God loves us more than we do ourselves, that he never inflicts pain wantonly or uselessly. It is always of infinite good for us to be crucified at His will. If we could obtain the views of some poor sinner, who is now suffering in purgatory, on this subject, would we not find him ready to suffer the worst disease on earth if he could by that means diminish his purgatory?

Are illness and suffering really the worst misfortunes that can befall us? Are the crosses that God sends us a curse or a blessing? Does Our Lord really demand of us to deny ourselves and to take up our cross daily?

Does the Kingdom of heaven suffer violence? Why then do we profess to be Christians when we try to avoid the least little sacrifice of comfort for the sake of penance, when we complain of the crosses God sends us, when we make use of the flimsiest pretext to dispense ourselves from fasting and abstinence?

Do we expect to feast with Dives in this world and with Lazarus in the next?

Instead of trying to avoid all penitential acts and mortifications we should not only do all the Church asks but add voluntary privations and self-inflicted mortifications, even if our pampered bodies cry out in agony. There are many reasons why we should hate our bodies, and only one why we should spare it.

But of this at some other time.

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.—*March 7.*

"We cannot counsel you too much to read the Lives of the Saints. It is the great school of sanctity. It is the poem of Christ, and the glory of the Holy Church. Sanctity is a contagion. The life of a Saint is an atmosphere which transmits it along all time."

These words of the learned Bishop of Poictiers seem especially applicable to the "Angelic Doctor," (patron of this month), whose doctrine is, indeed, "a *school of sanctity*" and erudition. His tender and devotional praises of the Most Holy Sacrament, emulating the melodies of celestial spirits, make his life also a "*poem of Christ;*" and amidst all the glories of Holy Church, one of the brightest is her "Angel of the Schools."

His holy example is "a *contagion*" to all devoted to him, and an "*atmosphere*" which transmits it to all time.

In this short tribute of devotion we do not propose to dwell in detail on a life so well known, so ardently loved; nor shall we endeavor to portray its marvellous beauties and the scholastic lustre of this luminary of holy Church.

To all time the teachings of his wisdom,
(" *Written well* " in cloisters which he trod,)
Shall, like sparkling streams of living water,
Flow within " the City of Our God."

Neither are we gazing at him in the light of the sanctuary, reserving for a future time the contemplation of his love for Jesus in His Sacramental presence. It is as a lover of Mary we select this glorious saint as monthly patron, in order to emulate, afar off, his saintly example. When very young he spent a considerable time in his father's residence near Loretto, and must have prayed frequently in that holy house where the celestial "Ave" first greeted the Immaculate Maiden chosen as Mother of the "Word made flesh." Most tenderly devoted to Our Lady, he resolved to enter an Order specially belonging to her, and his choice fell on that newly founded by St. Dominic.

We are familiar with the history of a vocation that encountered many trials and cruel opposition, and even snares laid for his virtue.

In that great need he had recourse to the Queen of Angels, and ever attributed to her intercession the preservation of innocence.

Angels girded the young novice with a celestial cincture, emblematic of that rare purity by which he was henceforth exempt from temptations against this virtue which makes men "a little less than angels," and crowns him with "glory and honor."

There is a beautiful prayer indulgenced for all who, in imitation of St. Thomas and to secure his aid, wear a blessed cincture.

In it he is styled "*chosen lily*," and "*angel in human flesh*," who "*preserved his baptismal innocence unsullied.*" We implore him to obtain from Jesus, the Immaculate Lamb, and Mary, Queen of Virgins, that we may on earth be crowned with the lily he so dearly loved, and in heaven receive "*amongst the chaste bands of the angels the palm of never-ending bliss.*"

Many souls dear to Jesus and Mary, amongst them another "angel," St. Aloysius, have obtained precious graces by devoutly wearing this cincture; and a holy Jesuit said he could fill volumes were he to relate all the graces that, to his own knowledge, had been received by its means. If any one of our readers desire to participate in these graces, a Dominican Father can give further details and invest with this holy cincture.

How profound are the teachings of St. Thomas on the greatness of Mary! With regard to God, he says her Divine Maternity "*borders on the infinite.*" With relation to herself, he extols the splendors of grace, the incomparable height of glory to which she is elevated; and, like another Esther, how she has thus become the Mother and mediatrix and "salvation of her people."

He tenderly loved the "Hail Mary," and preached an entire Lent on the marvels contained in it.

Sweet, indeed, must it have been to Mary when she heard that salutation first breathed by angelic lips, ascending from the silent cloisters, where an earthly "angel" invoked her aid, and was fervently making melodies in his pure heart from the contemplation of her joys, sorrows and glories! What treasures of grace must she not have obtained to perfect that vast intellect and seraphic heart in all virtues theological, moral, infused and acquired!

Sublime like celestial intelligences, humble as a child, ever yearning for the vision of Jesus' Face, receiving Him at last in Holy Viaticum with inexpressible faith and love, he passed to the glorious reward prepared by Him of whom he had "written well." It was for God alone he lived, taught, suffered, died, and from early youth consecrated all the virgin-love of his heart. May his feast be one of joy and grace for us! May he obtain for us that cleanness of heart to which is promised the Beatific Vision! "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God!"

"O good will! O purity of heart! Well did Jesus know your value when He placed you among the Beatitudes. What greater happiness than to possess God and be possessed by Him? Let others, Lord, ask Thee all Thy gifts—I have but one prayer to make: Give me a pure heart!" *

* Pere Caussade, S. J.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route.

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

I.

VARNA. BURGAS. CONSTANTINOPLE.

* JERUSALEM, September 19, 1899.

A letter from the ancient City of Sion will, I am sure, be the most welcome acknowledgment I could make you and the many kind friends whose good wishes have God-speeded me on my present pilgrimage.

Whilst I would gladly begin the same by giving you my impressions of the sacred places I have seen here thus far, I shall postpone doing so for the moment and follow the more regular order of describing, though necessarily somewhat in brief, the chief features of my coming hither.

On the 16th inst., then, accompanied by Rev. Paul Corsellis, C. P., a Belgian and a member of our Bulgarian Mission, I set out from Rustchuk for the seaport town of Varna, on my journey to the Holy Land. Various commissions entrusted to me by our beloved Bishop, Mgr. Doulcet, C. P., in the interests of the same mission—one for Constantinople and another for Jerusalem—were the immediate occasion of this long and delightful voyage.

In Varna my companion and I were the guests of our confrere in religion, Very Rev. F. Dunstan McGuirk, parish priest of the Catholic congregation there.

On the morning following our arrival, at his invitation, I sang a solemn High Mass in our Church of the Immaculate Conception, the occasion being the birthday of His Imperial Majesty, Francis Joseph of Austria.

This ceremony—a truly religious manner of commemorating an event so dear to the people of the "Dual Kingdom"—is observed in all parts of the world where Austro-Hungary is officially represented, and is enhanced by the presence of resident foreign ministers, consuls, etc., as also by that of the respective state and municipal authorities in diplomatic relation therewith. These, in their resplendent military and civic uniforms, and accompanied by the elite of their several Colonies, make a fitting background to this grand ecclesiastical function, testifying, as they do by assisting at it, the high regard in which the actual head of the Hapsburg Dynasty is held by the Powers of the world irrespective of creed or nationality. And indeed the present "Kaiser" well deserves this honor, for his name is synonymous with good deeds, a fact to which our numerous missions in the Orient can bear ample witness.

A solemn *Te Deum*, chanted in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, closed the service just described, after which, with the above mentioned officials, the entire Austrian Colony and a host of other, I went in company of the local clergy to pay my respects to the Emperor in the person of his representative at the Consulate. A pleasing feature of the celebration in honor of the day was my making the acquaintance of the commandant of the vessel on which I was to sail the same evening for Constantinople. He and a detachment of his marines had assisted at the Mass, etc., and when I went on board he graciously waived a letter of introducion which I handed him, remarking, as he did so, that he already knew me, and at once extended me the courtesies of his ship, the Saturno, placing me during meals in the post of honor at his own table. When we

* This article was written as a series of letters to his cousin, Walter J. Blakely, of St. Louis, Mo., with whose consent the Editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW has made extracts therefrom.

arrived at Burgas, a Bulgarian port in which we cast anchor on the morning of the 19th, he sent me ashore in the "captain's yawl" in order that I might have the opportunity of offering the Holy Sacrifice, and on my return to the vessel accompanied by the resident parish priest, a Capuchin and a townsman of the commandant (both natives of Trieste) he entertained us royally. Before taking leave of this truly gentlemanly officer—whom I take no ordinary pleasure in naming here, to wit, Capt. Richard Colledani—after anchoring in the Golden Horn, Sunday a.m., 20th, he added yet another to the many kind services he had rendered by giving me, unsolicited, a note of introduction to the captain of another vessel of his line (the Austrian Lloyd) on which I was to sail for Jaffa, warmly commending me to the latter. An unforeseen event, however—difficulties thrown in my way by the Turkish officials, who on my landing in the city of the Sultan informed me that in addition to my United States passport an Ottoman ditto was indispensable for further progress in Abdul Hamid's Dominions—rendered this courtesy unavailable and delayed my voyage nearly a week. But this halt was by no means one of ennui, the cordial hospitality of the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption—whose guest I was during my visit to Constantinople three years ago (just a little before the awful massacre of the Armenians in that city and elsewhere throughout Turkey)—making my enforced sojourn there most agreeable. With many of these good religious I am personally acquainted, as they have several missions in Bulgaria and afford me from time to time the pleasure of entertaining them in my turn when passing through Rustchuk to their various fields of labor. The work of these Fathers in the Church is something marvellous. Though an Order of but some fifty years' standing (modeled on that of St. Augustine of Hippo), they have spread most rapidly throughout France, which is their cradle, and have branched out into other countries, particularly into Italy, the Argentine Republic and the Orient. They have also recently opened a foundation in New York City. In Paris, which is their stronghold, they have a most extensive establishment at Rue Francois Premier, consisting of a Monastery and Church. The latter is one of the most frequented in the city, and missionary work, both in the pulpit and the confessional, is daily conducted there without interruption. Their gigantic printing offices situate on Rue Bayard and adjoining the property occupied some two years ago by the ill-fated "Bazaar de Charite," where during the frightful conflagration that destroyed the same some three hundred persons—among them the Duchess d'Alencon, sister of the murdered Empress of Austria—lost their lives, are too well known both at home and abroad to require any description at my hands. But I cannot refrain from making a cursory mention of some of the publications there issued. Among these are *La Croix*, a daily religious, social and political paper, whose circulation is two hundred thousand. This sheet has affiliation, or branch issues, in over seventy of the eighty-four departments of France. These appear weekly and are printed in each of the several districts for whose use they are intended. The Paris edition, which is called *La Croix Mere*, gives the keynote to all the departmental issues. It is edited by the Very Rev. Vincent de Paul Bailly, whose nom de plume is, very appropriately, Le Moine. He is the soul of all the literary and scientific publications, etc., of this Order. These number some thirty, the principal among which, after *La Croix*, are *Le Pelerin*, a weekly brochure, devoted mainly, as its title indicates, to the various pilgrimages organized and conducted by the Fathers; *Le Cosmos*, a scientific monthly, treating chiefly of mechanics and physics; *Les Questions Actuelles*, the nature of which is sufficiently shown by its name; *Les Oeuvres de Mer*, a bulletin published for the instruction, religious and otherwise, of fishermen and sailors; *Les Contemporains*, a monthly biographical review of unsurpassed interest and merit; *Le Mois Litteraire*, a periodical

which resets the gems of thought of leading writers both past and present; *Noel*, a magazine for boys and girls, and other works which I cannot stop to enumerate here, but which under the most attractive forms (nearly all of them are illustrated) reach all classes of people and influence countless minds for good, blending as they do the "utile cum dulce" and breathing the purest morality mingled with religious sentiment of the highest order.

Add to these herculean labors the fact that the Assumptionist Fathers have for the last eighteen years conducted annually vast pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Rome, Lourdes, etc., (to the first-named in their own ship, "La Nef de Notre Dame de Salute,") and that they have two large sailing vessels, "Le Saint Pierre" and "Le Saint Paul," one in Newfoundland waters and the other in the Icelandic seas—hospital ships they are, aye, floating churches—for the spiritual as well as bodily weal of the fishermen in those regions (this branch of their work is known as "Les Oeuvres de Mer," of which the publication of that name mentioned above gives a detailed account), and you have a birdseye view of the colossal enterprises of the Augustinians of the Assumption. Just think of a Catholic Religious Order of (lazy?) monks accomplishing all this good—at once so varied, so wide-reaching and so prolific!

But this is by no means all. Here in the Orient, where they number two hundred, they have flourishing institutions at Koum Kapou, Constantinople, on the European, and at Kadi Keni and Phanaraki on the Asiatic side of the Golden Horn. Then, as I have intimated further back, they are established in Bulgaria, notably at Sophia, the capital of that principality, and at Philippopolis and Adrinople. In these cities they direct orphanages, colleges and schools, besides exercising the office of missionary priests. At Koum Kapou (where I was their guest while in Constantinople—or "New Rome," as that city was called after the transfer of the seat of the empire thither by Constantine the Great) they have under their direction—administered by their own priests—churches both of the Latin and Greek rites, their Order having been specially commissioned by our Holy Father Leo XIII. to promote that darling object of his pontificate—the "Union of the Latin and the Oriental Churches." This they do to an extent little dreamed of on our side of the Atlantic, and they are certainly in the van of all religious organizations in this feature of work in the East. In Koum Kapou I have assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated according to the Latin, Greek, Syro-Chaldaic and Armenian liturgies, as also at Vespers in the second and Benediction in the first named rites. Their seminary in the quarter first mentioned is composed exclusively of Greek youths, numbering some forty, who are preparing for the ministry and are destined, let us hope, to be largely instrumental one day in eradicating the lamentable schism which since the second half of the seventh century has robbed the Church of countless souls and cast a blight over the entire East. Again, at Kadi Keni and Phanaraki they have seminaries for young men of the Latin rite, and in the latter place a novitiate of their Order containing sixty novices. In Jerusalem, where at this moment I am their guest, they have completed an immense edifice of a most imposing character in which there are four hundred rooms and extensive wards capable of lodging a thousand persons. It is within its hospitable walls that the large bodies of pilgrims which they conduct to Palestine every year find the comforts of a home whilst visiting the sacred spots hallowed by our Divine Saviour's birth, labors, sufferings and death. I shall revert to this and kindred subjects further on, for I am not done as yet with these good fathers and their marvellous works, seeing that they are to conduct me and my fellow-pilgrims through the chief portions of the Holy Land for days to come, and thence to Constantinople, where I shall bid them adieu, to wend my way back solitarily by the route I came, namely the Black—anciently the *Euxine* Sea, to my mission in Bulgaria.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

IN truth, the enemy was only temporarily disarmed, and M. de Sonis was destined to make but a short stay with his family at Laghouat. He began at once making his preparations for a fresh campaign in the spring. The most formidable enemy which the troops have to combat is—not the Arab—but thirst. The rivers marked on the maps are habitually dry; and if filled for a few hours in the winter, the water quickly evaporates, leaving only a few pools here and there, which a handful of camels exhaust in a few moments.

The only permanent resource are the wells, built in ancient days, some of which are of a great depth. But these wells are each at two or three days' distance from one another; so that the only water which the troops can depend upon is that brought by the Commissariat. The expedition this time was to be of a more important character than the previous one. Bad news had arrived.

On the 16th of March, the young Si-Hamed had advanced to the north of Geryville, and had attacked at Ben-Hattab a body of French troops under Colonel Colomb. Many men and officers were killed and wounded, and the victorious Marabout had pushed on his forces to the 'south. De Sonis's orders were to pursue and avenge this defeat before Si-Hamed could effect a junction with another rebel chief, Ben-Naceur, who held that part of the country called Mzab, with a numerous following.

This expedition has been described in detail by one of the officers, M. Bernard d'Harcourt, in a brilliant article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from which we will extract some passages.

On the 25th of March, the Feast of the Incarnation, the army started, M. de Sonis having intentionally fixed on that day, and having been to Holy Communion in the morning, as he always did before any fresh campaign. The officers remaining at Laghouat accompanied their comrades for an hour, and then parted from them with some emotion, as the enterprise was a dangerous one in many ways. The 2,600 men of which the corps was composed, with 1,900 camels, filled the whole plain. "Nevertheless," writes M. de Harcourt, "we started in good spirits and full of hope of avenging the defeat of Ben-Hattab, while the cheering words of Colonel de Sonis filled us with confidence and courage. After three days' march across an in-

terminable plain, covered with little bushes of 'Alfa,' we came to the small village of Tadjrouna, where there was a spring of water, which was quickly exhausted by our thirsty soldiers, to the great despair of the natives. On the 29th of March we bid adieu to all civilization, and for three days followed the course of the Oued-Zegoum, pitching our tents each night on the borders of a *r'dir*, or pool, where the horses had, at least, some green food."

On the 31st, de Sonis ordered his Goums to go to the Mzab and desire the Chambaas to attack Ben-Naceur, so as to make him believe that he was the object of the French attack, and then after this demonstration to return to the camp. In that way he hoped that Si-Lalla would be deceived as to the real object of the expedition, and, fancying the troops were going to Mzab, would not leave the waters of Oued-Gharbi, where he hoped to surprise him. After waiting for three days, the little army marched resolutely south. Then began the struggle with the elements. On the 4th of April the wind rose suddenly, and raised masses of sand, which in a moment developed the whole column. M. de Harcourt writes of this simoon: "So complete a darkness followed that no one could see his nearest neighbor. In vain we tried to speak or call to one another; our voices were buried in our throats, and our eyes, filled with sand, could distinguish nothing. This went on for two hours, at the end of which time the hurricane diminished in violence, and the sand formed the most delicate arabesques on the soil."

A bivouac was installed, and the roll-call made; but one man was missing. The whole camp was searched in vain. De Sonis sent men on horseback in every direction; but they returned at the end of two hours without having found any trace of him. Great fires of brushwood were lit and burnt all night, but no one came; and never more was the poor fellow heard of.

The march continued at the rate of eight or ten leagues a day; but the desert seemed interminable. Not a tree or tuft of grass relieved the monotony. Here and there a little line of hills appeared in the distance, where they hoped to find a rock or a ravine; but the nearer they came the quicker the mirage disappeared. "We felt," wrote M. de Harcourt, "as if we were in face of eternity."

When the day's march was over, M. de Sonis alone took no rest. It was he who traced the limits of the camp, who determined where each corps should be placed, who watched over the installation of both men and horses, who regulated the distribution of food and water, and who gave all the orders to the officers for the next day. He might be seen even at nights going among the tents, by the light of the bivouac fires, and seeing that every man was properly cared for. After that, wrapped up in a sheep-skin, he would snatch a few hours sleep on the bare ground; but even that was shortened by his long and ardent prayers, or by a serious talk with some young officer, whose soul he had at heart.

It was four days since they had left Tadjrouna, when they came upon a deep ravine, in the centre of which was a Ksar—a sacred spot, where the first ancestors of the tribe of Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh were buried. Two little white marabouts containing their relics were all that remained; at the foot of which was a well, containing a small quantity of water.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editorial Notes.

Vivat Papa !

"Hail ever loving Father, may Thy years
By heaven protected be!
Beam brighter that 'Light in heaven'
Which nobly steers
The barque of Peter over Time's dark sea!"

These words, which closed the Ode (appearing in these pages) to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee in 1893, fly to our pen when we remember that on the second day of this month the Holy Father celebrates his ninetieth birthday. We love to say *Ad multos!* although it seems inapplicable to one who has lived a score of years beyond the allotted "two score and ten" of the Psalmist—but then, "no word shall be impossible with God." We recall those ten pious maidens, (mentioned last month by our Roman correspondent,) who were willing—if it was God's will—to give up one year of their own lives in order that the venerable Pontiff might complete a century of years. We are told that an address is to be presented to the Pope on March 2nd, signed only by nonagenarians, and already there were upwards of six hundred signatures last month. Of course this number has been since enormously supplemented. One of these ancient gentlemen announced his intention of going to the Sacraments in honor of the event after an interim of fifty years. Here is a hint to those careless ones (God grant there are none!) amongst our readers who have neglected so pressing and necessary an obligation as the Easter duty. The Father of the Faithful yet lives—but some of his so-called children, alas! are dead—spiritually. How it would rejoice his large, noble and paternal heart if he saw his prodigal sons and daughters seeking the peace of the confessional, and the lost and scattered sheep coming back to the one and only true fold. How can you refuse this last will and wish of your beloved shepherd, who will soon go to receive his reward from the Shepherd of Shepherds? With Ash Wednesday has arrived the season in which we can perform our Easter obligation—let us make it at once—make it in honor of the Father of Christendom. It will enhance his gladness and make this indeed a holy year of Jubilee for us and bring joy to the angels in heaven.

Glory to God in the Highest !

From North and South and East and West expressions of gratitude reach us from devout souls who owe much to the Holy Infant of Prague and Our Blessed Lady. And now from across the broad Atlantic comes a request from our own Enfant de Marie, so dear to us all, who brings "good tidings of great joy," and says she desires to "return thanks for the recovery of a dear invalid and the preservation of some cherished friends in time of prevalent sickness. These favors were the objects of novenas to the Holy Infant of Prague and Our Lady whom we love to invoke as *Salus infirmorum.* In fulfilment of a promise to publish thanks in the CARMELITE REVIEW, I earnestly ask a little act of gratitude from kind readers, and in return will pray for all their intentions. I have found the recitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* a most efficacious novena in union with the angels, and, in the *Memorare*, St. Bernard's words are ever

softly murmuring to us that Mary's intercession was never known to fail."

Our Father's Business.

Another candidate lately received the veil in the Boston Carmel, Most Reverend Archbishop Williams officiating. Father Halpin, the eminent Jesuit, preached the sermon on the occasion, and we regret our inability to print in full a report of his golden and burning words. He indeed gave us some thoughts for Lent when he said that the regeneration of society can only be wrought through prayer and penance, for "some demons cannot be cast out except by prayer and fasting! This is the two-fold mission of the Carmelites to the world. This is how they help to kindle the fire which Christ came to cast on earth. But first the fire must burn away all selfishness from their own hearts. There is something which grates a little on us in Our Lord's answer to His Blessed Mother, when she and Saint Joseph, after three days' search, found Him in the Temple in the midst of the Doctors; but that is only because we could not have seen the tenderness of His glance, the sweetness of His inflections. 'Knew ye not,' He said, 'that I must be about My Father's business.' So with those, whom He calls to the priesthood and the religious life. They must always be about the Father's business. The Carmelite has no other care but the Father's business, the salvation of souls and the welfare of the Church. To the dear child, who has gone in to devote herself to the interests of the Father, we offer our congratulations. She will offer her prayers for the priests of the Church; she will pray for the mother who bore her, for the father who so generously gives her to God; for her brothers and her kindred. May she advance in holiness till, as the true Carmelite should, she holds God's hand in her's; He knows her petition by her pressure of it, and with the other hand of His almighty power reaches forth to grant her desire."

"We Can Get Anything We Ask."

From time to time we are in receipt of communications from our readers who relate the many and frequent favors from Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. For the encouragement and edification of the clients of our Queen it is fitting that we make known some of these letters. The following has been sent to us by a prominent lawyer in the United States, who has been a reader of our "REVIEW" from the beginning. At his request we withhold his name, and at the same time vouch for the genuineness of the letter:

January 31, 1900.

Rev. Carmelite Fathers,
Falls View, Ont.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHERS:

During the past few years I got in debt over $1,200.00, and the outlook did not look very encouraging to ever get out of it. I had recourse to Our Blessed Lady for assistance and did not miss a day for many months asking her help, promising her that I would make known through the CARMELITE REVIEW the fact that she had helped me if she would do so. Not long ago I received a fee as attorney in a case the sum of $1,250.00, and a prospective fee which will substantially wipe out my debts. Please mention the circumstances without giving my name or place of residence. I believe that we can get anything we ask of the Blessed Virgin if it is good for us. Thanking you in advance for this favor until you are better paid, I remain,

Your devoted son in Christ,

X——

As to the Jubilee.

It is definitely announced in the *Rosary Magazine*, which is generally well-informed, that on November 2nd last an Apostolic Letter was issued by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., in which the place for gaining the Jubilee Indulgences was extended to all localities during the year 1901. Hence next year in America we can all gain the Jubilee Indulgences. Regarding the uncertainty as to the suspension of faculties during the Jubilee year, His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate to Canada, has consulted the Holy See, and the answer from Cardinal Ledochowski was that "all faculties *pro foro externo*, granted to Bishops and Ordinaries, remain in force for the Jubilee year. Regarding the faculties *pro foro interno*, granted by the Propaganda, the Holy Father, in an audience given on the 9th inst., has graciously declared that these faculties might be used even during the time of the Jubilee *in casu gravis incommodi.*

For Our Readers.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in being made the recipients of some intensely interesting letters, which are most graphic pen-pictures of Catholicity in the East. The reverend writer, who is well known in America, needs no recommendation from us. His letters will be published in this magazine under the title of "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land with impressions en route, by Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P., Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria." Speaking of forthcoming literary contributions to these pages during the present year, we might mention the fact that we are also made happy by the receipt of a charming little story, full of life, entitled "Pepita," written for us by Miss Caroline D. Swan, that clever New England authoress, whose name is becoming familiar to a host of readers in America and Europe. This month we are also privileged in having a message from that eminent Dominican Rev. J. L. O'Neil, former editor of the *Rosary Magazine*, now residing in California. We are glad likewise to introduce to our readers this month a bright English writer, Francis W. Grey, Esq., whose name in prose and verse is familiar to readers of the American and Canadian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* And the Augustinian Father—whose pen is prolific and versatile—Rev. F. X. McGowan, who last month wrote so beautifully of the Holy Father, gives us promise of something good in the near future.

Sifted Truth.

Most of the current news is made to order by the newspaper syndicates. The telegraph wires on land and water run through a poisoned atmosphere. We must take contemporaneous history as revised and annotated by unscrupulous clipping bureaus. It took us a long time to find out the truth buried beneath the mountain of falsehoods concerning the Friars cabled from the Philippines. And now we are getting garbled news from France about a Religious Order lately suppressed by an irreligious and masonic government existing under the auspicies of his satanic majesty. The Assumptionist Fathers are doing God's work. That is distasteful to the devil, who does all in his power to annihilate them as he does to all that is of God. From what we read in the daily press we learn little about this grand Order sufficient to illicit our sympathy. They are wrong as we see them through the cable-man's

glasses. According to one brilliant contemporary, of the "yellow" type, which applauds the action of the French Government, whilst it confesses its own inability to understand the bearings of the case, "the evidence showed that the *Redemptorists* were very wealthy, that their newspaper, the St. Croix, was a bitter foe of the government, a determined hunter of Dreyfus, and supported every gang of politicians and treason-mongers." As we write we are filled with pleasure when we announce that the CARMELITE REVIEW has received information from an impartial and truthful eye-witness, who, in his valuable letters now on our desk, will tell our readers the wonderful works done for God in our day by the much reviled Assumptionist Fathers.

The Scourge of God.

Perhaps in a year from now those who live in quiet, isolated country places will not regret the fact. The dreaded plague is slowly but surely on the way, and they who are qualified to speak say that modern science cannot stop its advance. It would seem that the great cities are destined to be swept by the bosom of the Black Death. It is almost certain that the globe-circling march of the pestilence has never been stopped once it has begun. It has, we believe, gone around the world, completing the circuit. This year it has lodged in Portugal, and is now threatening America from the East. It is also threatening this continent from the West by way of Honolulu and the Pacific line of steamers which run from Japan and China to British Columbia. It is not our office to write anything sensational or startling. We state a cold fact. We cannot overlook that fact, although we would wish to, that Providence plays a prominent part on this planet. God's chastising instruments are wars and plagues. Let us admit it, confess our sins and do penance. During these days of compunction remember that long ago Thomas a Kempis complained of "the hardness and dullness of the human heart, that dwelleth only upon things present instead, rather, of providing for those which are to come."

The Protector of Carmel.

As has been customary, since St. Teresa's time, during the month of March, the Carmelite Fathers, Brothers and Sisters throughout the world dedicate the thirty-one days to St. Joseph, their Patron, and consecrate to him all their prayers, works and sufferings. In the solemn novena to this great Saint we shall recommend all the intentions of our friends, benefactors and readers. All our convents in America and Europe are notified of the intentions sent to us. All those desiring any favor of St. Joseph, or who may wish to make any promise or offering to him, should write to us as early as possible as the novena commences on March 10th.

Preaching on Paper.

Our Lord never commissioned a newspaper to preach, nevertheless the editor who has an eye to the interests of all his readers prints a weekly quota of soothing "firstlys" and "secondlys." These sermons (?) may be good, bad or indifferent. A recent thousand-dollar prize sermon in a New York paper on the "Power of Gentleness" had some real good points in it. There was much truth in the closing sentence, which is worth quoting: "The world needs nothing more than it needs

gentleness and love," says the writer, and "human hearts are hungry for the music of gentle voices and the touch of tenderness. Why should we not all try to show that we are the sons and daughters of the gentle God? Rough, rude boys have been made great for time and eternity by the sweetness and gentleness of mothers and sisters. Dull, wilful, petulant scholars have been made thoughtful and earnest by the tender, patient love of self-denying teachers. Souls small, mean, selfish, sinful, have been made great by the gentle, faithful labors of those not willing that any should perish."

A Truth-Lover in His True Light.

The passing of John Ruskin has called forth many kind eulogisms and divers comments. Perhaps the most concise and honest is this brief summing up by the editor of the *Antigonish Casket*, who says this great Englishman was truly "a man who though in the nineteenth century was not of it, if we regard as its distinguishing characteristics the skepticism, materialism and commercialism that have been so marked throughout almost all its course. No one more intensely hated or more unmercifully scourged the grovelling materialism of British nineteenth century civilization. He told the enterprising investors of England that if they were convinced that a railway to the infernal regions would pay, they would not only readily subscribe the necessary capital, but would stop the building of churches for fear of injuriously affecting the dividends. He was one of the great masters of English prose—inferior only to Newman in the range and fulness of his style; perhaps superior to him in vivid picturesqueness. With a culture far broader than either Carlyle or Emerson—of the former of whom he was wont to profess himself a pupil—he had escaped many of their faults, but not, unfortunately, their intense egotism and dogmatism. Had he had the guiding, steadying hand of the Catholic Church, which so strongly appealed to the artist and truth-lover in him, he would have been spared many mistakes in the intellectual world, as he would have been saved from an act of folly in the moral order which embittered his life and had, not improbably, much to do with the ultimate clouding of his mind."

Some Forgotten History.

"Priests and monks have done nothing for science" is the time-worn cry of those who hate religion. It is a libel refuted *ad nauseam*. During the past few weeks there has been going the rounds of the German Catholic press an interesting and comprehensive list of the many valuable contributions made to science by priests, monks and friars. We translate a few of these questions and answers which are of general interest:

Who invented gun-powder? A monk. (Berthold Schwarz.)

Who was the inventor of the metric system? A priest, Fr. Hanny.

Who made the first organ? The monk Budus.

Who constructed the first movements of the watch? The Friar Pulcificus of Verona.

Who made the first compass? The Deacon Flavius Gobia.

Who first gave quinine to suffering humanity? The Jesuits.

Who unveiled the laws of electricity? Father Lana.

Who invented the first telegraph? Fr. Chappe. (Morse *improved* but did not *invent*.)

Who gave us the first telescope? Fr. Schraeiner.

Who made the first microscope? Fr. Maguan.

Who constructed the first baloon? Fr. Desforges in 1772.

Who brought the first silk cocoon to Europe? A Catholic missionary.

Who encouraged and helped Columbus? A priest.

Who was the author of the deaf and dumb alphabet? The French priest L'Epee.

An Incident.

A late number of the Baltimore, Md., *Katholische Volkszeitung* says: "The following incident is related in the letter of a young man who belongs to a troop of cavalry: 'Allow me,' he writes, 'to say a word about my Scapular. One day, the strings breaking, I lost it. A reckless comrade found it, and holding it up he jokingly asked who may be the owner of such a thing. At first I was silent, then remembering my dear old mother at home who gave it to me, I told the boys it belonged to me. More out of fear from me than anything else my companions kept silent. On the day following, the one who made fun at my Scapular was drowned. Others of my Catholic comrades wear the Scapular, and we all owe to it many marvellous escapes.'"

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Last month, by some oversight, we overlooked a memorable event which occurred out West. It was the occasion of much joy to all the many friends of the good Father Alphonse Brandstaetter, the worthy Prior of the Carmelite Convent at Scipio, Kansas, for he solemnly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first Holy Mass. One conspicuous participant in the celebration of this Silver Jubilee was the venerable Carmelite Father, Cyril Knoll, who, weighed down by eighty-seven winters, is still active by word and example in promoting the glory of Carmel. To the esteemed Jubilarian, Father Alphonse, we say *Ad multos annos!*

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During the late missions in the Diocese of Brooklyn, in which nine of the Carmelite Fathers were engaged, three hundred and ninety-seven converts were received into the Church and nearly 2,000 adults confirmed.

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According to the *Catholic Columbian* "a hundred and fifty years before Watt, Fr. Lourochon composed a learned work on steam; while the first persons to attempt aerial navigation were two priests named Lala and Galien."

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The matter appearing in each number of this magazine is original, with some insignificant exceptions. Editors are kindly asked to give us due credit when occasion calls for it. Moreover, it is painful to those who write for this "REVIEW" to see isolated paragraphs from their articles cut up in sizes to suit the knights of the shears and used as "fillers." Lately some have, consciously or unconsciously, fallen into the sin spoken of. Hence this word in season.

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On Sunday, February 11th, an unknown man fell from a stairway of the elevated railway in New York City and lay unconscious, says the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*. A crowd soon gathered, and two priests who were passing by noticed that the unhappy man wore a Scapular, which marked him as a Catholic. They knelt beside him, and administered the last rites to the dying man, while a crowd of the curious gathered about the strange spectacle. When they had finished and the man had been taken to the hospital, the priests continued on their way without disclosing their identity. The man's skull was fractured.

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The United States has acquired a new Saint in annexing the Philippines, —namely St. Philip, the martyr, a native of Manila.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., has just brought out three neat and interesting books at low and reasonable prices, namely:—1. "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," by Charles Warren Stoddard. Cloth, 75 cents. These interesting sketches of the North-land found many eager readers when they first appeared in the *Ave Maria*. 2. "The Catechism Simply Explained," by Mgr. Henry T. Cafferata. Cloth binding, 50 cents. The simplicity and arrangement of this little work should be its own advertisement. The chapter therein on the Scapular was written by a Carmelite Father. 3. "For the French Lilies." Price, cloth, $1.25. For an extensive review of this latter book from an able pen, we refer the reader to vol. vii, page 97, of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

"Grandma's Stories and Anecdotes of Ye Olden Times," by S. M. X., of the Visitation Academy, Baltimore, Md., is a pretty little book sure to make an early and lasting impression on the tender mind of young America. It is daintily gotten up by the Angel Guardian Press of (92 Ruggles St.) Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

The readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW will be gratified to learn that we are enabled to present for their perusal an interesting account of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and all those sacred places so precious to the Catholic heart, written by one who was so happy as to participate therein. Father Aloysius Blakely, C. P., has prepared the papers, and we are sure that his descriptions will bring many a holy spot vividly to our view.

The Catholic Columbian deserves all the good things said of it by editors of all shades of belief, on the occasion of its silver jubilee. It is a bright, breezy, clean, cautious and readable journal. *Floreat!*

"The Perfect Religious" is a new and very useful book just issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York. No ascetic library is complete without this book. Price, $1.00 net.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES. By Monsignor Vaughan, with a preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. One volume, large 12mo., cloth, 90 cents. New York: O'Shea & Co.

"Thoughts for All Times" is one of the most fascinating books ever read. It is at the same time as instructing as it is unctious and soul-inspiring.

The right reverend author meets the wants of our times in a manner as consoling as it is convincing. He puts before us the knowledge of God, the truths of religion and our final destiny in a simple, solid and unctious language that charms and captivates the reader instead of repelling him. Indeed, the author makes the way of salvation more sweet and attractive than the briery paths of sin.

The main principle pervading "Thoughts for All Times" readily finds an echo in every human heart; namely, the principle of *Love*. The author irresistibly initiates us into this principle by appealing first to the magnetic power of human love. He describes its wonderful influence in romance and story; in poetry and fiction; in art, painting, music and song; in the valor of the soldier, the daring of the explorer, the perseverance of the scholar and the unflinching courage of the martyr. "*Love*," says our author, "changes, transforms and ameliorates whatever it touches and infuses a nobler and higher impulse wherever its influence penetrates. Love is so congenial to man, so completely in accordance with his natural temperament, that he cannot wholly dispense with it. This would prove a sad and dreary world but for the bright, warm sunshine shed by loving hearts." After reminding us of the marvelous power of human love, our author explains to us the still more charming and consoling principle of *Divine love*.

These few thoughts give only the faintest idea of the uplifting and consoling doctrine contained in this remarkable book. In the words of Cardinal Gibbons: "We should be glad to see a copy of it in every family in the land. It needs only to be known to have its merits appreciated."

A valuable pamphlet, which should be scattered throughout the continent, has been reprinted from the Sacred Heart Review of January 13th. It contains the able reply of Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., to Professor Eliot's accusations against Jesuit Colleges, and takes to task those who wage an unholy crusade on Catholic classical institutes.

We are grateful to Mr. Matthew P. Brazill, Superintendent of Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo., for his generosity in sending us a large number of leaflets of the Holy Face and the Prayer of the Golden Arrow, illustrated as revealed to the holy Carmelite nun, Sister St. Pierre. We shall be pleased to mail copies to any reader asking for the same while they last.

Almanac and Annual Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer for 1900.—Among the means for spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart, this *Almanac* holds an important place. As it contains the Calendar for the whole year, it should be put where it may be easily reached when information concerning a feast, or a League indulgence is sought. The *Almanac* will continually remind the Associate of the obligations of the League, and encourage fidelity to its practices. The verse and prose texts have been written or selected with the greatest care. The music and illustrations are exceptionally good. The unique feature of the present *Almanac*, and one which adds to its value, is a list of Patron Saints, with an explanation of the object of their patronage and a glossary of their virtues. Sent postpaid on receipt of 12 cents.

The Sunday Companion makes its appearance at the earnest solicitation of a number of priests, sisters and parents. It will try to do the work which the friends who called it into existence desire it to perform. The paper will be a weekly, coming each Sunday to aid in the most important work to be done on earth, that of teaching the young how to save their own souls and how to work for God's honor and glory. There will be forty numbers each year, no issues appearing dur the summer vacation. Lessons will be outlined for each Sunday and suggestions given as to methods of teaching the same. All the Catechism lessons will be under the direct supervision of a priest and will be arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism. In order to make the work systematic and effective, the arrangement of lessons and suggestions for teaching will be given for each division or grade of the Sunday School. Pictures and literature, to be used as aids in the class work, will be given in each issue. *The Sunday Companion* will be sent to all its subscribers in time sufficient to give teachers and pupils an opportunity to prepare the lesson in advance. Every child in the school ought to have a copy of the paper in order to use the material pertaining to the lesson assigned him for the next Sunday. In order to have *The Sunday Companion* a weekly visitor in every Catholic home in the land, it will be sent to subscribers at the following low rates: Single subscriptions, for one year, 40 issues, fifty cents; ten or more in a package to one address, for one year, each, forty cents; ten or more in a package to one address, for one week, each, one cent. You are earnestly urged to send ten cents, at least, and receive in return *The Sunday Companion* for two months as a trial subscription. Address all orders to *The Sunday Companion*, D. H. McBride & Co. General office, Akron, Ohio; New York, Chicago.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For restoration to health; for relief from a tumorous growth; for employment, 3; for spiritual favors, 6; for health; that an operation be not necessary, or if necessary, that it be successful; for special intention; for success in a grave undertaking; for a very special intention; restoration to health; speedy settlement of temporal affairs of a family in difficulties; health of a sick wife; employment for a young man and father.

A reader requests a Mass to be said in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel at her Shrine in thanksgiving for a favor lately received.

ONE OF MANY.

Toronto, Feb. 2, 1900.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar ($1 00), being my subscription to the "Carmelite Review" for the current year. I am always delighted with the monthly visits of your excellent and admirable Review I enjoy reading it very much, as I find it both instructive and entertaining. I always feel refreshed and elevated after reading it. I should regret very much being compelled to do without it, for it is to me as the monthly visits of a very dear friend. Hoping that this Holy Year and the new century may be to you and your Review years of prosperity and success, and trusting that you will sometime remember me in you prayers,

I am, yours very truly,

T. C.

THANKS TO OUR LADY.

New York City, Feb. 13, 1900.

Dear Fathers :—

I give thanks to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor received, and which I promised to have published in the Carmelite Review.

Very respectfully,
Jos. A. K.

ORITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

Anthony J. Behringer, a loving husband, kind father and devoted son, who was suddenly called to his reward at Buffalo, N. Y., on February 4th last.

Edward Colgan, who died at Owego, N. Y., January 25. Deceased was the father of Rev. John T. Colgan. He was a life-long wearer of the Brown Scapular, and was buried clothed in the habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

William H. Nagle, one of our readers, who died lately at Somerville, Mass.

Arthur Ryan, who died at Moncton, N. B.

Miss Mary Lochran, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Frostburg, Maryland, Council of the C. B. L. ask prayers for a deceased brother, John Thomas Meadows, who died January 13th, 1900.

Mrs. Sheehan, who departed this life on Feb. 1st at Toledo, Ohio. The deceased was a good and gentle mother, a kind friend, and a fervent Catholic.

Mrs. C. Skelley, who died on Jan, 24th.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Favors for the Hospice.

Favors for the Hospice received from: P. D., Southport, P. E. I; A. D., Montreal, P. Q.; Mrs. J. D., St. John's, N. B.; Sr. F. H., Saginaw, Mich.; Sr. M. C. D., Fort Dodge, Iowa; B. M. O'L., Coleraine, Ont.; Sr. M. R., Fraserville, Que.; Mrs. E. W., Pierce Valley, Ky.; A. J. K., Nelson, B. C.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—Promise of B. V. M.

Names for registration received at Falls View Monastery from:—St. Mary's Church, Hagerstown, Md.; St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Ill.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Villanova, Pa.; St. Rose's Church, Newtown, Conn.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; Payneville, Ky.

Names of persons enrolled in the Brown Scapular received at Carmelite Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from:—St. Louis University; Guardian Angel Asylum, Chicago.

THANKSGIVINGS.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 1st, 1900.

Reverend Fathers :—

Some time ago I sent you a letter with a request that you publish in the Review a thanksgiving for a favor received from the infant Jesus of Prague, and also thanks for favors received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. To-day I have received the Feb. Review, and find it is not published. Will you please be kind enough to publish it in the next number of the Review?

Very sincerely,
S. L. E.

A reader in Staffa, Ont., offers thanks to Our Lady for a corporal favor.

Eau des Carmes (see advertisement) is for sale at Carmelite Monastery, Fulton St. and Centre Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. Write there for particulars.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below,** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

Resurrexit Sicut Dixit! Alleluja!

"If thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom X: 9.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1900. NO. 4

EASTER: THE MEETING OF JESUS AND MARY.

I.

A SCENE of beauty haunts my prayerful hours,
A fragrance softly breathes of white Spring-flowers,
A song resounds—it is the grateful strain
That wafted o'er Judea's listening hills,
And through the cycles ever sweetly thrills
"Magnificat!" our Mother chants again.

II.

A scene of beauty! Yes! A vision bright
Illuming Mary with its golden light;
"The Lord is with thee," Mother of the Lamb!
All Passion-shadows now have passed away,
In golden radiance of this festal day,
Thy sea of anguish sleeps at last in calm.

III.

"Magnificat!" Celestial melody!
It echoes o'er the earth and sunlit sea,
Like chime of sweet bell's mystic silvery voice.
"Christ rising from the dead, now dies no more!"
And glorious are the Sacred Wounds He bore.
* O Queen of love! in Him thou doest rejoice.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo."—MAGNIFICAT.

The Ceremonies of Holy Week.

By Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

THE liturgical year of the Church is, like a rich tapestry, decorated with the most beautiful flowers. The lives of Our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin are represented in a series of Feasts, and between them the space is filled in by those of the Saints.

Comparing Our Lord as the sun of the economy of salvation, from whom all souls draw their light and heat, Mary is the moon to lighten the night. She receives her light from the sun, but reflects it upon the earth and thus helps materially to dispel darkness and be a guide to travellers. The other saints are the stars, scattered over the firmament of our faith.

The Feasts of Our Lord are grouped into three cycles--Christmas, Easter and Pentecost. The first is as it were the cycle of the Father, the second of the Son, the Redeemer of the world, the third of the Holy Ghost abiding with and working in the Kingdom of God on earth—the Catholic Church.

The most important of these cycles is the second. On Easter the Church sings emphatically: "This is the day which the Lord has made." And this is natural, because the Resurrection of Our Lord is the keystone of our religion.

The Easter cycle commences with Septuagesima Sunday. Coming events cast their shadows before them. The Alleluja disappears in Mass and Office, and the color of penance—purple—takes the place of the joyous white. On Ash Wednesday the faithful are signed with ashes, made from the palms of the preceding year—an earnest memento of the sudden change from the "Hosannah" to the "Crucify Him," and of the inevitable change from life to death. During Lent all public amusements, balls, dances, theatres, even solemn marriage, are forbidden, and fasting is commanded. For how could we prove ourselves members of the body of Christ if we would not suffer and merit with Him?

After the raising from death of Lazarus, Our Lord with his disciples hid to escape the fury and persecution of the enemies, who had planned His death, in remembrance whereof the crosses on the altar are veiled on Passion Sunday. The statues of saints ought to be veiled or removed, as the Church, the spouse of Christ, wishes to remove all traces of consolation and joy and concentrate our attention upon the passion of Our Lord.

One week passes and we enter upon Holy Week. The Doxology, "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost," was already dropped on Passion Sunday, now all the Feasts of whatever character are likewise excluded, and the shadows of Golgatha envelope us in their sombre folds. The first day of this week is Palm Sunday, so-called because palms are blessed and distributed on this day. This, as well as the other ceremonies of Holy Week, are both historical and symbolical.

In blessing the palms the priest prays that as the appearance in the ark of the dove carrying an olive branch was a sign of peace and the subsidence of the flood, so these branches of olives, palms or other trees, are to all a token of peace, the peace of the soul gained by reconciliation with God.

The procession moves out of the church and then returns, to remind us

of the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem and the Temple amidst the plaudits of a joyous crowd. But, alas, how long did this enthusiasm last? Were there not hundreds that joined this day in the "Hosannah" and a few days later joined in the passionate cries of Our Lord's enemies? And was this fickleness confined to the Jews of those days, and does not history repeat itself daily in thousands, who wish to serve Our Lord and His antagonists at the same time? This is forcibly brought home to us by the Passion, sung on Palm Sunday. Light and darkness meet; divine love and human ingratitude clasp hands.

Where it is possible, the Passion is sung by three persons in sacred orders, the bass voice taking the part of Christ, the cantus firmus acting as Evangelist (narrator) and the tenor representing the crowd. Any one that has heard the Passion sung in this way cannot deny the profound impression made upon the hearers, many of whom are moved to tears.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, following Palm Sunday, the Passion, according to St. Mark and St. Luke, is read in the Mass, and on Wednesday evening the Office of Tenebræ is commenced. It has its name partly on account of the time of recitation, which was late in the evening or at midnight, but chiefly on account of its meaning. The psalms, lessons and antiphons of this office are the lamentations of the spouse over the fate of her Divine Bridegroom.

The lamentations are the wails of the prophet Jeremias, sitting upon the ruins of the Temple and of the City of Jerusalem, after Nebucadnezar led the Jewish nation into the Babylonian captivity, but in a higher sense they are a touching expression of the dereliction of the Church.

The morning service of Thursday, Friday and Saturday was originally an evening service, hence we anticipate now great events, remembering the institution of the Blessed Sacrament and the agony of Our Lord on Thursday morning, His death and burial on Friday morning, his Resurrection on Saturday.

On the historical Thursday Our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament, gave His apostles Holy Communion and commanded them to preserve the sacred species left over; on the same evening He washed the feet of His apostles and abandoned Himself to His enemies after the three hours' agony in Gethsemani. These different phases are faithfully reproduced in the liturgy of the Church on *Maundy Thursday*, so-called on account of the first word in the Antiphone sung during the washing of the feet: *Mandatum novum*— "a new commandement I give to you that you love one another, as I have loved you."

The altars are decorated with flowers and lights, the purple veil of the crucifix on the altar is changed into white, which is also the color of the vestments —all this in grateful remembrance of the Blessed Eucharist. During the singing of the Gloria the Church bells are rung. But great joy and deep sorrow are incompatible; hence the Church instituted the Feast of Corpus Christi as a Feast of joy and abandons herself on Maundy Thursday to her sorrow. After the Gloria the Church bells and gongs are silent, and wooden clappers take their place. The organ is also mute, for souls steeped in bitterness do not admit sounds resembling joy. The "Pax," the kiss of peace, is not given during the Mass, because on this day Judas betrayed his master with a kiss.

After the Communion of the Mass the Vespers are sung, and Mass and Vespers are finished together. Then the procession moves from the altar to the Holy Sepulchre, depositing there the host, which the priest consecrated for the following day. Though the eucharistic hymn "Pange lingua" is sung on the way to the Sepulchre, the customary prayer is not sung, and in silence the procession returns to the altar, or rather the sacristy, where the priest takes off the white vestments, and then, clothed in the purple stole, returns to the Church to denude the altar. It is stripped of every decoration, the tabernacle is left open, and the altar cloths are laid upon the altar table in confusion. All this is highly expressive of the deepest sorrow and spiritual desolation—it is the abomination of desolation, standing in a holy place, because the temple not made by hands, viz: the body of Christ, is broken down in His Passion and Death.

The term "Holy Sepulchre" applied to the place of reposition on Thursday, is a misnomer. The Church calls it "Repository." We use the term in deference to common parlance. It is decorated and surrounded by lights, and in many places of Europe it takes the shape of a cave, at the mouth of which soldiers stand on guard, thus uniting the Repository with the Sepulchre. The faithful spend some time during the day in silent adoration before the Sepulchre, containing the body of Christ, which, living or dead, is always adorable.

Good Friday is the anniversary of the Jewish Passover and the historical day of the death of Our Lord on the Cross. It is nevertheless called "Good," because it brought us the greatest boon, redemption from our sins and reconciliation with heaven. But the day allows no token of joy, the disciples mourn the taking away of their Master, and the consciousness of our guilt becomes oppressive in contemplating the inexorable justice of God, manifesting itself in the fearful torments and death of His Beloved Son.

The cross of the altar is veiled in black, otherwise the abomination of desolation continues. No light is burning. The sacred ministers in black vestments approach the altar and prostrate before it as a sign of affliction of heart and an acknowledgement that they and their flocks deserve to die for their sins. A lesson is sung, taken from the prophet Osee, "Come, let us return to the Lord Our God." It is followed by the account of the institution of the Paschal Lamb, the figure and type of the true lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world.

Then the Passion according to St. John is sung. It contains the account of how the type of the Paschal Lamb was fulfilled. The intercessory prayers for all conditions of people are intimately connected with the Passion, for the Church lifts her voice to heaven in the strength of the redeeming Blood of Christ. After imploring the mercy of God upon all, the Church in her own behalf professes her belief in the Redemption by the unveiling and adoration of the cross, which follows. The ceremony is accompanied by the complaints of the crucified Saviour: "My people what did I do to thee or in what did I sadden thee. Answer me. Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared the cross for thy Saviour," words that ought to penetrate our heart and make us prostrate ourselves, in deep humility and contrition, to kiss the sacred wounds which we ourselves have made.

Now one cloth is spread over the

altar and the candles are lighted. The priest recites the Confiteor, and the procession proceeds in silence to the Repository, whence the host consecrated on Thursday is brought to the altar. On the day of the bloody sacrifice no unbloody sacrifice is offered, but the pre-sanctified host is consumed.

The priest incenses the host and the altar, washes his hands facing the people in remembrance of the hypocritical washing of hands by Pilate, and then recites the Pater Noster, its seven petitions reminding us of the seven words of Our Lord on the cross, after which he elevates the host, breaks it, dropping a particle into the unconsecrated wine in the chalice, recites three times the "Domine non sum dignus," and consumes the host and also takes the wine. This done, the candles are extinguished and the Vespers said, which terminate the office.

Holy Saturday, though yet belonging to Lent, is a day of rejoicing within the Church, because the Resurrection of Our Lord is anticipated. The veils have been removed from the crosses, the altars arranged as usual, and the priest, vested in white, proceeds outside the Church to bless the fire, the symbol of Our Lord, the Light of the world. (In some parts of Europe the people bring a stick of wood along, the point of which they partly burn in the blessed fire, using the wood afterwards in their hearth as a protection against fire and lightning.)

After blessing the fire the priest blesses the five grains of incense, that are typical of the scars of the Five Wounds, remaining in the risen and glorified body of Our Lord. Then the triangle is lighted with the blessed fire, of which some is also placed into the thurible, and the procession moves back to the Church, halting three times to salute the triangular light with the exclamation: "The light of Christ. Thanks be to God!"

In front of the Gospel side of the altar the Easter candle is blessed. The triangle (one and three) symbolizes the triune God, the knowledge of whom is spread through the Resurrection, whilst the paschal candle symbolizes the risen Saviour. The tone of the canticle "Exultet" and the preface following is one of exultation, and during the preface the paschal candle is lighted from the triangle, God glorifying His Son, who now forever takes His place as the light of the world. With light taken from the Easter candle the lamps in the Church are likewise lighted, because the people receive the light of their souls from Christ.

From exulting over the glorious Resurrection of Our Lord the Church turns her contemplation to our own need of redemption. The white vestments are put aside, and the penitential purple ones again donned. A number of prophecies are sung, containing the record of man's fall and God's promises, and leading us up to the Sacrament of regeneration.

Then the priest assumes white vestments once more, and the procession moves to the baptismal font, where the solemn blessing of the Easter water takes place. As Christ in His own baptism sanctified the waters of the Jordan, so the paschal candle is placed into the water—Christ sanctifying it likewise. After the blessing the assembled congregation is sprinkled with this water, and the faithful carry some of it home for the blessing of their homes. A part of the water is made into baptismal water by mixing with it the oil of catechumens and the holy chrism. The oil signifies joy, strength and

beauty, the chrism the fragrance of good works, thus water and oil and chrism together are emblematic of the effects of baptism.

The procession now returns to the altar, chanting on the way the Litany of the Saints. The Church also in this anticipates, and as the souls in Limbo surrounded Our Lord and accompanied Him during the forty days' stay on earth after His resurrection, so the Church after blessing the baptismal waters rejoices in the galaxy of those regenerated in Baptism.

The "Kyrie eleison" at the end of the Litany answers also for the Mass and the priest intones the Gloria amidst the joyous peals of the bells, celebrating the triumph of the Redeemer. After the Epistle a solemn and triple Alleluja is sung. No Agnus Dei is sung in the Mass, for when the bride finds the bridegroom again, she forgets her own misery and sinfulness, and abandons herself entirely to gladness of heart.

Thus our readers see that all the ceremonies of Holy Week are replete with meaning, and taken together exhibit, dramatically as it were, the mysteries of the Passion, Death and Resurrection of Our Lord, inviting our minds to contemplate and our hearts to imitate them. No ceremonial of the Church equals that of Holy Week in sublimity and grandeur, and no mystery surpasses that of Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

BLESSED HERMAN JOSEPH.—*April 7th.*

"Amen I say unto you, unless you be converted and become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—St. Matthew XVIII., 3.

THE childhood of Blessed Herman was angelic in innocence and beauty. He passed the time of recreation in the church at Cologne before a statue of our Immaculate Mother, and received many wonderful favors there. On one occasion the hand of this statue was extended to accept an apple he offered; on another he was gently raised to the tribune where it stood and held sweet communings with the Holy Child in her arms.

One very cold day, as he went barefooted to the church, she appeared, and in tones of compassion inquired why he had no shoes. He replied that his parents were too poor, and, pointing to a stone, she told him to look beneath it. He obeyed and found silver pieces sufficient to purchase shoes. Our Lady assured him he would always find there what would suffice for his wants, and so it happened. Others, not actuated by the same confidence, found nothing.

This angelic child, lover of Mary, entered, when twelve years of age, the Premonstratension Convent, Steinfield, and led so holy a life, one so devoted to Mary, that the novices called him "Joseph," after Mary's chaste spouse. His humility shrank from the title, but the Blessed Virgin in a vision mystically accepted him as her spouse, and told him to keep the name of her pure guardian.

She guided this chosen soul, reproved his least failings, and brought him—especially on great feasts of the Church—a share in the chalice of her Son's Passion, but never without obtaining new fortitude to drink it lovingly for His sake and merit "an eternal weight of glory." "Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long space," and by an early death was admitted to that heavenly rest promised to those who become "as little children."

We ought to emulate his confiding recourse to Mary, not merely in the great trials and needs of life but in the delicate lights and shadows that blend in our daily duties. There is not one too little for her maternal solicitude. Thus we shall live in an atmosphere of familiarity with her, and even with Him who has sent the child-like spirit of His Son into our hearts crying: "Abba"—"Father!"

Pepita: A Tale of Little Italy.

By Caroline D. Swan.

"SANTA Maria help us! All the worries of the world flying down to roost on my poor shoulders. Small wonder that they ache! Ah, Pepita! The Saints console her and Our Blessed Mother! I know not how."

"Pepita will do well enough, good father. Do not groan and moan over a pretty girl! She will marry soon—if that be the will of God—and there is the end. It is worse with the plain ones! And as for thine own aching shoulders, a man who will not take advice, but trots out in every rain hunting up beggars and tramps will find also rheumatism. It is the gift of satan which thou dost bring back with thee every time!"

"Our work for the Master, Anita, is to search highway and hedges," said Father Felipe calmly, ignoring his irascible housekeeper and her tirade. "Perchance we may rescue some stray lamb of His flock. Pepita is a white lamb—and very helpless, Anita. Her father is eager for gold and her aunt would sell her to-day to Andrea for thirty pieces of silver!"

"And thirty dollars is all any girl is worth in these days," retorted the dame, on whom the last allusion was wholly wasted. "Here in America the girls are spoiled. They will not spin or weave as in Gaeta or Campobasso, and, being no longer modest and industrious, fancy themselves great ladies forthwith. To imitate the Americans, they must even get learning from books! and so are they ruined."

"Evvero, Anita, thou knowest Pepita to be a pious and modest maiden. Even Beppo, the furious, speaks to her with softened voice. I think, indeed, despite his evil ways he bears her in his heart as one of the saints. But he can not be trusted with her; no, no! Andrea would do better; he is, at least, an honest man and kindly."

From all which you will gather that Father Felipe was a good priest, trying to shepherd an uneasy and hot-headed flock. Quarrels and knifing affrays were only too frequent among the motley throng to whom he ministered. His Italians and Portuguese belonged to that poorer class amongst those who swarm in and about Mulberry street to the despair of New York sanitarians. Yet the home of the girl Pepita, over whose affairs the good Padre was now worrying, surpassed in comfort and decency those common to the region. Her father, old Antonio Silva, had accumulated a goodly store of American gold since his arrival in this land, through cunning processes of trade—a fact which did not militate against his pretty Pepita. The only one of her suitors whom Antonio favored was a certain Andrea Gazzi, a man of some property but old enough to be the girl's father. A little stupid withal, and slow of speech with women was sober Andrea, as the priest knew, and nowise likely to please a young woman who had compassed "learning of books."

For the benevolent laws of the New York municipality required school attendance and a new element had crept into Pepita's life which brightened it strangely. At home in Gaeta with

her grandmother it would never have been her's, as she knew, and it compensated for much else. She had learned to read, and books opened a new world to her eager spirit. Then other study followed, and recently she had been attending an evening school conducted by some charitable people in the interests of the neighborhood. Yes, in Gaeta all this would not have been, and this story would have remained unwritten.

But here the American environment wrought havoc, as Anita said. It came into collision with the old ways, and this of necessity. The open-air life, the sweet skies, the balmy air of Italy were all conducive to a calm, indolent life of rich content and few ambitions. There Pepita would have married Andrea or Beppo and led a life of placid submission. But alas, for Mulberry street! Indolence and calm, dirt and poverty, and the picturesque Old World laziness degenerated within its hot, cramped confines into filth, vice and crime. Antonio Silva, like other respectable foreigners, fought against these by an intense, often sordid, pursuit of gain, yet gold bought him none of the old-time peace. His daughter, in her delicate purity, loathed her present surroundings and rebelled against a married life which would link her to them forever. If she could only return to the golden orange land of her youth, with its sparkling sea and purple hills! Father Felipe sympathized with her as she poured her troubles into his friendly ear. He was still meditating, yet to no purpose, when the shrill voice of Anita disturbed him. "Eccola! Padre! Yonder she comes, thy precious Pepita!"

She was certainly beautiful, this dainty damsel with the cream-white cheeks of her race flushed into rose by the exertion of hurried walking; but she wore a timid, startled look which stirred even Anita.

"Why, what fearest thou, Pepita?" cried the old woman as the girl halted at the door as if for protection. "Enter at once!"

"It is Beppo," was the breathless answer, while a shiver more expressive than words crept over the girl's frame.

"Calm thyself, my child," said the priest soothingly as he perceived the surly fellow approaching. "He will not come here! Nor will he dare molest thee."

Putting the frightened girl into a deep arm-chair to recover her tranquillity, the Padre watched from his window. A fierce looking Neapolitan was Beppo who now drew near, fired with rage from Pepita's avoidance of him. Even Father Felipe, used as he was to these passionate natures, shrank from the evil eye the man cast upon this house where his love had found refuge. "It might not be oversafe for the girl if she were alone and helpless," murmured the good priest to himself. "I must speak to Antonio."

What Beppo had said Pepita refused to tell, despite Anita's curious and not unskilful angling. She kept counsel, Father Felipe secretly commending her therein. The truth was that Beppo's love-making had simply affrighted her. A bolder young woman might have admired its splendid intensity and even looked with favor on the handsome bravo, despite his bandit misbehavior. But Pepita was of gentle mould; a refinement rare among girls of her class had made her a favorite with all her teachers, a pet at the convent where she learned needlework, and the pride of Father Felipe. She shrank from men like Beppo and was indifferent to old Andrea, not deigning to measure his well filled purse.

She hurried home, thinking. To avoid her aunt's black eyes and incisive questionings was her first object, and on entering she quietly fled to her own room. It was clean, though small and almost poverty-stricken in its appointment; yet a curtain of coarse white muslin at the window gave an effect of coolness, and on the bare walls shone a sweet-faced Madonna, a bit of really good engraving which Sister Clare had given her. A tiny vase graced the shelf below it, also a convent gift, which, with a few—a very few—books, summed up her treasures. But on the window ledge a tea-rose was bursting into bloom, and it needed neither poet nor painter to seize the mute symbolism of maiden and flower. Its creamy tint was her's, its flush of bloom, its dark wine-tinted leafage like the passionate depths of her rich nature. Its very thorns expressed the environment of her life, its fragrance her sweetness of loving submission.

Yet, to-day, she had been unusually stirred. Love had come before her in a flash of flame. She was scorched, angered and in every way repelled.

"I hate Beppo—or I should if it were not wicked!" she murmured indignantly. "Why will they not leave my soul to its own peace? I have as good right to it as Sister Clare or Mother Saint John! I want nothing of Andrea—surely none of his gold! and the saints preserve me from Beppo! Love! I should think it was! I would rather go into the convent and stay there forever. The love of God, yes, that is sweet. But such a storm as Beppo lives in is worse than hate."

She drew a beautiful volume from the little pile, gazing on it with girlish enthusiasm as her heart went out to the donor. "Dear Miss Howard! How kind she is!" The lady in question was one of her teachers at the evening school. "She is indeed lovely! And lovely even the clothes she wears, so neat and perfect! Truly it is as the Padre says—we should strive after perfection. We can reach it—in the little things. And Mr. Winchester, he is also kind." A flitting blush came to accentuate this. "They are both different from us. They know more, and there is something else besides—" Here she stopped, unable to define the difference, which, strongly as she felt it, overtaxed her slender powers of analysis.

"Mr. Winchester is not handsome, but so much better! So grave and gentle! And he smiles softly when he speaks to me, and his voice softens." Her musical ear never missed an intonation, though ever so delicate.

Richard Winchester, himself, was far from measuring the finer qualities of his beautiful pupil, least of all her sensitive perceptiveness. He felt attracted towards her and did his best for her advancement; but the positive strength of this attraction Pepita knew better than he, and her shy blush whenever she thought of him meant more than either of them dreamed. No! Beppo plainly had no chance.

Dick Winchester—his friends all called him Dick—had enjoyed his amateur teaching. He had entered upon it, originally, solely with a view to assisting his cousin, Ina Howard, in her pet charity with his useful presence and protection, but he found the work its own reward and soon became absorbed therein. A love affair was the last thing he feared in this connection, yet he was too fond of beauty, too delicately appreciative of Pepita's superiority, mental or spiritual—he hardly knew which—to refuse her the incense of admiration. "Why," said

Dick to himself whenever he thought of it, "if a rose opens before me I can but see that it is pink and own its fragrance. I am not stupid! Of course I like Pepita. If I were like some men I should forthwith adore her!"

In this indubitable fact of being unlike other and cheaper men young Winchester rested calmly. That Pepita—the little Pepita—could upset this serene dignity was a thing too wild to dream of.

Yet Cupid's divine mischief is never done with; it began anew for Dick in a rain storm. It was one of those sudden downpours which baffle human foresight, and, clinging to his handsome umbrella, he was good-naturedly pitying the shelterless men and women who crowded the wet pavements, when he suddenly caught sight of Pepita—a drenched rosebud, indeed—flying along in front of him. In a second he had overtaken her, and her smile inaugurated the pleasant, immediate duty of taking her in charge. He had acted on a gentlemanly instinct, and on this alone; yet the shy beauty he had admired at arm's length somehow nestled into his heart as they came for the first time into nearer personal relations. It was as if he had always taken care of her and the world had nothing else for him to do.

It was a long walk to the quarter of the city Pepita called home. He talked to her at first kindly but idly, as if to beguile the way, yet presently awoke to the fact that he was learning much of her ambitions and hidden life as she answered his easy and apparently careless questioning. He was struck by the vividness of her thought and its occasional piercing of spiritual depths. "It is the heart of the rose," he whispered, and a sudden awe, a sense of unworthiness, new to his experience, crept over him as he added within himself, "I have much to learn of my pupil!"

As they entered the Italian quarter curious glances began to reach them; Dick was too distinguished a figure to pass unobserved. He noted these curiosity-mongers one by one and laughed within himself. One sharp, grave face gave him bitter challenge; it was old Andrea. "That man is worried about Pepita!" was his mental observation. "Why does he vex himself? There is no need."

Comparing it with the general squalidness of the region, he was surprised at the comfort of Pepita's home. Plainly the girl had lived in an atmosphere of decency—her own delicacy proved that—but here was something more. A flavor of ease and slight luxury pervaded this foreign dwelling; the daughter of this house was superior to most of her class and respect, her rightful due. Dick Winchester went home with a world of new ideas rushing through his brain, which he vainly strove to co-ordinate.

But the consequences of this rainy incident fell in floods. Old Andrea, moved by a real regard for Pepita, appealed to her father, making immediate pressure of his suit. Beppo went about sulking and raving by turns, vowing by all the saints that neither Andrea nor the white-faced Americano should have his dear Pepita. Solemn advice came from ancient Anita. "Ah, foolish one! Foolish Pepita! Thou shouldest not stroll about with the forestiere! It angers thy good father. Also, for thyself, it bodes ill. Poor maiden! Wouldst thou had a mother! The Blessed Virgin shield thee!"

Pepita protested, but, in her heart, shuddered. She knew her father's hot

energy when once roused; he would force her to wed Andrea, and that at once, unless affairs could be compromised.

Father Felipe, as usual, poured oil on the waters. "Pazienza, good Antonio!" he pleaded. "Pepita is a pious girl, as thou knowest, and the ways of the Americans are not as ours! Nor couldst thou rightly blame the rich stranger should he also love thy Pepita. She is beautiful and thou art honestly proud of her! But he shall not harm her—the saints forbid! Ah, no! I will, myself, be surety for that."

Yet, when the good priest investigated, his heart sank. Richard Winchester's wealth and actual standing made the whole look hopeless.

Though Antonio had listened meekly to his word, he saw the stubborn look with which the Neapolitan had departed. It augured ill for the daughter, he knew; in fact Antonio was quietly making up his mind to settle things with Andrea. "It is of no use," said the perturbed father, "to have the girl running into danger. Andrea will make her a kind husband, and he is also well off. It is the will of heaven!" And he signified this to the delighted suitor.

For the first time Pepita's woes became actual. The rosebud face bore marks of weeping. Dick Winchester perceived its pallor, missing the smile he had learned to prize.

"What is the trouble with Pepita?" he inquired of Ina Howard. His evident anxiety appealed to her.

"I want to tell you!" she cried. "I only found out yesterday. They—her father and aunt I mean—want to marry her off at once, and the man is much older than she! The child can not love him, but he has money and the father seems avaricious. It is sheer cruelty! But what can be done?"

"I will marry her myself."

Miss Howard caught her breath. Her heart sank. She saw he meant it. What a strange revelation! What could be the outcome? It took her some minutes to regain even apparent composure. Yet he had not mistaken Ina Howard. In those minutes she had swung aside all the usual conventions—the idea of Dick's wealth and the high alliance, matrimonial, it ought to bring; the family objections sure to rise; the great gulf, socially, between the two—and had fixed her eyes on them as individual souls—a man and woman—together in the sight of God.

"Do you love her, Dick, like that? Enough for that? It would be wrong if you do not! A wrong to her as well as to you."

The young fellow's face shone as he rose to his full height of manhood.

"Indeed I do. I have been long in finding it out, too long! Yes I am sure of myself; the one point is: Can I make her happy?"

"Why not, Dick? If you win her love, the rest will come. She is not ignorant, and she has beauty, great beauty. I will take her in hand, socially, myself!"

"Ina, you are a pearl, a jewel. How can I thank you?"

"By loving her with all your heart! Poor Pepita, she will have to sacrifice home and friends; see that she never has a regret."

"But, Ina, what shall I do? I can not get into a brawl with the father and the elderly lover!"

"Go to the priest, Pepita's 'Father Felipe.' Make him your ambassador. And may you always be happy. I am very fond of you, Dick." She wrung his hand as they parted, and stood

watching him a moment with tears in her eyes.

Thus it came about that Father Felipe was surprised by a visit from the eager American.

Dick Winchester told his story to Father Felipe in such manly fashion that a mutual liking sprang up between them. Indeed, one could hardly help feeling drawn to this young lover, and the good priest was not hard-hearted. Surely this youth was better suited to Pepita than either of her Italian wooers. Yet he had to put before the new-comer the extremely precarious nature of his hopes. Better to disappoint him now than later, thought the Padre.

"I will speak to Antonio of thy wishes, my son, but I apprehend refusal. Silva is an obstinate man and he has passed his word. Thou hast come too late! The demand in marriage is already made and Pepita is practically betrothed to Andrea Pazzi. I trust thou hast not yet disturbed her peace with open declarations. See thou do it not! Thou wilt only make her wretched."

"Surely thou wilt plead for me, good Father! I have some wealth, and I know I can make her happy. Her father ought not to complain."

"Thou art a foreigner, none the less, of another nation than his own. Antonio will distrust thee. Pazzi is of the company of his old friends, his compatriots; a good man, too, Messer Andrea. He has not made unfit choice for his daughter. Besides thou art not of her faith."

"I have no faith, now, worthy the name—that I have to admit. But Pepita shall make of me what she will."

Father Felipe gazed thoughtfully at the man before him. His own refinement answered to Dick's culture and he yearned for Pepita's happiness. No wonder she had smiled on a suitor like this!

"The Church is a good mother," he murmured within himself. "Has she no welcome for such princes of the blood because they are American? Would that this one were in her fold!" And he heaved a sigh as Dick withdrew.

The plans of sensible people are, nevertheless, often blocked by the action of foolish ones; and it was so now. The tongue of Anita at once wrecked the prudence of the priest. She told Pepita of the handsome New Yorker who had called upon Father Felipe, and though the girl said little, both the old woman and the young one guessed its purport. Pepita grew more cheerful. Through Miss Howard's efforts to console her, a new consciousness of powerful support had come to her, and this visit of Dick's changed the gleam of hope to positive glitter. Surely the Blessed Virgin had sent them both! Her beads had not been said in vain. She even began to look upon the ominous wedding purchases her aunt was making with a degree of calmness. She had faith that in some way she would yet be saved.

Anita's chatter developed other and further consequences. Miss Howard was a close observer and understood her pretty pupil.

"I am convinced, Dick," she said one morning, smiling upon the young man despite her own misgivings, "that your Pepita knows all there is to know as to the object of your call on her priest! He must have told her, after all."

"Good! Very good!" cried the other. "Now I am free from my promise. I have kept it thus far, though it has been on the verge of awful breakage! Whenever I meet

her pleading eyes and see the poor, worried half-smile she wears nowadays I am tempted to say every sweet thing I can think of."

His scruples removed, he waylaid Pepita one bright day and poured out the story of his love. The tender, shy blush which answered him brought rich reward for his venture. His own courage rose; he would move heaven and earth before she should be taken away from him. Her shining eyes, her smile, her few murmured words of affection had revealed a wealth of passionate attachment beyond his hopes. How beautiful that she should love him thus! He had a strong sense of his own undeserving—a sudden humility as of one overawed by some condescension of heaven.

Again he reviewed the seemingly hopeless situation. What could he do? A quarrel with these passionate Italians would be a scandal of scandals. He could not effect anything personally, and the priest had failed him. Yet, after all, he felt that night as if something had been accomplished, for now their mutual attachment had been put into words and openly avowed between them.

As for Pepita, she said her little Rosary over and over again in gratitude and trust. Our Lady of Succor, Our Lady of Good Counsel would surely send her aid. Who could say that her prayers could not bring answer?

The next and great event in this curious series was also brought about by chatter. Andrea Pazzi had been going about in a daze of delight, with senile garrulity boasting openly of the fair young bride that heaven was sending him; Pepita's aunt likewise had much to say about the *coredo* and Pepita's dowry; the neighbors gossiped in neighborly fashion; and day after day this dripping rain fell on the ears of Beppo. The gossips even took malicious joy in seeing the wrathful flash of his eyes, like the edge of a scimitar. Its danger element only whetted their thirst for excitement. Thus thorned, one dark night Beppo lay in wait for the aged lover. What passed between them was never known. It remained a horrible mystery. But the mangled body of Andrea Pazzi was found by the police next morning, and search for Beppo was in vain. He had vanished from Little Italy. It had been one of those silent tragedies so common in the crowded foreign wards of New York. The "cops" on the beat merely shrugged their shoulders.

Not thus, however, with Little Italy. The whole precinct was stirred to its depths. Andrea had been well known and deeply respected; the romantic connection of Antonio's daughter with this deed of blood increased the general sensation, and the thronged funeral of the victim was an occasion yet memorable. In his wrath at the crime, his friend's death and the total overthrow of his schemes, Antonio visited all the blame on his wilful daughter. She had never seen him so excited before. Her aunt, vexed with what she called "the disgrace" of a wedding frustrated, poured out torrents of vituperation on poor Pepita. Worse than all, she found herself a mark for evil comment. "There goes the girl who brought death to her betrothed," was whispered aside whenever she passed, though the young men felt her rare beauty all the more as they silently avoided her.

To Pepita herself the blow come as a visitation of God. The solemn awe which oppresses the soul at close of a tragedy, its sense of nearness to that unknown Power which holds life and

death in its hand, its instinctive shudder and skrinking from crime—for, however frequent its occurrence in Italian vicinities, it had never come near Pepita herself before—these, mingled with a fear of she knew not what, seemed to banish all the sunshine of her days. She could do nothing save cry to God for pity. Amid the crowd who shunned her, and under the weight of home cruelty she murmured prayers for the soul of Andrea, whose kindness she now recalled with vague regret. For the first time she stood face to face with the great problem of evil. Why should the green earth—God's world of sunshine—be marred and stained with bloodshed?

At last, when the pressure became so great that she could no longer bear it alone, she fled to the near convent and begged to see the Mother Superior. Into her sympathizing ears was poured a very torrent of grief. The sensitive soul of the young Italian vibrated in Southern fervor, responsive to every one of the many chords of passion and grief that were echoing around her; the Reverend Mother strove to soothe her, fearing the after-effects of such intense excitement.

"I am not to blame!" she cried again and again as the sense of injustice surged up through her grief. "I have sought no man's love. I asked nothing of Andrea, or Beppo either! I am no coquette. I did not refuse to obey my father, though it broke my heart. I prayed to God, as was right, and to the Blessed Virgin! How could I think they would answer by blood—by the death of the guiltless? God is good. How has He sent this evil?"

"Hush, hush, my daughter! His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. His judgments are far above, out of our sight. Trust in Him still—yes, all the more! Rest in Him and He shall give thee peace." And her kindly hand fell with a soft touch on the girl's shoulder.

"It is the sinner who is to be pitied in all this; for him should be our real concern. The poor, passionate fugitive with crime on his soul! Our grief should be for him; not for you, my child, though in the providence of God you are called to suffer for a sin not your own, and surely not for good Andrea, whose life was pure, whose soul is with God. Death must come to us all as the good Lord sends it; in quiet and blessed calm, or suddenly, as on the battlefield. The man at peace with Him need not fear. Do not grieve for Messer Andrea, who was ever pious, a true worshipper of God! Only pray for his soul. And, for thyself, have great patience.

'Be the day darksome and ever so long,
At last it ringeth to even-song.'"

When Pepita had dried her eyes and seemed sufficiently calm, the good Mother asked a few more questions as to the tragedy, for the girl's excited story had been none too clear, and ended by saying lightly: "And what is the name of the Americano who would win thy heart?"

"Messer Richard Winchester," returned the girl proudly.

The Reverend Mother was startled. She had been a woman of the world in her younger days and knew some of the older New York families of high standing. The name told her what it had not told Father Felipe. Was it possible that a Winchester, a scion of that ancient and honorable race, had fallen in love with this girl? That he was wooing her in serious earnest? She looked again at her young visitor. Yes, there was beauty—neither Win-

chesters nor Howards could deny it—and of a dainty kind, too! Beauty enough to explain and even justify the young man's unusual action.

So, after Pepita had gone, Mother St. John sent a note to Father Felipe, which speedily brought him to her little parlor. As a result of this conference several new ideas came to Antonio Silva. The first suggestion fell from the priest when he deemed the hour propitious.

"Messer Antonio," said he, "thou thoughtest to marry thy daughter to Andrea Pazzi, but such was not the will of God. A terrible affair that was!" Then he murmured as if to himself: "Sin came into the world and death by sin." After another moment's reflection he continued. "Messer Antonio, it may also be written on high that thou should'st approve the American."

Whereupon Antonio rose in wrath and defied the heavens.

But, as we have said, gossip flies in Little Italy. The next attack fell on the sulky aunt of Pepita. One of her curious neighbors had been on a trip up-town—a rare event—and returned dazzled. "I have seen the home of the American lover!" she announced. "Seen it with mine own eyes! Truly, the fortune-teller who promised the world to Pepita could read the stars. I have faith in her now! Why does Antonio quarrel with heaven? And thou, when it rains confetti, why turn thy dish wrong side up? Would'st thou not gladly see thy Pepita in such a home, a veritable palazzo?" There was little answer; it was hard to combat the enthusiasm of an eye-witness. The splendors of aristocratic New York were generally but visions in the mind's eye to these dwellers in comparative poverty.

Then a bigger blow struck Antonio. The causes of his wrath were many, but one overpowered the rest. The frustrated marriage had left him in straits financially. He owed a considerable sum to Baptista Neri, the wholesale merchant who supplied wares to his small shop, and this indebtedness Andrea, his chosen son-in-law, was to have paid. That hope gone, he now lived in daily dread of his creditor. It was, therefore, with no slight sinking of heart that he saw Neri coming down the street to his place of business.

An ingratiating smile beamed on the great man's face as he entered, however; and when, after some talk, Antonio alluded to his debt with much inward quaking, the other merely waved the whole thing aside with a significant sweep of the hand.

"Messer Antonio, I have come to talk business. I wish to sell out my own establishment and have come to beg you, of your goodness, to purchase it. I will make the figure extremely low! Per Bacco! it will be worth your while."

Antonio was thunderstruck. Had the world turned round? Had Baptista lost his reason?

"But, my good friend," he protested, "I cannot buy. I have not the means."

An oily smile accompanied the deferential answer.

"But, if thy beautiful daughter, Messer Antonio, marry the rich American, they say gold will flow into thy purse in measureless streams. And they say truth! Would that it were my Carmencita! Signor Bartolemeo, of the Banque Italienne, tells me that he is of a wealth inconceivable, the young Winchester. I am sure thou wilt favor my proposal, amigo mio;

have we not dealt together these many years?"

Antonio, dazed by the whole affair, gave little answer. The unwonted blandness of his dreaded creditor did more to convince him of the American's desirability as a son-in-law than all the representations of Father Felipe.

"Priests! Evvero, priests were of the Church, knowing things of heaven, ah, yes! but not earthly matters! Not money and business. But Baptista, and Signor Bartolemeo, of the great bank, that was different indeed!"

And when, at Father Felipe's hint, Dick Winchester finally went in person to interview Antonio, he found that opening his pocket-book would secure a very peaceable father-in-law.

Soon old Anita announced with a burst of joy that affairs were all arranged at Antonio's. "Pepita is a dear girl! A lovely bride she will make!" cried the good woman. "They will soon eat wedding sugar-plums!" And Father Felipe shared her rejoicing.

New York society is still raving over the beauty of young Mrs. Winchester, though some years have elapsed since the events of this tale. It also kindly receives the fact that Mr. Winchester is a devout Catholic; and Father Felipe, the best friend of the young couple, has high hopes of Miss Howard's conversion in due time.

Saint Veronica and the Holy Face.

By Enfant de Marie.

THE name of Veronica is taken from two Greek words signifying "I gain the victory." Some writers have tried to form it from the Greek word "icon," an image, and the Latin "vera," true, but this combination does not accord with philology. A great admirer of this holy woman exclaims: "Heroic woman! You have not your equal upon earth. At a time when the whole universe conspired against the life of Our Saviour; at a time when God the Father had abandoned Him into the hands of sinners; at a time when the angels of peace wept bitterly without being able to succor Him; at a time when His Holy Mother by her sorrow had infinitely afflicted Him; you adore Him as your God, you give Him some refreshment and consolation. In truth you merit an immortality of glory."

Our dear Lord did not leave the image of His beautiful infantine face, nor that of His boyhood at Nazareth, where tradition tells us it used to be said amongst those to whom that beauty unfolded its charms: "Let us go and look at the Son of Mary." We have no likeness, drawn by His own master-hand, of that perfect face in manhood, or transfigured on Tabor, or illumed with golden rays of parting fairness in the Cenacle; but when He was "a worm of the earth and no man," despised and the most abject," He imprinted His sacred Face on the veil of Veronica, teaching us how He loved suffering, how He valued sympathy, how gratefully it is rewarded in this life, and thus elevating our minds to that eternal vision which He has prepared for all who follow Him along "the Via Crucis."

How carefully and reverently Veronica guarded the treasure, and only parted with it to enrich the holy Church. She presented it to St. Clement, who assisted St. Peter and who became afterwards his third successor in the dignity of Sovereign Pontiff.

It is piously believed that she passed the remaining years of her life in the "Eternal City," to which, after Our Lord's Ascension, she conveyed this precious relic, and that she was entombed near its resting place in the Vatican Basilica, though we find other traditions which assign her resting place to France.

We may not enter here into the history of the Holy Face, which in all ages of the Church has been so carefully preserved, so devoutly venerated, so well loved, especially in our own time, when the "Holy Man of Tours" and the Saintly Carmelite, Sister Mary of St. Peter, gave a marvellous impetus to this devotion. But to quote the words of a devout writer: "He shows us Veronica's veil, and all the copies of it that are re-produced, as a sign of salvation, a means of reparation, a symbol of mercy, expressly reserved for this present generation."

Yes, "a sign of salvation," for those who love that sorrowful face an earth will contemplate its glory in eternity. "A symbol of mercy," for Jesus will look on them as He did on St. Peter, and attract their hearts to Himself in contrite love. Above all, "a means of reparation," for the wounded Heart is reflected in that disfigured face, and He looks still for those who will "grieve together with and comfort Him." O how angels have longed to look on that face, and sang joyfully on Christmas night at its unveiling! How Our Blessed Mother gazed with ineffable delight on its beauty, and St. Joseph adored it with profound reverence! How saints have loved to contemplate it, and poured forth eloquent praises and ardent transports of love! St. Thomas exclaims: "Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio," etc.,—"Jesus whom at present veiled I see"; and in the original version of his beautiful "Anima Christi" these words appear: "Lumen vultus Sacri Jesu, me illumina!" "Light of the sacred countenance of Jesus, shine down on me!" Let us then look at that Holy Face in faith, in contrition, in confidence and in love, and we may hope in the light of glory to rejoice in the Beatific Vision.

TWO EASTER LILIES.

Behold, the reed of scorn,
  Like Aaron's rod,
Hath blossomed to adorn
  The risen God;

And she, the broken bloom
  That balmed His feet,
Is first before His tomb,
  Her Lord to greet.

JOHN B. TABB.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

II.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

AFTER this lengthy, but to me—as I trust it will prove to you—pleasing digression, I resume the chronological order of my present journey, interwoven necessarily, by force of circumstances, with reminiscences of that of three years ago. It was then that I did most of my sight-seeing in Constantinople and environs—a fortunate occurrence for me, seeing that my stay there this time was mainly devoted to the renewal of my American passport and the procuring of the vexatious Turkish ditto, called Teskere. On my former visit to that city in the months of July and August, 1896, the Provincial of the Assumptionists, Very Rev. Alfred Mariage, kindly placed at my disposal one of the clerics of the community at Koum Kapou, and the time—that of the autumnal vacations—affording the latter ample leisure, we made daily excursions to noteworthy points of interest, such as the principal "djamis," or mosques, notably that of Saint Sophia—formerly the cathedral of the "golden-mouthed" bishop and doctor, St. Chrysostom, as also of the holy patriarch, Ignatius, and other lights of the early Byzantine church; the Turkish museum, a creation of recent years, but containing monuments of ancient Grecian art of priceless worth, among them the grand sarchophagi known as the Welpers ("*les Pleureuses*") and the Hunters, ("*les Chasseurs*,") which I have not seen surpassed in the Vatican and Lateran museums at Rome, or in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries at Forence; Egyptian mummies, antique certainly, if not artistic, and finally—to pass over in silence numerous other noteworthy objects—a most extensive and invaluable collection of cuniform inscriptions which the famous Assyriologist, Professor Hermann Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has in a great measure deciphered and communicated to the scientific world; the vast reservoir of the "Thousand-and-one Columns" (simply bewildering!), which, with several others of similar construction but of less extensive proportions, supplied Constantinople with water, led thither by acqueducts, whose majestic ruins still bear witness to their ancient beauty; the "Place of the Janissaries" (near the old Seraglio, the sepulchral-like abode in which the late Sultan's numerous wives, etc., are virtually entombed alive), where those formidable guardians of the royal person, later on the victims of their fidelity or treachery to their master—an open question perhaps—made their last stand and were utterly annihilated; the hippodrome of the Emperor Justinian, or rather its ruins, as also those

of his palace, which in the halcyon days of "Justiniana"—the name he conferred upon the city of Constantine but which perished with himself—was the theatre of unrivalled magnificence, tarnished, however, by continual intrigue and bad faith; Yedi Kaleh, or "the village of the Seven Towers," where in the massive bastions indicated by its title, innumerable Christians and political prisoners of every shade were shut out forever from the light of day; the broad castellated ramparts of Byzantium, seemingly impregnable even in their decay, which about the year 1453 enabled the besieged inhabitants of Constantinople to offer a protracted but ineffectual resistance to the Saracen hordes; the modern palaces of Abdul Hamid on the Bosphorus—some of them veritable fairy structures, particularly Yildiz Kiosk, his favorite residence, (his sole abode, it may be said, for he is so haunted by the fear of assassination that he leaves it only when compelled to do so and returns to it in all haste,) hidden away on the hillside overlooking the strait amid sylvan bowers and shady trees, and in which William the Second of Germany and his imperial spouse were recently the guests of the Turkish potentate—an after-thought, I was told by my guide, for the Kaiser very wisely declined to occupy the splendid pavilion erected on short notice by the Sultan within the Yildiz grounds for the accommodation of their imperial highnesses and suites, because the plastering was still moist (!); Robert College at Roumeli Hissar, in connection with which I shall have more to say by and by, and divers other places and objects of interest.

The foregoing enumeration includes only the sum of my sight-seeing in and around Stamboul proper, or in other words, on the European side of Turkey. On the Asiatic side I visited the most interesting points in Galata, Pera, Scutari, Kadi Keni (which is on the site of the ancient city of Chalcedon where the famous council of that name was held in the year 451) and Phanaraki. At Pera, fast becoming European (I ought to have said American) in point of architecture, cleanliness and facility of travel, I visited many religious institutions, notably those of the Jesuits, Lazarists, Franciscans, Capuchins and Christian Brothers, as also a number of churches, among the latter the cathedral of the lately deceased Armenian patriarch, Monsignor Azarian. The mosque of the "Dancing Dervishes" there, also received a passing visit from me (it was on a Friday, the Turkish Sabbath), and I witnessed the weird pantomimic exhibition given by this strange Turko-monastic body, being impressed in an undefinable manner by the seeming devotion which the participants, some sixty in number, displayed. The solemnity, gravity and decorum (there were no exaggerated swoonings away, etc., on the occasion referred to, though my companion assured me that these occur betimes) which characterized this exercise—function I might almost say, for with them it is purely a religious ceremony—was such as to make one regret that it was not performed in a better cause. The prayer for the Sultan, recited in measured cadences and resonant tones by a venerable and imposing looking dervish at the close, was a superb piece of acting.

But to return now to Robert College at Roumeli Hissar. This is an entirely American institution, founded and endowed in perpetuity by the noted New York philanthropist, Christopher

Robert. Other wealthy countrymen of his (and ours) have added to the main building in latter days, so that it is now a noble pile indeed. Its president is the Rev. George Washburn, D. D., and its vice-president the Rev. Albert L. Long, D. D., a native of West Virginia, whose brother Odell S. Long, lately deceased, was recently clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals at Washington. To Dr. Long I owe innumerable kind services and courtesies, extended to me with exquisite tact and cordiality during my two visits to Constantinople. But before going into details I will tell you how I became acquainted with Dr. Long. It was thus: When our cousin, Mrs. Alexander, *nee* Mitchell, learned that I was in Bulgaria, she enjoined me to be sure and call on the Doctor in case I should find myself in his city—her husband, William Alexander, and he having been college chums at home and life-long friends. Needless to say, I was only too glad to do so, for there is nothing more cheering than to meet with one's countrymen when far away from one's native soil; and the pleasant consequences of our meeting have been for me more wide-reaching and delightful than it would be possible for me to give any adequate intimation of here. Dr. Long is a gentleman whose heroic charity during the awful visitation of the cholera in and about Constantinople in 1865 has rendered his name famous and won for him marks of distinction from the highest sources as well as the lasting admiration and gratitude of the inhabitants of that great metropolis. His name is indeed a household word there, and his influence unbounded. His position as vice-president of Robert College for the past twenty-six years has enabled him to form a multitude of Turkish, Armenian and Bulgarian youths, who have risen, later on, to positions of eminence in the State, or have entered upon successful professional careers in their respective countries to the great advantage of their fellow-countrymen and others. They all speak English, or, as many of them love to call it, "United States." Meeting with them here and there throughout my travels in Bulgaria and Turkey has been a real pleasure; for they gladly render any possible service to an American, particularly if the talisman of Dr. Long's name is employed, owing as they do their education, and consequently their subsequent advancement, to the splendid munificence of American philanthropists who by their well placed generosity have furnished them gratuitously with the means, otherwise unattainable, of rising to positions of honor and trust, and, in not a few instances, even of opulence. Both in '96, and more recently, I have enjoyed the Doctor's instructive conversation at his delightful mansion, situate near the college and just above the frowning ruins of the massive fortress known as the Three Towers—erected by Mahommed the Second shortly before the siege and final overthrow of Constantinople—and have been the recipient at his hands of genuine American hospitality, graced by the kind attentions of his amiable wife and daughters. It was while under his roof, too, that I met Professor Hilprecht, of whom I made mention further back when speaking of the Turkish museum at Constantinople, and received from the latter an invitation to call on him at the University of Pennsylvania for the purpose of inspecting the rare and valuable collection of antiquities which he has gathered whilst pursuing his frequent archeological explorations in

Egypt and elsewhere throughout the East.

In the matter of passports, a burning question which travellers in these parts must needs be well acquainted with in all its minutiæ if they would pursue the even (?) tenor of their way in peace, Dr. Long was of invaluable service to me. Being a thorough master of the language of this benighted country, he accompanied me to different consulates, etc., and accomplished in a comparatively brief space of time what to me, a stranger, would have proved a most unwelcome if not a wholly impossible task. It was he who introduced me to our minister to Turkey at the latter's palatial residence in Yeni Keni, an hour's steam down the Bosphorus, and who acted in capacity of witness when that gentleman received my assurance that I would support the Stars and Stripes, etc. The genial chief clerk of the American Consulate, located at Pera—St. Ledger A. Touhay, Esq.,—had forewarned me that I "would have to do a little swearing" on this occasion, whereupon I assured him that I felt satisfied the same would be of a very different quality from that which some of my countrymen would feel it a relief to indulge in when engaged in the perplexing and exciting occupation of procuring a Turkish Teskere.

I take great pleasure in referring here to the very courteous act, in my regard, of our Consul General at Constantinople—Charles M. Dickenson, Esq. Learning that I was going to Jerusalem, he gave me a letter of introduction to the United States Consul there, Selah Merril, Esq., commending me to that gentleman's good offices, etc., in case of need—an eventuality which you will be prepared to think by this time, I imagine, quite possible. To make a digression here, I have been told by competent authority that there is no law, *i. e.*, no fixed rule or norm in Turkey on which one can rely with certainty. One cannot know precisely what to be prepared for from one moment to another. *Baksheesh*, however—from the Sultan down to the meanest public servant—is an open sesame, is a law! A princely offering will stay the scimetar of the former, whilst a few "pard" will effectually close the ever vigilant eye of the latter. The Turk looks naturally for *baksheesh*, he expects it; and woe to the hapless traveller who from a sense of principle, or from ignorance, fails to bestow it. Had I but greased the itching palm of my tormentor of the "teskere," I would doubtless have entered the City of David without undergoing the vexatious delay, etc., to which I had to submit. Once in Jaffa, I have been assured (and that, too, even without the "indispensible" Turkish passport,) another dose of *baksheesh* would have enabled me to pass the guard and prosecute my journey. But then I would have missed ever so much that which was delightful, and hence I consider myself indebted rather than otherwise to those who barred my passage. I shall not soon forget the remark (evidently intended to annihilate me, but too absurdly correct to effect its purpose) made to me by the ungracious Turkish official who recorded the minutiæ of my U. S. passport and pronounced it insufficient for a journey into the interior of the country, on my mildly intimating that he was possibly employing more red tape than was necessary: "Remember," he said to me in substance, "that you are not in America now, but in Turkey." This is indeed the key to the situation. As it was, I had to yield, and to lay

the safe-conduct (?) of him whom Gladstone fittingly styled the "red-handed monster of the East" side by side with the unstained panoply of the freest, the grandest and the noblest country on the face of the earth—that land which is by excellence "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

In thinking over the baseness, the degradation and the vileness of the typical Moslem; of the low standard of morality, the utter lack of religious principle and the unscrupulous dishonesty of his government; of the relentless cruelty, undisguised barbarity and tiger-like ferocity which characterized his treatment of those who while subject to his rule yet differ from him in belief (recall here his fiendish persecution of the Bulgarians and the indescribable massacres of the unfortunate Armenians), one is stunned by the inexplicable attitude of Christian nations, and is tempted to cry out with the Psalmist when weeping over the woes of the people of God, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

It is on coming into close contact with the Turk as such (as one must needs do who has lived in the Orient even so short a time as I have—now some five years and a half) and on learning from the lips of those who have survived his fanatical onslaughts the almost incredible outrages perpetrated upon them by him, it is then, I say, that one can understand and appreciate the spirit which animated Christian sovereigns and people in the ages of faith and led them to gladly sacrifice home, country and all that they loved, aye, even life itself, in order to shield civilization from the blight of the Moslem, to wrest from his grasp wretched captives whose fate was worse than death, and to free the Holy Land forever from his sacrilegious presence. But the time of the Crusaders is past. The rulers of the present day, moved by reciprocal jealousy, are no longer interested in the noble and holy enterprise which covered their ancestors with glory. Far from seeking the downfall of Moslem domination, they support and foster it. Not long ago it was thought that the Ottoman Empire was tottering to its fall. Now, however, thanks (?) to Germany in particular and to the mutual fear of the nations in general, lest one of their number more than another should, like the colossus of Rhodes, plant one foot at the mouth of the Black Sea and the other at the entrance of the Dardanelles, the "Sick Man of the East" no longer languishes, but is fast regaining his imperilled vitality, will soon hold the balance of power, and be in a condition to dictate terms to his present aiders and abettors. Holy Writ speaks somewhere of those who have sown the wind reaping the whirlwind. I leave the application of the text to those whom it concerns.

But now a word in a different direction. You will have observed, doubtless, that in what I have said so far of the Turk that I used such qualifying terms as "the typical Moslem," "the Turk as such." I did this designedly, for I am pleased to be able to say from personal experience, no less than on good authority, that among the followers of the "Prophet" there are exceptions which would do honor to a more favored people. For instance, the hospitality of the ordinary Turkish "fellah," or peasant, as well as that of the educated and wealthy Pasha is proverbial. Their door is always open to the peaceful stranger, and they cheerfully provide for the wants of "man and beast." The mere allusion

to remuneration on the part of him to whom they have given hospitality would be regarded as an unpardonable breach of propriety, and any offering made them would be rejected as an affront. Once the Turk has broken bread with you he regards you as his friend and will do you no injury. In this instance, the otherwise universal *baksheesh* is unknown.

It may be difficult at first sight to reconcile the above with the fierce nature ordinarily imputed to the Musselman or to account for the periodical outbursts of fury and deeds of blood in which he is commonly supposed to revel. But (waiving for the nonce, as too general an explanation of this seeming phenomenon, the fact which common sense, not to say justice, compels us to admit, viz., that in Turkey, as in other nations, there is no such thing as an unmixed evil) it must be said that it is only when the Turk is roused by the "voice of the prophet," echoed through the lips of the Sultan, proclaiming the "holy war," that he is carried away by his fanaticism to the deplorable extents witnessed, alas! but too often in his history. How his superstitions have been worked upon from time to time in this regard is only too apparent in the horrible massacre of the Armenians, still fresh in the minds of all. For his cruelty there is, of course, no excuse, unless it be the state of barbarism in which he is studiously kept by his rulers, who seem to regard the education of the masses as the surest presage of their downfall. Neither is there any palliation for it, save perhaps the fact that he has been used as a tool by civilized nations in order to promote their servile aims. It was not the wily monkey, who employed the cat's paws to draw the roasted chestnuts out of the ashes, that got the scorching (though he got the chestnuts), but it was poor pussy. Nor was this all; for when the master discovered the theft he beat the latter soundly, because her burnt extremities were an undeniable (?) evidence of guilt. The moral is easy. Turkey has been made to perform the office of the cat betimes, whilst two powerful nations—and lately a third—have played monkey in turn. And the consequence has been that good unsophisticated people the world over, owing to their unacquaintance with diplomatic "ways that are dark and tricks that are (not) vain," have laid the blame on Turkey because her paws were singed. They did not think to look behind the scenes, however, where they would have beheld certain crowned monkeys gleefully munching their chestnuts. In the East, as perhaps in the West, too, there are worse enemies of Christianity than the Turk (I shall give you some instances of this further on), and there is an awakening among his people which seems to portend a brighter destiny—if not for the nation as a whole, at least for the individual—which will ultimately produce a change for the better. I have spoken with members of the party known as La Jeune Turquie, and I have heard from them and from persons of influence, Europeans, in the employ of the government, how deeply they deplore the past and present history of their country, and how they long to introduce the blessings of civilization into the empire. One of the former, a young officer in the Turkish army, alluding to the efforts of the Sultan to thwart all attempts of such a nature, exclaimed with much feeling: "There is a collision coming—*i. e.*, between the old and new parties—and we shall see which will be victorious" (Did he know of the legions of spies employed by Abdul Hamid for the detection of their plans, of the traitors in their camp and of the seductive promises which have caused so many

of his companions to go over to the enemy? I felt that he realized both the difficulty and the danger attendant upon his hopes, for there was a sadness in his tones and a moisture in his eyes that spoke more eloquently than words.) It is well known, though perhaps not generally, that Murad Pasha, the eldest brother of the Sultan *de facto*, is kept a close prisoner by the latter. It is given out that he is mad, but this, I am assured, is only a pretext to seclude him; for being, according to report, a man of large and liberal views, whose sole aim it would be, were he at liberty, to introduce reforms into the empire. The "Young Turkish Party" favors the deposition of the reigning Sultan—whose narrow-mindedness, servility, bloodthirstiness and depravity is the common talk of the world—and the accession of the brother referred to. And it is precisely through fear of such an eventuality that Abdul Hamid never leaves Yildiz Kiosk except when absolutely obliged to do so, as, for instance, when he goes once a year to the Mosque within the enclosure of the old Seraglio to kiss the mantle of Mahommed—a ceremony which the law compels him to observe, which the "faithful" expect of him, and which, consequently, he dares not to omit. But on such occasions he always takes a route different from that previously indicated to the public—sometimes traveling by sea and sometimes by land, surrounded by guards and hedged in with every possible precaution—being in constant dread of an attempt upon his life. Truly, in this most wretched of men the words of the Bard of Avon are verified to the letter: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"*Ask and you shall receive.*"

The following incident may be of some comfort to souls who, in their inability to contribute materially to the beauty of God's home on earth, do not realize that the greatest power is always at hand—that of prayer—by which they give the virgin-gold of intercession. A zealous priest greatly desired to embellish his church, and got up a bazaar for this effect. A good lady, of whose piety he always spoke in the highest terms, felt most anxious to assist him, but could see no way towards the execution of her ardent desires. She was a widow, and had to support herself and her only child by giving music lessons, therefore she could neither offer money nor even find time to do needle-work, but faith in prayer supplied for all. She went to the priest and told him that she and her little girl would pray for the success of his work, and the night preceding his bazaar was spent by them entirely in prayer.

He who "passed the whole night in the prayer of God," did not turn away from such earnest trustful pleading, and to that night's vigil the priest attributed the wonderful success of his bazaar. We all have this talent in our hands. Let us use it then for God's glory, and the many holy works undertaken for the interests of Jesus and of immortal souls.

What an account we must give to Him of this gift of impetratory prayer! There are souls in sin, struggling with temptation, passing through "the valley of death" languishing in purgatory. There are souls beautiful in holiness who need perseverance and greater light and more ardent love. We can increase their eternal bliss by asking for them *now* an increase of grace. And how magnificent are Our Lord's promises! "Ask and you shall receive," etc. O let us learn from this pious example great trust in prayer, and never be afraid of asking too much from Him who desires to give all, even Himself.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

ON the 2nd of May his little army returned joyfully to Laghouat. Writing to a friend, de Sonis says: "We certainly suffered a great deal in the Sahara, but such hardships are singularly profitable to both our souls and our bodies, and the former have more to gain from evil than from good fortune. The human result of it to me is the Cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor, which I shall place at the feet of Notre-Dame d'Afrique at Algiers."

But he had a still greater consolation. He writes: "During my last expedition, I was allowed to help in the revival of a soul, which shook off its indifference with a really marvellous effort. The action of God's grace was so evident in this case; and I saw it increase day by day. I became deeply attached to this child, for he is still a child. He was a Sub-Lieutenant of Zouaves, brought up at La Fleche, where, contrary to the tone of the school, he had habits of tender piety, so that he used often to go and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament during his hours of recreation. Then his good principles were stifled by human respect and bad companions. But he had always kept his virginal purity, which gave me from the first the greatest confidence in his conversion. After a three months' struggle, he yielded his whole heart to God. May His holy Name be praised! At the end of the expedition he left me to go back to Algiers, where I recommended him to the Jesuit Superior of that town. This good Father has given me a most touching account of his conversion and Communion, while the poor child himself has written to me a long letter on the subject, which I have read and reread with ever increasing pleasure. Oh, my dear friend, what a great thing is a human soul! and yet, in these days, how little do people think about it!"

M. de Sonis only lets us guess in this letter the principal part he took in this conquest. The Cure of Laghouat supplies the omission.

"I had remarked very often," he writes, "a young Sub-Lieutenant at Mass, whose attitude was embarrassed and uncomfortable. I said to myself: 'That soul is in trouble. I must speak of it to M. de Sonis.' I did so, and the Colonel made him come at once to his house, and never lost sight of him afterwards, though I did not know the result till later. At the end of May, 1866, having left Laghouat, I went to Algiers to call on the Jesuit Fathers,

and whom should I meet there but my young Lieutenant? 'What are you doing here?' I exclaimed. 'I am coming to Confession,' he replied simply. 'I promised this to M. de Sonis, and I am going to keep my word.' How many men did that noble officer bring back to the grace of God and the practice of their duty!"

Such consolations were the best reward to M. de Sonis for the fatiguing life he led, of which he wrote on the 27th of July: "You, my dear Henry, swim in quiet waters, while I am continually carried away by a torrent which will stop, God only knows when! But we must all submit cheerfully to the Will of God. All true Christianity consists in that."

CHAPTER VIII.

LAGHOUAT. A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

We should like to give our readers a short description from eye-witnesses of the way the life of de Sonis was spent.

"What struck me most in his beautiful life," writes an officer of his staff, "was the activity, order and regularity which distinguished it. Everything had a fixed hour, like the life of a religious rather than of a soldier. The first part of the day was always given to God. Very early in the morning he would retire into some quiet spot to pray, make his meditation and read some pious book. He used to prefer the Gospel or the Imitation for this purpose. At half-past six or seven he went to Mass in silence. I generally accompanied him. Sometimes while crossing the square I would make some joke, which made him smile; but he used to reprove me afterwards, saying that the Mahometans were always grave and serious when they went to say their prayers, and that my laughter would seem irreverent to them.

"As soon as he came back from church he breakfasted quickly, received some visits from French or Arab officers, and at nine o'clock made his report. After the second breakfast, which was served at eleven o'clock, he used to take a little walk with Madame de Sonis and the children. Then he went out on horseback till half-past two, when he came home and went back to his work. Besides his professional duties, he always studied both religious and new military works. This went on till supper-time, when he gave the rest of the evening to his family. Except his little office-book, as a Tertiary of Mount Carmel, he never read anything after that; but the day closed with saying the Rosary and night prayers all together. A Lazarist Father having one day expressed his astonishment at the amount of work he was able to get through, he answered, smiling, 'God always multiplies the time for those that serve Him.'"

General de Sonis loved the Church, the altar, above all the tabernacle. "Every Sunday," writes one of the priests of Laghouat, "he was the first at all the services, and he went to Communion very often during the week besides. At the great feasts or fasts of the Church his fervor seemed redoubled. On Holy Thursday he used to shut himself alone in the parish church till Good Friday morning, and passed the whole night praying before the Blessed Sacrament. He used to say this was 'his military watch.'" The young officer whom we have already quoted adds: "He was continually examining himself and striving to acquire the virtues in which he thought himself deficient. Ardent by nature, he was always trying to learn greater calmness in his ways and in

his acts. He rarely judged his neighbor; but if compelled to do so, he always distinguished between character and talent. No matter how remarkable the latter might be in a man, he never could be brought to admire him if he were mean or unjust in his dealings. Injustice of any sort was revolting in his eyes.

"Full of love and charity towards the poor, he gave them all he possibly could, and often more than he could afford. I think he loved to remain poor himself, and thereby to imitate more closely his Divine Master, Jesus Christ."

This man, who was so tender towards his neighbor, was of an inexorable severity towards himself, and during his military expeditions observed every fast, never eating till evening, and praying on horseback or in his tent, as if in church. Another of his officers writes:

"Riding almost always thoroughbred horses, he often trotted in French fashion for half an hour together without stopping. But what amazed us all was the way he would ride from Laghouat to Algiers in a couple of days. He would have relays on the road always ready; and used to go full gallop all the way, day and night, taking only a little coffee and bread on the way. He made one of these forced marches to save the existence of the Lazarist Fathers and the Sisters of Charity, who were threatened with suppression at Laghouat for want of means. As at that moment there were difficulties between the Pope and the Emperor, the Lazarist Fathers begged M. de Sonis not to compromise his official position by showing overanxiety in the matter. M. de Sonis replied: 'I always turn the helm of my boat towards our good God. Whatever winds may blow, whether contrary or not, I steer in the same direction; for after all it is only at that port that I wish to land.'"

He made a similar effort at Laghouat to improve the parish church by adapting an unfurnished Mosque, and, though in this instance he failed, yet his letters showed how much he felt the humiliation to his faith, although as a soldier he was ready to submit to the orders of his superiors. The same spirit of faith and zeal inspired him in the government of his troops. "Pray for me," he wrote to one of his friends; "I am only a poor soldier; but I hope I am one of those of the old days, when ours was called the 'noble profession of arms,' because those arms were wielded by Christian hands."

He studied attentively all the improvements in modern warfare, and especially the part which the cavalry would have to play in any future European campaign. He wrote:

"We shall no longer see those great masses of cavalry as in the times of the first Empire; but we shall have to act by brigades or regiments. Small bodies of cavalry will be sent rapidly to weak points; they will have to cut railway lines, telegraph wires, and do many other useful things, if we only learn these new lessons in time."

A keen observer of discipline, he always admired those who practised it with the greatest exactness. Thus the Zouaves, however brilliant may have been their past achievements, won less sympathy from him than the sharpshooter, whose passive obedience harmonized more with his ideas of duty. His spirit of equity was proverbial, and, seeing how highly he estimated the profession of a soldier, the men were still more disposed to honor and respect his profession of a Christian.

His orders were always given in a firm, precise, but specially courteous manner. The Marquis de la Tour du Pin-Chambry, who was chief of his staff in 1866 and 1867, writes on this head :

"M. de Sonis has left on me the impression of being one of the most high-bred gentlemen I have ever known. He always received me with a kindness and a charm of manner which went to one's heart. I had to go to him every morning to take his orders and transmit them to the camp, after which I saw to their execution. When things went wrong, he was very much annoyed, and his first words showed it, although they were always perfectly courteous. But then, overcoming this first impulse of vexation or anxiety, he would change his tone, and I observed he always fixed his eyes on something behind his bureau, where he was standing or sitting. One day I went, from curiosity, behind this writing-table, and there discovered a crucifix! It was a look at this which brought back his sweetness and peace of mind ; and this will show you to what an extent he carried his feelings of duty and self-control, and the source from which they were derived."

"He was very young in character," wrote another officer, "loving the youngest amongst us, taking the greatest interest in us and encouraging us in all ways. He liked us to be well dressed and smart and particular as to our uniforms. He loved good horses, too, and was an excellent judge of their respective merits. His natural love of art was brought to bear on all things connected with his profession, which he invested with a charm peculiar to himself." He had requested the heads of each department of the service to come with him to Mass on Sundays, which they were careful to do. "Nothing is easier," he would say, "than for a young man who has begun by acting up to his duties to continue living as a Christian to the end of his career ; but nothing is so difficult as for him to be converted when he is once in the army. It is, however, a great thing to enter a regiment where they find a good example and a support in the commanding officer." "Our relations with M. de Sonis," writes one of his subalterns, "were those of a child with his father, of a scholar with his master. My faith was weak enough when I arrived. He never missed an opportunity of strengthening it, not by preaching or discussing religious matters with me, but by putting a good book in my way, or showing me some touching kindness. The best of all examples was his own life." He was very careful also over the morals of his men. He excluded all bad women from the camp, and had the carriages which came from Algiers watched by the police, so as to stop their arrival both in the town and out of it. Nothing could equal the care he took of his men in sickness, both in body and soul. The Cure of Laghouat writes : "The Surgeon-Major had orders to let me know each day if any of his patients were in danger of death ; so that, when I arrived at the hospital, I knew at once which among them was in most urgent need of my services. How many souls had thus the happiness of dying reconciled to God!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editorial Notes.

A New Feast.

A Decree from the Holy See declaring the Venerable Bede to be a Doctor of the Universal Church appoints as his feast May 27th, the anniversary of his death. St. Bede's Day is at present October 29th, but in 1901 and afterwards it will be May 27th. Like that other Northumbrian scholar Alcuin, Bede made Europe his debtor. He had studied every science which survived the ruin of the Roman Empire, and after his death at the Jarrow Convent, where he had spent sixty-two years of his life, his work, especially his "Ecclesiastical History of the Nations of the Angles," were so widely read that the Anglo-Saxons regarded him as the pride of their nation. William of Malmesbury and Simeon of Durham have preserved from the narrative of a fellow-worker of Bede's, a full account of his last days, which shows in what a saintly way he ended his life. Though suffering severely from asthma, he continued to pray, to instruct the younger monks, and to carry on his literary work until death took him away.

New Evidence.

Some very interesting articles, particulary those touching on the Blessed Virgin and her devotions, are appearing in the *Ave Maria*, a beautifully illustrated Austrian magazine which has now 20,000 names on its subscribers' list. In its last number a priest tells of some wonderful things which fell under his observation. To show that the Blessed Virgin at times obtains for her clients the grace to hold death at bay for several hours, until they are clothed with the holy Scapular, the writer mentions a young man of his acquaintance who lay apparently dead a whole day. As he afterwards confessed, he was praying for some one to bring him a Scapular. A relative of his standing near his seemingly lifeless body, out of devotion placed a Scapular in his hands. He suddenly became conscious, piously received all the rites of Holy Church and then died peacefully. The account is written and signed by an eye-witness. It is surely an incident warranted to strengthen one's hope and confidence in Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The Detested Monk.

When we see the devil, and his agents, in our days very busy "civilizing" harmless islanders and "reforming" innocent friars, our thoughts run to the many eloquent words used by Montelambert, when that great Frenchman wrote of "The Monks of West." Somewhere therein he tells us that since the end of the Roman persecution "the grandeur, the liberty, and the prosperity of the Church have always been exactly proportioned to the power, the regularity and the sanctity of the Religious Orders. Everywhere and always she has flourished most when her religious communities have been most numerous, most fervent, and most free. It is the monk whom the enemies of the Church have most detested and most pursued. Wherever it has been resolved to strike at the heart of religion, it has always been the Religious Orders who have received the first blows."

The World's Need.

On all sides we see too well, and bemoan, the deep-rooted spirit of worldliness which exists in our day. It is in the very air which we breathe. Like with all dangers we grow accustomed to it. We shudder to think of the great contempt for, and indifference towards religion. Again witness the insane and frantic chase after the sensual pleasures, particularly when "Forbidden!" is conspicuously written on the same. There is indeed a great need of living examples of the evangelical counsels—of bare-headed men with woolen cassocks on their backs—to show to the world the folly of the mad rush down the road of perdition. Perhaps it is true to-day what Lacordaire said fifty years ago: "Never was the world in such dread of a bare-headed man with a wretched woolen cassock on his back."

A Spiritual Work of Mercy.

The zealous Catholics of Philadelphia have started an organization which is sure to do a great good in explaining to non-Catholics the meaning of the ceremonials and doctrines of the Church. It is called St. Peter's Social Guild for Converts. We are told that its meetings so far have been largely attended, and the greatest interest manifested in the proceedings. Papers are read and discussed, and questions asked and answered, the object being to make everything clear to those who are seeking for the truth. There is also a question-box, and at the meetings many inquiries are submitted by inquirers upon the use and benefit of Indulgences in pre-reformation as well as modern times, the question of Papal infallibility and divers other subjects. There is a crying need for such guilds in many American towns and hamlets. Well-meaning people outside of the fold are thirsting for the truth. We are sure that those who show activity in promoting this good work will draw down heaven's blessing upon themselves and be a power towards the salvation of innumerable souls.

A Growing Devotion.

In this month, in which special devotion is given to the Holy Face of Our Lord, it is a pleasure to refer to the fact that a branch of the Archconfraternity has been canonically established in St. Louis, Mo. Owing to the devout prayers of several sisterhoods and the zeal displayed by other outside workers this popular and soul-saving Carmelite devotion has spread rapidly and taken deep root. A correspondent reminds us that much of this "came of a little notice in the Carmelite Review," and it reminds him "of the *little* grain of mustard seed." It is in truth a wonderful devotion, one by which "you shall work miracles," as Our Lord revealed to Sister M. de Saint Pierre. Moreover, to the same devout soul it was said: "According to your care in making reparation to My Face disfigured by blasphemy, will be my care of yours, which has been disfigured by sin. I will reprint upon it My Image and render it as beautiful as it was on leaving the baptismal font." "Our Lord has promised me," said Sister Saint Pierre again, "that He will defend before His Father all who, in this work of reparation, defend His cause by word, prayer or writing; that at their death He will purify their souls, effacing all stain of sin, and restore to them their primitive beauty." His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Kaine, of St. Louis, has granted an indulgence

of forty days to those who recite the "Golden Arrow," a beautiful prayer composed in honor of the Holy Face.

A Question Answered.

A correspondent in Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to know the meaning of the "Petitions" which are recommended monthly to the prayers of our readers. These petitions, prayers, requests, or whatever you wish to name them, are sent to us by readers throughout the American continent and Europe. Many of these readers likewise observe the laudable custom of sending at the same time a donation towards Our Lady's Shrine at Niagara Falls—or they order a Mass to be celebrated in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The many "Thanksgivings" received by us prove that these petitions are not made in vain. To explain the meaning of a "Petition" we should say that the same is usually specified at length by the petitioner, and it would be impossible for us to find space for what would be of no general interest. Hence, in asking our readers to join in praying for these requests, we briefly sum up the petitions received during the month. Take for instance these referred to by the above-mentioned correspondent: "For the sale of property; happy deaths, 3; conversions, 4; special, 10; temporal, 8; spiritual, 16; for one afflicted with sore eyes; employment, 12; families, 6; children, 10; vocation, 7."

We might paraphrase it by saying: One or more readers wish and pray for success in financial affairs, especially in the disposal of property; three persons pray for the grace of a happy death; the conversion of four persons is devoutly asked for; ten persons urgently request special favors; eight persons pray that they may be successful in temporal affairs; sixteen pray for spiritual favors (viz: to overcome a temptation, acquire a certain virtue, etc.); it is asked that peace, temperance, etc., may be given to six families; ten children are prayed for that they may lead holy lives, enjoy health—as the case may be; finally it is asked from God, through Our Blessed Lady's intercession, that seven persons may know the way in which they should walk in order to save their souls—to know their vocation. In some cases we are ignorant of the object prayed for—simply recommending the writer's intention, which is known to God. All these intentions or petitions are sent to our many convents and monasteries, all our Fathers daily make a Memento of the same at Holy Mass, and our Brothers and Sisters remember them in their pious prayers. Moreover, all these petitions are placed at the foot of the miraculous statue of Our Blessed Lady in her Shrine at Niagara Falls.

Confidence Rewarded.

An esteemed priest in West Virginia, in a letter sent to us, mentions some wonderful graces received through Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. Such cases are not rare, but nevertheless are little known since those who receive such benefits are usually averse to self-advertising. For the edification of our readers we quote from the reverend Father's letter. He says:

"The first case was that of a girl of twelve years. She was taken dangerously ill, but the parents did not at first think much of it. Thus the matter became so serious that the doctors had to perform an operation. It was a very bad case of appendicitis,

and the doctors had no hopes of getting the child through the operation. I recommended the child to the especial care of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, gave her the last Sacraments, first Holy Communion, invested her in the Brown Carmelite Scapular, and promised to have it published if she recovered. The child not only recovered but did so in such an unexpected manner that the doctor, a non-Catholic, gave it as his opinion that it was not so much medical skill that had so speedily cured the child, but that prayer had done it. This speedy cure was also a surprise to the Sisters in the hospital and to all others acquainted with the case. For which we give our heartfelt thanks to Our powerful Lady of Mount Carmel.

Another case in which all the members of a family saw the especial protection of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was that of a man suffering from softening of the brain. I had invested him in the Scapular that it might be to him a protection since there was danger of his doing harm to himself when in delirium. In an unguarded moment, one Sunday afternoon the man tried to cut his throat with a razor, making a bad cut, and then he jumped out of the second story window down onto a brick pavement. In the weakened condition he was in, it was looked upon by all as a real miracle that he was not killed outright, but he did not so much as break a single bone, although there was not a bit of flesh on his body to protect him in the terrible fall. Beyond a few insignificant bruises he came off alright. He died quite a long time after, receiving the last Sacraments, from the effects of the disease he had been suffering from.

Besides these two cases I wish to especially thank Our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for two other persons. One a married man recovering from very dangerous gastric absesses, from which he suffered severe loss of blood by hemorrhages. I gave him the Scapular, and his recovery is gratefully acknowledged.

Then the case of a boy recovering from a very severe and dangerous attack of gastric fever.

These favors are gratefully acknowledged by one who has never seen his confidence in Our Lady of Mount Carmel misplaced.

The annual question again presents itself. Have you performed your Easter duty? If not why not? Your eternal salvation may hang on this question. It may seem superfluous here, but it may meet the eye of some careless soul. If so, in all charity, we beg you, friend, to delay not your conversion. The Lord may come to you like a thief in the night. Now is the time of grace.

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'Tis probably true that "Cleanliness *is* next to Godliness," but to prove that fact it does not seem necessary to picture a couple of "dirty" monks in the act of giving the lie to their libellers. If such an illustrated advertisement appeared in a non-Catholic periodical we might over-look it and say "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," but we think it out of place in a respectable Catholic journal. It may be all right as far as "cleanliness" goes, but we doubt whether in this the editor has approached any nearer to "Godliness."

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You will frequently observe that the world persecutes *living* saints while it praises the *dead* ones.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first number of "Dominicana" has reached the friends (and they are legion) of the Dominican Fathers. In his "Foreword" the reverend Editor says: "We are resolved not to be dull." There is nothing dull in No. 1, Vol I. It is bright and cheery. One article in particular, that on St. Joseph, appeals to the devotion of every Carmelite. There is an unusually large amount of matter for a magazine of its size. Success and benediction on this new magazine which has happily made its first appearance in St. Joseph's month of this holy year of jubilee! May our Blessed Lady of the Rosary obtain many years of health for good Father O'Neil that he may long live to brighten the pages of "Dominicana."

Every one will read, or should read, "My New Curate." It has already gone through five editions. Our American readers can get this book direct from the publishers, Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, Mass. Canadian readers can procure the same (and a variety of other good books) from Mr. Thomas Coffey, publisher of the Catholic Record, London, Ont.

All the latest, best and cheapest Catholic books and every conceivable devotional article can be had from the Catholic Union Store, Swan and Franklin Sts., Buffalo, N. Y. The same house will gladly send you any goods by mail or express.

In ordering any books, etc., mentioned in these pages, kindly say "I read it in the Carmelite Review." We shall appreciate any such kindness on your part.

A new edition of "The Stations of the Cross" is a handy little volume. It contains the stations of the cross according to the methods of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, St. Francis of Assisi and the Eucharistic method. The volume is the prayer book size. (Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York, price 50 cents.)

For three hundred years Eau des Carmes has stood on its own merits. See our advertising pages.

"The Four Last Things," by Fr. Martin van Cochem, O. S F., has been issued by Benziger Bros. (36 Barclay St., New York). Price 75 cents. It is a good book, full of solid and serious reading matter.

Those of our readers desirous of procuring any books reviewed or recommended by us are requested to order direct from the publishers.

The Sacred Heart League Almanac for 1900 can be had from the Apostleship of Prayer, 27 West 16th St., New York city

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The Marlier, Callanan Company, of Boston, deserves much praise for the many excellent books it is bringing out. The new edition of "My New Curate" is a feast to the eyes. Get it and read it by all means. Price only $1.50.

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job* xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

Jeremiah O'Brien.

Rev. Fr. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.

Miss Mary O'Hare, who died last month in Ireland.

J. Doherty, who died at Niagara Falls March 11th.

Peter J. Behringer, who died at, Buffalo, N. Y., February 26. He was a model Christian, honest, generous and unwavering in his devotion to God, the Church and religion.

Mrs. P. Lynch, who died lately at Caledonia, N. Y. During life she worked zealously for the honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, especially for the interests at Niagara Falls.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

THANKSGIVINGS.

Pittsburg, Pa., Mar. 5, 1900.

Carmelite Review,
Falls View, Ont.

In December, 1899, I was laid up in bed with typhoid fever, and I made a promise to the Blessed Virgin Mary that if I would recover I would have it published in your good paper, and thanks to our Mother I recovered and am feeling well again, and so I would like to keep my word and have it published. My little brother was also sick with the same fever, and I made the same promise to Our Mother of Mt. Carmel, and to-day he is as well as ever. F. W. M.

New York City, Mar. 13, 1900.

Dear Father:

I give thanks to our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor received whilst undergoing an operation. I promised to have the same published in the Carmelite Review.

Very respectfully,
M. F.

Several readers offer thanks to Our Blessed Lady for divers spiritual and temporal favors received during the past month.

Thanks are also offered by many to the Holy Infant of Prague for various special graces.

Sincere thanks are returned to our Lady for a temporal favor granted to one of her most unworthy children. M. E. B.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Happy death, 2; poor souls, 4; perseverance, 2; temporal favors, 15; children, 6; success in business, 1; families, 3; for peace, 2; parents, 2; employment, 8; conversions, 12; special, 8; health, 13; sick, 4; tempted, 2; means, 2; general 3; urgent, 1; spiritual, 3.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—Promise of B. V. M.

Names received at Carmel Convent, New Baltimore, Pennsylvania, from: — Detroit, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo., and Allegheny City, Pa.

Names received at Scipio (Kansas) Monastery from:—St. Ann, Kansas City, Kan.; Ceylon, Wis.; Church of Annunciation, Streetor, Ill.; Stanton, Wis.; St. Joseph's Hospital, Ouray, Col.; St. Peter's Church, Pine Bluff, Ark.; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Leavenworth, Kan.; Cumberland, La.; Tipton, Kan.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls:

Amherstburg, Ont.; Our Lady of Good Counsel, Vilanova, Pa.; Moose Creek, Ont.; St. Rosis' Church, Newtown, Conn.; St. John's, Oswego, N. Y.; Walkerton, Ont.; St. Lewis' College, St. Leo, Fla; St. Anthony's Church, Paducah, Minn.; Dundalk, Ont.

Favors for the Hospice.

M. T., Boston, Mass.; M. D., Providence, R. I.; E. K., Huron, Ont.; M. M., Milwaukee, Wis.; M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below,** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

Der Karmeliten-Geiſt iſt ein Special-Mittel für Nervenſchwäche. Bekannt ſeit 1611. In Amerika eingeführt durch die Karmeliter ſelbſt. Zu haben bei Stoddarts, — 84 Seneca St., Buffalo.

Salve Regina!

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., MAY, 1900. NO. 5

Salve Regina!

HAIL, Holy Queen! The bloom of May
Betokens thy puissant sway.
A sunlit, dazzling dream of white,
It surges in aërial light;
Then, dulled to pearl, it glimmers gray.

Thy love descends without delay
To meet our joys. No planet's ray
Is swifter—nor the lark's sky flight!
Hail, Holy Queen!

Thy sympathy, it comes to stay,
A violet sweetness, every day;
A mother-love, of patient might
To calm and soothe and guide aright.
Shine, tearful eyes! Nor say her nay!
Hail, Holy Queen!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

MOTHER of Our Redeemer! Gate of heaven,
Star of our night on life's wild, troubled sea
Fainting, we fall, yet, falling, cry to thee
To whom such grace, such privilege was given
To bear thy God, by whom our chains were riven;
Who, stooping low, as one of us to be,
Yet left unstained thy virgin purity:
Lo, thee forgetting, vainly we have striven,
And in our weakness, fly to thee for aid;
And, as the archangel greeted thee, we greet:
"Hail full of grace!" Most pitiful! Most sweet!
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made;
Mother of Him on Whom our sins were laid;
Make us, at last, in thee, in Him, complete.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

Flower Emblems of Mary.

"*God thought of thee when He made the flowers.*"—Rev. K. D. Best.

GOD thought of thee, His Mother dear,
In days of early Spring,
When fragrant blossoms, like thy name,
Sweet hope and gladness bring.

He thought, in glowing Summer days,
Of balmy sun-lit air,
How love and suffering in thy heart
Entwined like rosebuds fair.

The harvest months were rich in thoughts
Of thee Our Infant-Queen,
And bright the emblems they unfold
In red and golden sheen.

And even in the wintry cold,
When earth was robed in snow,
He fashioned emblems of thy heart
In flow'rets drooping low.

The cultured garden's rarest buds,
And wild flowers of the dell,
In varied symbol whisperings
Thy wondrous beauty tell.

And thus, He ever thought of thee
Creating flowers of earth;
Thou art the fairest of them all,
O Child of spotless birth!

We gladly cull the choicest flowers
To deck thy holy shrine,
And say: "God made their beauty fair,
But thought the while of thine!

—Enfant de Marie.

The Scapular of the Slave.

Story from the Dark Continent.

From the German by Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C.

CATHOLIC missionaries had formed a settlement in a paradisical country of far off Africa. Palms and groves of bananas skirted a green valley and the tropical heat was tempered by a slight breeze blowing from a large lake near-by. The wooden tower of the little church and the metallic cross crowning the mission house could be seen from afar. Quiet ruled during the day, as the inhabitants worked in the fields, planting rice and building roads, under the leadership of the missionaries.

This rule, however, was set aside on the day on which our story commences. The wide court-yard of the settlement was crowded with Christians of every age, who had gathered from the neighboring villages. All surrounded the mission cross in the centre of the yard, reciting fervently the Rosary. Fear and terror were depicted on every countenance. Fugitive negroes a few hours before had brought the depressing news of the approach of Arab slave hunters, who burned houses and villages, devastated gardens and fields, killed those who opposed them and chained the others. What an horrible outlook for the poor Christians of the mission!

For the moment the truth of the report could be called in doubt, as they had not yet seen an enemy. But when the night sank upon the country the horizon round about reddened. Flames blazed up as high as an house, the fiery torches of burning cottages and villages, which succumbed to the fury of raging Mahommedans.

With the dawn of day the advance-guard of the enemy appeared. They could be seen climbing the steep mountain slopes, and their white burnusses vividly contrasted the colored garments of the crowd of slaves which they drove before them in chains. Not far from the mission they camped under the shade of gigantic trees.

Silently and horror-struck the mission saw it. The missionaries considered what to do in this emergency. Without weapons and ammunition they could not defend themselves against the robbers. If they had but a small contingent of soldiers they would defend their wards to the last drop of blood, but under present conditions they could only rely upon the help of God and hope that the enemy would spare their place.

Fr. Benedict, a fearless and determined priest, volunteered to go into the camp of the Arabs and treat with their leader. He intended to threaten him with the anger of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who exercised a kind of protectorate over the Christian communities of negroes. The offer of the father was accepted, and he, accompanied by a single negro, started on his errand.

Osman, the leader of the Arabs, received him discourteously. In badly dissimulated mockery he said: "You and your wards will for the nonce remain in peace, but do not trouble yourselves about the things going on around you." As the priest saw many baptised negroes among the captives, he dared to beg for their release. The chief demurred, and only after long

discussion he declared himself ready to release them for a ransom. The sum he asked was high, and the means at the disposal of the missionaries barely sufficient to supply their wants. The poor slaves in the meantime lamented loudly.

"Father," they cried despairingly. "Father, save us! Buy our liberty. You were always kind to us. Do not allow us to perish in our present misery."

The missionary could not repress his tears. All human considerations had to yield, he would have given the last drop of his blood for these poor people. So he bought human ware: boys and girls, and loosened their fetters with his own hand. His means being finally exhausted, and the heart of the slave-hunter remaining obdurate, Fr. Benedict was about to return home sorrowfully with the ransomed children, when there arose a howling among the remainder that penetrated through the marrow of the bones. It was a hundred-fold cry of despair and deadly anguish.

Stupefied and overcome, the priest stumbled forward. An old negress cast herself at his feet and took hold of his cassock. "Wait, father, wait, buy one more, just one," she yelled piercingly in a hoarse voice, clasping in her arms the knees of the priest, and pointing to a boy, her only son, who stood aside, silent, petrified as it were, a dark frown upon his face.

Fr. Benedict looked at him in surprise, his blood stagnated in the veins, his heart was cramped by unspeakable woe, and he hastened up to him and embraced him with the word: "Paul, is it you, my good, good boy."

The sheik saw the episode with a mocking smile. "For this one," he shouted at the priest, "you have to pay me three times the amount paid for any other one. Look at these shoulders and this back. The fellow can carry a double load of ivory. Besides I do not intend to sell him, for this Christian dog is an insolent fellow, on whom I intend to wreak my vengance."

Paul's eyes shed lightning, and with a raised voice he cried: "Save your threats. Even if the father could buy me I would ask him not to do it."

"Yes, father," he turned to the priest, "I am strong, I can carry a heavy load. I am young and able to bear much, leave me to my fate. But take pity on my old mother and ransom her. For the love of the Blessed Virgin in heaven, I beg of you buy her freedom." With these words he pointed to the weeping woman.

And now there rose a battle between the love of a mother and the love of a child. "Free him father, save him! my only son, my good Paul," gulped out the nerveless old negress. "No, not me, buy her," asked the magnanimous son. The earth may seldom have witnessed a similar picture of heroic self-denial and the spirit of sacrifice. Everyone forgot his own woes, all looked upon mother and child. The missionary could but look up to heaven and pray.

One only saw this touching battle with diabolical delight—the sheik, who at last decided in favor of the mother. Who would be able to describe the farewell of the mother from her darling?

The father awaited himself a moment when he was not noticed to lay into the hands of Paul a Scapular, whispering: "Take this, Paul, it is the habit of Our Heavenly Queen. When you are in extreme danger put it around your neck, Mary is our refuge."

Using mild force, he led the incon-

solable old negress away, and when he came to the mission with the ransomed blacks the hearts of all welled up in gratitude towards God for their safety. All rejoiced, only one heart was bleeding, broken by pain—a mother's heart.

II.

The weeks passed slowly. Paul and his fellow-captives were driven towards the East African shore.

We will not speak of the hardships, bodily suffering and brutal ill-treatment to which the poor people were subjected. The worst ill-treatment fell upon the Christian negroes, whom the Arab slave traders wanted to convert to Islam. Many expired under the lash, whilst their feeble lips lisped the names of Jesus and May. Others of more robust constitution survived this way of the cross, but their limbs and face bore the scares for lifetime. The survivers arrived at the seashore crippled, reduced to skeletons and covered with pockmarks, as pox had raged among the caravan, carrying off many.

After the horrible marches through the primeval forests and their thorny shrubs they inhaled the ozone of the sea and regaled their eyes by a glance of the endless sea. Rid of their heavy loads of ivory they even indulged in day-dreams of liberty. Yet they had not arrived at the end of their sufferings. Their lot should be still darker, more horrors awaited them.

They were brought on board a dhow to be ferried over to the slave marts of Arabia. For the moment they were squeezed together on a part of the deck, but at the first sign of danger they had to expect to be thrown into the hold of the vessel.

A large number of cotton bales were likewise on deck—a queer load on a slaver. In vain Paul tried to guess what was intended with this freight, but soon the explanation was to be given.

The fresh sea wind swelled the sails, and with the swiftness of an arrow the boat glided over the tranquil waters. The rays of the moon shone like molten silver upon the waves, resplendent like the milky way and the stars which fill the heavens with tropical splendor.

Paul looked over the expanse of water and into the depth of the measureless heavens. He thought of the far off mother and his meeting her in heaven. If he would but die soon to escape the disgrace of being exhibited in a public market and sold like a beast.

Every breath of air filling the sails brought him nearer his destiny. If envy was not sinful he would have envied the companion with whom he was chained together and whose last hour was obviously very near.

Paul grasped the Scapular which he carried in his belt. His faith revived and an inexplicable confidence took possession of him. Quickly he put the Scapular around his neck and remembered the words of the good father. Could there be a more disastrous hour than the present?

Suddenly a shot thundered from the distance. The slaver was pursued by a man-of-war. The poor negroes understood the signal and their eyes regained their lustre. The Arabs cursed and swore, a new sail was hoisted and every exertion made to escape the danger.

But Osman hurried to the slaves and roared at them with a voice of thunder: "You dogs rejoice too soon, you hope that the foreign ship will liberate you. But listen to me. In case the accursed whites come upon

our ship you all have to declare that you are on my ship by your own free will. If you do not obey me, by Allah, I shall torment you as men have never been tormented before. Speak!"

A few poor negroes gave the required promise, the greater part of the slaves stood silent and undetermined. A solitary voice was heard: "My religion forbids me a lie, and I shall not speak an untruth if it costs my life."

"That's it. Paul is right, we will hope in the help of Our Father, who is in heaven," other Christians joined in, encouraged by the heroic example of the noble youth.

The Arab foamed in his rage: "Ah, you accursed Christian dogs, is it thus you dare to answer me. You pronounced your own judgment," he cried, and dragged the unfortunate lad by his chain to the hold, in which he tumbled him.

Paul knew he was in danger to die of suffocation, but no complaint crossed his lips. Mutely and without attempt at defense he resigned himself to his destiny. The Scapular in the meanwhile had caught the eye of the Arab. With a blasphemous curse he tore it from the neck of the unhappy man and flung it far from him. It struck a cotton-bale and clung to it.

The other Christian slaves shared the fate of Paul. Pellmell they were thrown down the hold, lying partly under, partly above Paul. Over the bodies of the captives they piled the cotton-bales. These were to be their graves, all now understood their purpose.

Osman triumphantly cried out: "Now let the cursed Christian ship come, we have nothing to fear." The pursuer came closer and closer. Soon another shot thundered, and a cannonball skimming the deck laid low several of the crew. Thereupon the dhow lay by, and soon the buried slaves heard the heavy tread of the strangers, who boarded the vessel and searched her. They finally descended also into the hold. Osmer pointed out the cotton-bales. The distrustful soldiers drove their sabres and bayonets into the bales, but, disappointed, they left.

The hearts of the slaves beating in high hopes of near liberation till then, abandoned themselves to despair. There was no salvation for them.

But, lo! The steps of the soldiers approached again. Once more they descend the stairs. With a loud hurrah the Germans rolled aside the cotton-bales. Light and air streamed into the prison of the poor slaves, who could answer the calls of their saviors but in a feeble voice. Quickly the work progressed, and the soldiers themselves hastened to take the chains off the negroes and conduct them on deck.

What a sight their eyes met with there. Chained, hand and foot, lay the slave hunters. The scene had changed. And how did all this happen so miraculously?

As the Germans, after their fruitless search, were about to leave, one of them, a pious Westphalian, saw the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel hanging on a cotton-bale and illumined by the rays of the moon. It was softly waving to and fro, fanned by the evening breeze, as if it had to announce a wondrous tale. He directed the attention of the officer to it. "A Scapular on board a Mahommedan sailship?" With veneration he looked at the sacred emblem, and respectfully put it in his breastpocket. A queer booty from the deck of an infidel's ship. But suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. "Children," he said excitedly, "search the boat once more

and closer, it carries Christian negro slaves."

What zeal, what loving haste they showed in executing the command!

The German Government gave orders to bring the freed slaves back to their mission. A few months later they arrived there. The missionaries and the whole people received them in solemn procession. Tears of joy were wept and there was no end of greeting and embracing. After a frugal meal they sat in a large circle in the court-yard. Paul sat at the foot of the big cross, Fr. Benedict at his right, his mother at his left. All listened in silence as he narrated his experiences and those of his companions. Towards the end he told of their liberation and how wonderfully the promise of Fr. Benedict had been fulfilled. Everyone fervently and thankfully kissed his Scapular, but the pious missionary rose and touchingly intoned the Ave Maria gratia plena! Hundreds of voices took it up. Women and girls, youths and men, children and the aged, with eyes full of tears, their hands folded and their looks turned toward heaven, all sang: Ave Maria!

The Month of May.

By V. Rev. Theodore J. McDonald, O. C. C.

THE month of May has once more rolled round, and though it is always welcomed, it is especially interesting this year as it closes the nineteenth century for the month of flowers. May makes great promises and is not slow in fulfilling them, it brings joy to the human heart for it points to nature's glorious resurrection. Winter warned us only of death and showed the grim destroyer in his most repulsive form, as though he had gained a complete victory for all time. But May tells the world to hope, that death does not rule forever, and that even in nature there still remains the germ of life. The flowers that faded and died under the rude and chilling blasts of autumn, beneath the hand of Him who gives being to all things, spring once more to life, a beautiful emblem of the glorious resurrection of the just at the last day, when time shall be no more. Winter came frowning, clothed in the solemnities of death, and held nature within his ice-bound grasp, dead and buried, as though there was no resurrection, but despite all this the flowers have sprung to life once more in the beautiful month of May. What experience has shown us in the natural world faith shows us in the supernatural, and as May celebrates her triumph over winter with her profusion of flowers, the morning of the resurrection will celebrate her victory over the gloom of ages and the darkness of the grave.

Thus we see that for many reasons May is the most beautiful month in the year, and on that account is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady—the most beautiful and perfect of all creatures—and the beauty and hope that May affords in the order of nature may be looked for from Mary in the order of grace. It is a moral beauty fairer than the most enchanting productions of earth, because of a higher order, and a hope not of the promises of this life but of

the future fruition of an eternal and an unfading glory. Therefore as the month of May is with us once again I cannot let it pass without addressing the children of Mary. When I speak of the children of Mary I do not confine myself to the Sodalities, whose members bear that name, but I address all whether young or old who cherish both reverence and love for Our Blessed Lady. Our Divine Lord gave her to be the mother of those whom He redeemed by His precious blood. It was the gift of His last will and testament when dying on the cross. At the last supper He gave men the greatest of all gifts when He gave Himself in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. But when dying on the cross, when about to expire, though dying under the appearance of a criminal, yet He was the God of Majesty, the heavenly hosts were as nothing before Him, the might of earthly rulers and the pomp and power of armies were to Him but as a straw carried away by the wind. He owned all things in heaven and on earth, yet omnipotent as He was, He had nothing to give those for whom He died equal to that which He had given when He gave them His Most Blessed Mother to be their mother and protector.

Then you can easily perceive that devotion to Our Virgin Mother is as old as the Church. The same day that Our Divine Lord gave birth to the Church—His Divine Spouse—He gave His mother to be the mother and protector of Christian people—He gave her to the faithful to be their mother, and gave the faithful to her to be her children. I must confess that among the faithful there are some who trouble themselves very little about devotion to their Virgin Mother. It would be well for them, however, to know that the greatest and most honorable men were always remarkable for the love and veneration they had for their mothers in this life, and that such men loved the Blessed Virgin, their spiritual mother, with a devotion and constancy that never failed. It is a sweet characteristic of disinterestedness, a nobility of character, a heroism that distinguish a certain and a very large class of nature's noblemen, coming down from the dawn of Christianity even to the present day. Such heroic souls threw an unbroken light that glittered around the crown of the Church for the last nineteen centuries, and in every age brought out in disgusting relief the wretched Catholic who had no love for the mother that bore him, and not only who had no love for the Blessed Virgin, but seldom or never thought of her, who could make no sacrifice for God or man, and who was so devoured by his own meanness and selfishness that he could never love anyone but himself. However, I do not say that such a class of men in the Church is very large, for the faithful for the most part always cherish a deep and ardent affection for their tender mother. She has at all times and in all the ages of the Church possessed the hearts of her faithful children, which is another way of saying that she gathers a rich harvest of souls for heaven, as devotion to Our Blessed Lady has been in all ages of the Church a characteristic sign of the elect.

As a proof of this assertion I here bring forward the testimony of only a few of the fathers of the Church. "Groaning still here," says Saint Bernard, "in the place of exile we have to-day sent before us from earth to heaven an advocate who will work efficaciously in the affair of our

salvation. It is the mother of Our Judge! It is the mother of mercy!" "Holy Virgin!" adds the same father, "I consent that thy mercy and goodness to us shall never be published if any can be found to say that you have failed them in their need when they have invoked you with fervor and confidence. "To have a singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin," exclaims St. John of Damascus, "is to have defensive arms, which God places in the hands of those whom it is His will to save." Perhaps some of my readers may wish to know something of the life of St. John, and what the Blessed Virgin did for him in the hour of his distress. John was born of noble parents in the city of Damascus, hence the name John of Damascus. There was in the reign of the holy pontiff, St. George the Second, an emperor ruling at Constantinople named Leo the Isaurian. In the year 726 he published an edict against the use of religious pictures and statues, and by doing so inaugurated the Iconoclast heresy. He found in St. John a strong opponent and a worthy champion of the Church. John was Vizier under the Caliph of Damascus, but his great soul soared above the sphere of worldly honors. He obtained the Caliph's permission to live in retirement and availed himself of his freedom to enter the monastic state. He wrote a work against the Iconoclast heresy, defending the true doctrine of the Church, which spread with great rapidity throughout the East. The Emperor was furious and determined to wreak his vengance on John, either by his prestige—for his word as Emperor went a long way with the magnates of the world—or by fraud. He would use falsehood if other means failed, for when was a heretic, whether an emperor, a king, or a citizen, enamoured of the truth, and so it was with the Isaurian. He caused a skilful forger to counterfeit the handwriting of the holy doctor and to address a suppositious letter from him to the Emporer inviting him to march upon Damascus, which he promised to place in his power. The Emperor then sent the false document to the Caliph as a pledge of his friendship and a proof of his desire to preserve peace between them. The Caliph, too much angered to listen to John, ordered his right hand to be cut off. But the saint in his distress sought refuge in the assistance of his Blessed Mother after the bloody punishment had been inflicted upon him. Throwing himself upon his knees before her image he sought her to intercede with her Divine Son for the restoration of his mutilated hand, that he might still defend the cause of holy images. His prayer was granted. Struck by the miraculous event, the Caliph loaded down the saint with favors.

I have been asked: As the Blessed Virgin has so frequently wrought miracles, and at times such an extraordinary miracle as the one above related, why in her charity does she not reward the faith and confidence of all Christian people, especially those who love her, and relieve them from all their temporal suffering? If the Blessed Virgin, by her miraculous power, would cure all the temporal diseases of Christian people she would by this means set aside the Divine Providence of God, who sends great trials to holy and strong souls in this life. And not only to these chosen ones but to all Christian people does He from time to time send His severe visitations, that He may chasten their hearts, making them here living models

of their suffering Redeemer, that for the suffering of a short time He may reward them with the crown of life and an unspeakably higher glory. Very frequently He demands the most sublime sacrifice that makes the victim here in this dark vale of tears a living spectacle to the angels as they look down from their bright thrones from heaven, a spectacle that is dear to Our Divine Saviour. Nor does He demand this of religious people alone! But He demands it very often of His faithful children living amidst the turmoils of this distracting world. What sacrifice can be greater than that of the father for the loss of his son! When the pent up feelings are too full to flow, when the heart is strained to its utmost endurance from the pressure of sorrow, when the lost one was the hope of his life, from that heroic crushed Christian heart the sacrifice goes up in the odor of sweetness before the throne of God, and the voice from that broken heart, "not my will be done, but Thine, O Lord," is sweeter to His ear than the song of angels. I may also mention here the sacrifice of the young mother weeping over the loss of her only child. The love down in the recess of her heart—the measure of her sorrow is too deep and too sacred for words to express. The sacrifice is great. She is the victim, a victim worthy of the faith she professes, and in the strength of that faith she offers her child to the God who gave it. These are but a few cases among the sufferings so numerous and so varied that Christian people are wont to bear through the bitter walks of this life. But they chasten the soul of the Christian athlete, they loosen the ties of earth and prepare the soul for its flight to that glorious land where all sorrows will cease. It is only the holy Catholic faith that strengthens the soul to be able to make such voluntary sacrifices. If the Blessed Virgin does not interfere and take away the cross, she gives strength and consolation to bear it, which in most cases is much better. But I am sometimes told, notwithstanding all that I have said with regard to the efficacy of the Catholic faith and the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that many Catholics do not bear patiently the ills of life, and that when a heavy cross is placed on their shoulders they rebel against Divine Providence. That one or another may rebel is true, but that many rebel is not true. The former few are not clients of the Blessed Virgin, nor are they worthy to be called Catholics, for they are such in name only. But even if they were they are only dark spots in the human side of the Church. Science informs us that there are dark spots in the sun, but they do not interfere with the efficacy of the great luminary in imparting its light and heat to us, nor will these bad Catholics mar the power of the Catholic faith nor that of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin in strengthening and consoling Christian people whilst bearing the ills of this life.

God sends poverty and suffering to us in this life for our good. He is certainly rich enough. He could make all His children repose in the lap of luxury and supply all their wants without their labor. But would this be good for mankind in his present fallen condition? No, what God sends us is best. Let us go back to what we were saying about miracles, that it would not be good that miracles would take away all the ills of life in all places and at all time. Let us suppose one that has been brought up in an ordinary sphere of life, but who on account of

some untoward circumstances became reduced in fortune, nay to extreme poverty. He may be abandoned by the world, he may suffer from an incurable disease though he is yet young. Still he is resigned, for he has made the sacrifice that will elevate him to a throne among the martyrs and that will throw a purple shade over his pure and unspotted garment. What treasures is God bestowing on him! He has only to await patiently a little while for death, which will open for him the gates of paradise, where he will receive the crown of life. Such are the workings of God's Divine Providence. Dark, dark it is true to the worldly minded, who see only earthly things. It is of such the Apostle speaks when he says: "The carnal man does not understand the things of God." Now let the worldly man have his way, but let us remember that the patient of whom we are speaking is young. Let the miracle be wrought. God lifts him up from his bed of pain and restores him to perfect health. He pours down upon him temporal blessings in abundance—health, riches and position. These are exactly what the world would call real blessings, and still they may be to him real evils, the greatest misfortune that could befall him. We know from experience that blessings of this kind but too often foment the passions, and in his case he that was, in his sorrow, so near the gates of paradise, may, in his prosperity, turn away from God, and when the last act in the drama of life is finished find himself the companion of the reprobate and suffer in torments forever.

However, let this be as it may, all people do not make a bad use of the temporal blessings that God sends them. But health, riches and power, nevertheless, are dangerous to salvation, and they are by no means the greatest blessings that God bestows on His children. Besides this material world there is another world by which we are surrounded—a spiritual world, as real as the world we see with our eyes and feel with our hands. In the supernatural world grace is constantly working. Sometimes miracles of grace, through the intercession of the saints or through the prayers and good works of holy people on earth, change the heart of the wayward sinner into a docile and holy child of the Church. Then again there are temporal blessings bestowed on Christian people through miracles wrought in the Church and visible to all. Such miracles are wrought at Lourdes, I may say almost daily, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. There in that holy place under the rocks of Massabielle, where the healing waters flowed beneath the childish hands of Bernadette, through the intervention of Our Blessed Lady, the most extraordinary cures are effected. The invalid is carried down to the fountain laboring under a disease that the highest medical authority pronounces incurable, nevertheless, there in broad daylight, in the presence of thousands of people, the invalid is healed. There is no end to cases of this kind that have been corroborated by the testimony of physicians renowned for their medical skill—some Catholics, others Protestants and others again of no religious belief. There are other miracles wrought daily in the Church that I might call occult miracles, that even their efficient cause in moving the divine mercy are totally unaware of their existence. I will illustrate what I mean by an example: A laborer is taken suddenly ill, his case the physician says is hopeless. A novena

is being offered up for his recovery; the poor weary pastor, whose heart is no stranger to deep, sharp wounds because of the misery of his flock, visits him. He sees the situation—a large family, helpless at that, is depending for support on the sick man, and he from the depths of his soul sends up his prayers in union with the holy people, who through the novena are storming heaven for his recovery. The poor man slowly recovers. Was it the medicine, or was it the prayers of the pastor, or was it the novena, or was it both that was the cause of the man's recovery? We know not. Cases of this kind will remain a mystery until the day arrives when the hidden things of darkness will be brought to light. But it is certain that occult miracles are constantly wrought in the Church.

This question of miracles took more space than I intended, so I will have to say less on the month of May than I would wish. It has a freshness that no other month possesses, it imparts a buoyancy to the human heart and an intoxication to the spirit of youth, which have been sweetly directed through a religious channel and consecrated to the Virgin Mother of God. Throughout the world, in every land where the cross crowns the church, there are altars erected to Mary. The May flowers are gathered by willing hands, and the dews of heaven that glitter in their petals are not as pure and sweet as the tears of devotion shed upon them by the children of Mary. I am frequently contradicted and told that the tears of devotion shed by the children of Mary and which I call bright pearls, immortal pearls that will glitter in their crowns hereafter in paradise, are all lost by one mortal sin. That is true as far as it goes. There is somewhere in the East a rose that when plucked dries and decays, but after a long period, when dead to our sense, if placed in water will again revive. All its fragrance returns, the exquisite tints that once made it so pleasing to the sight are as clear and enchanting as when it flourished on its stem. It is thus with the tears of the child of Mary, but in a more perfect manner. The pearls that lost their beauty by sin are again restored through penance when the child of Mary returns once more to her loving Redeemer and casts herself into the loving arms of her Blessed Mother.

In the most solemn moment that ever occurred in this world the Angel of God stood before Our Blessed Lady and pronounced the Angelic Salutation. How many lips have pronounced that glorious salutation since that auspicious hour. Generations have come and gone, they now moulder in silent dust. The rank weeds grow over their graves, the foot of the stranger heedlessly treads on what still remains of them, and the winds of heaven carry away their dust. It is true the tongues that pronounced so many Hail Marys are silent, but will be so only till the bright morning of the resurrection. How many clients of Mary in those generations that have passed away owe their salvation to their love and devotion for their Blessed Mother? May it be with us in this generation, that like her clients of old we may be ever faithful to her—Our Sweet Mother.

Life passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is true to us; One alone can be true; One alone can be all things to us; One alone can supply our need.—*Newman.*

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

III.

MY promise to give you some instances of the fact that the Turk is not the worst enemy of Christianity may be fulfilled in comparatively few words.

First of all then, let us consider the comparative liberty enjoyed under his rule by the several so-called *denominations*. These are well represented in the large cities and have ramifications in the interior of Turkey. The American and English Bible Societies have their stronghold in Constantinople, and funds are not wanting to carry on their peculiar work. Their mission is not the success, however, which one would suppose it ought to be—*i. e.*, it is not proportioned to the means employed by its agents. A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal sect, whom I met in Rustchuk and whose jurisdiction extends over a large area of the East, told me that Protestantism was not making much headway, and that it had virtually renounced *proselytism, being content with infusing a little life and vigor into the Oriental forms of Christianity by its presence and example.* I understood very well the explanation of the position thus candidly expressed; for neither the Greek "orthodox" nor the Armenian churches have anything in common with the modern creations of Luther, Henry the Eighth, etc., and, consequently, their members, with infinitesimal exceptions, resist the doubtless well-meaning efforts of the latter's evangelists to convert them. Even the schools established in different parts of the East by the "Boards of Foreign Missions" do not thrive, because of the fear of parents lest the religious convictions of their children be influenced. Hence, beyond the "infinitesimal number" referred to, and despite fine meeting-houses, ample school-room, the distribution of countless Bibles, tracts, etc., to say nothing of an unlimited supply of that indispensable commodity wherewith Our Divine Saviour counselled his disciples to make friends unto themselves, to-wit, the "Mammon of iniquity," things remain pretty much in statu quo, for the very good reason that the masses do not move. All this, however, (and it is only to demonstrate my proposition that I cite it) does not prove that the Turk is the worst enemy with which missionaries in the Orient have to contend. On the contrary, the evident liberty which he allows the sects—as is apparent from the freedom with which they operate in his Dominions—more than suffices to establish my thesis, and that is all I have in view for the present. It may be objected that he does not act thus from any love of Christianity, but rather through a wholesome fear of the powerful nations which back it up (under the forms spoken of thus far); but with this view of the question I am not concerned here: the *fact* is enough; its

raison d'etre is quite a separate consideration. I might ask in passing whether the Protestant communions in the East really effect the awakening in the schismatic Greeks and Armenians which the worthy gentleman I have quoted declared to be a sufficient response to the labors of his brethren of the ministry in these countries.

If the answer be affirmative, it must certainly seem odd to the intelligent observer that both the one and the other are only the more confirmed in their own faith thereby, and that their distrust of Protestantism increases in proportion as this awakening process advances. It cannot be denied meanwhile, that in Armenia particularly, the orphanages founded and sustained by the above mentioned organizations have reaped a considerable harvest of souls by affording food, clothing and shelter to hundreds of little ones left parentless by the recent massacres. Sewing and fancy-work schools, too, have been set on foot by lay-mistresses and the Protestant Order of "Deaconesses," in which girls and young women are trained to earn their own livelihood.

And now what of Catholicism in Turkey? Certainly in comparison with Protestantism it has the advantage of *time*. Not to go back quite as far as the Crusades, we need but recall the settlements of the Genoese and Venetians, etc., in the Orient; a phase in Eastern history which has forced itself upon my observation even involuntarily, under the form of ruined chateaux, fortifications, etc., not only in and around Constantinople, but all along the line of my present tour. Churches, too,—for instance (not to weary you by mentioning others) that of St. Benoit, administered by the Lazarists at Galata and which dates back to the thirteenth century—still exist throughout the Orient, and that without having ceased to flourish during the course of centuries, as an undeniable proof that the "Mater omnium ecclesiarum" has never lost her foothold in the East. Add to this that numerically large colonies of Catholics of divers nationalities have existed for ages back in the very strongholds of Mahommedanism and that at this day they live there in peace, and I think you will admit that I was not far from the truth in what I said of the Turk in this relation. But this is not all. There is scarcely a Religious Order in the Church which has not one or more monasteries and convents in the leading cities of the Ottoman Empire. There you will find Benedictines, Basilians, Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins, Jesuits, Barnabites, Lazarists, Mechitarists, Resurrectionists, Assumptionists, Carmelites, and (last, but to me the dearest in this imperfect enumeration,) Passionists. Thus much for the Orders of priests. Of Orders of lay-religious (I use the adjective in contra-distinction to clerical) there are the Christian Brothers, the Marist Brothers, the Brothers of St. John of God, etc.; whilst for Catholic Sisterhoods, they are simply too numerous to allow of my giving each of them mention here. Prominent among them, however, are the Sisters of Charity (white coronets), the Dames de Sion, the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Oblates of the Assumption. All the Orders—male and female—are as busy as bees, having under their charge (according to the spirit of their respective institutes) colleges, schools, hospitals, etc. One meets them at every turn in the larger cities, such as Constantinople, Smyrna, Beyrouth, Damascus—and if in one place more than another here in Jerusalem—clad

in the striking garb of their several communities, going and coming freely at will, and meeting with naught but respect wherevery they pass.

[It is a significant fact, for example, that the Imperial Hospital at Pera is administered by the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, and that by the Sultan's personal orders.] Catholic Churches are filled with devout worshippers on Sundays and festivals, and the week-day Masses are well attended. All this I have seen with my own eyes in the several cities named a moment ago, excepting that of Damascus; but the Most Rev. Nicholas Cadi, Greek Catholic Archbishop of Hauran (who resides at Damascus, and of whom more anon) has assured me that it is the same there. What does all this prove? Nothing less than that the Catholic Church enjoys a fair share of liberty in Turkey, that she is very much alive, very vigorous and fruitful, and that she at least does not need the presence and example of Protestantism to infuse into her robust frame the elements of force and activity. But does she make converts? you may ask. I answer that she certainly does, and that, too, in considerable numbers; but she does it without parade or ostentation, and hence the fact is known only to those concerned. Even among the Mahommedans she finds willing additions to the army of the faithful, but these must practice their faith in secret, for the liberality (?) of the Turkish Government does not extend so far as to allow of its subjects embracing Christianity. On the contrary, it would fare ill with the neophytes alluded to if discovered. Turkish subjects, other than Musselmans —Greek orthodox and Armenians for instance—may pass from their schism to Catholicity with impunity as far as the Sublime Porte is concerned, but the line is drawn there, and may not be crossed. In this connection (though I am anticipating), I recall an incident told me by Monseigneur Cannova, who for fifteen years was Bishop of Crete, viz.: Several villages of Greeks in that island wishing to escape the petty persecutions of the Moslem neighbors, applied to his lordship for admission into the Church (bear in mind that all Catholics in the Orient were then—and, with exception of Germans, are now—under the protectorate of France, and you will understand the situation). The Bishop informed the Pasha of the Province of the facts, and without delay received for answer: "Would to God they would carry out their intention!" The reason for this reply lies in the fact that Catholic communities in Turkey are orderly and law-abiding, and it was precisely on this account that Monseigneur Bonetti, Archbishop of Constantinople, and Monseigneur Agarian, lately deceased, Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, wielded so great an influence with the Sultan during the late massacres and succeeded in saving thousands of lives.

As a St. Louisian, it may interest you to hear furthermore in the above connection the testimony of a gentleman whose acquaintance I made in Constantinople recently, viz., Dr. D. Bright, correspondent in that city, by the way, for The Medical Brief, a periodical issued at Ninth and Olive streets, in your city. The Doctor, who is a fervent Catholic, assured me that the Church is not tolerated only, but even esteemed, if not precisely *revered*, by the Turks. As one instance among the several he cited in this behalf, I shall quote his description to me of the Corpus Christi procession at Koum Kapou and Kadi Keui:

"A company of Turkish soldiers," he said, "headed by a military band and the Ottoman banner, leads the way through the public streets in the neighborhood of the Church of the Assumptionist Fathers in both the above-named places, whilst patrols of police accompany the procession on either side. All along the route the houses, in great numbers, are decorated with branches of trees and garlands of flowers, as well as profusely adorned with flags of different nations, the Turkish prominent among the rest. Amid strains of music and the ringing of church-bells, the long file of priests, choristers and the faithful wends its way from one altar to another, and the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is thrice imparted to the kneeling multitudes. The thoroughfares are black with people, among whom, naturally, the Mussulmans, as also the schismatic Greeks and Armenians of the quarter, who outnumber the Catholics by far, predominate. But not the least sign of disrespect or even of levity is witnessable. Far from anything of the kind, the greatest reverence seems to animate all present, and even Turks are to be seen bending the knee and (a thing they do not do even in their own mosques, for there the sign of respect consists in taking off the shoes) uncovering their heads. All this show of regard on the part of the military and civic authorities is, of course, rendered with the knowledge of the Sultan and by his orders. So much for the toleration of Our Holy Mother, the Church, by the Government of Turkey."

But I have allowed myself to be drawn into a more lengthy commentary on this subject than I had any notion of entering upon when I began it; wherefor I shall bid it adieu here, for the present at least, in order to give you an account of my wanderings elsewhere, though I may have occasion to revert to it again later on, as I have still a lengthy voyage before me in the land of the Crescent.

On Thursday afternoon, 24th ult., then, at 4 p. m., I left Constantinople for Smyrna on board the steamer Saghalien—a magnificent boat 420 ft. in length by 40 ft. in breadth—of the Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes, bound for Marseilles, though I was to journey no farther than Smyrna via the same. Passing through the Bosphorus into the diminutive sea of Marmara—the ancient Propontis—and thence per the Strait of Hellespont, or Dardanelles, into the Agean Sea, we finally breasted the grand Mediterranean, which bore us on its placid bosom to our immediate destination signalled above.

After an uneventful voyage we reached the port of Smyrna at 4 p. m. Saturday, August 26th, and left the steamer by small boat (caique) for shore—a difficult, if not dangerous, matter at the time, for the water was unusually rough and the waves quite high. As I was doubly armed this time with my "Teskeré" and the letter of General Dickinson (the latter as available for any United States' consul as for the one to whom it was addressed), I anticipated no further holdup, and was not surprised, consequently, on being graciously waved ahead by the Turkish passport official at the "quai." A discreet baksheesh —very modestly asked for by the custom's officer who examined my baggage, though there was absolutely nothing contraband in the same—enabled me to pass out into the open air, and a moment after I was on my way to the Capuchin Monastery of St.

Polycarp, to the Superior of which my Reverend host of Burgas, mentioned at the commencement of this letter, had given me a note of introduction. This talisman had an immediate effect, and both my companion and I were bidden welcome with a heartiness so evidently sincere that we felt at home on the instant. This was very gratifying to us indeed, knowing as we did that eight days must elapse before we should be able to pursue our voyage, there being no departures of vessels for Beyrouth, our next stopping place, before the lapse of that period. I at first looked upon this contretemps as a misfortune, especially as, had we arrived but a few hours sooner, we would have caught a Russian ship bound for Jaffa direct. But events soon led me to acknowledge my error; for never did I pass a week more pleasantly or acquire within so comparatively brief a space of time a corresponding amount of useful and instructive information.

When we reached the dwelling of the Capuchin Fathers the Superior of the community was out, so the porter conducted us to the apartments of the Right Reverend Monsignor Cannova, O. M. Cap., resident in the monastery and formerly Bishop of Crete, which diocese he governed for fifteen years, at the lapse of which period Rome, owing to his advanced age (he is seventy-two) and the ever increasing difficulties, political and otherwise, of that famous island, acceded to his oft-re-iterated petition and relieved him of his charge. Hereupon he retired to the monastery above-mentioned, where years before he had been Superior, as also parish priest of the congregation attached thereto. It was this good prelate who received my companion and self in the cordial manner already alluded to, and it is superfluous to add that his action herein was fully endorsed by the Father Guardian on his return home. I found at St. Polycarp a delightful community, composed for the most part of young men—priests and laics—unusually gifted, many of them speaking six, eight and ten languages with fluency, and being, besides, proficient in the literature of the same. English, German, French, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Greek, Turkish, Arabic and even Bulgarian figured among these. There was moreover an innocent gaiety, a lightness of heart observable throughout, which spread sunshine all around and made me realize in all its fullness the beautiful sentiment expressed by the Psalmist: Ecce quam bonum, at quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum! [Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in harmony!] You can imagine how delightful it was to me and my companion to spend a week in such society. Everything that brotherly good-will could suggest was done by these excellent religious to render our stay pleasant. At table, for instance, daily without exception both at dinner and supper the "Deo gratias" was said by the Superior, Very Rev. F. John Baptist, as a signal that instead of the usual silence observed during meals in monasteries conversation was allowed. This is a *rubric* among the Capuchins when guests are present. How I enjoyed those talks! It was my privilege to sit beside the dear old Bishop, and from his lips I learned much that tended to enlighten me on the affairs of the East. Apropos of my remarks on the attitude of Turkey towards the Church in her dominions, he related to me the following incident: "While I was Bishop of Crete," he

said, "an entire village of schismatic Greeks once applied to me to enter the Church en masse. Knowing from experience that the motive which impelled them to make this petition was not dictated from on high, but rather by the wish to enjoy the benefits of the French protectorate as Catholics and thus escape the annoyance, persecutions, etc., to which they were at times subjected by their Musselman neighbors, I very naturally declined to accede to their request. So persistent were they however, that to put an end to the matter, as I thought, I promised them that I would acquaint the Pasha (governor), then resident at Constantinople, with their desire—a necessary measure under existing circumstances. This I did, and judge of my astonishment on receiving in reply the following: 'Would to God that those turbulent people would all become Catholics!'"

The Bishop has not much faith in the ability of the Cretans to govern themselves. On my reminding him of the severe judgment which St. Paul (see his epistle to Titus) rendered of them, he said: "It is as true to-day as it was when first uttered," or words to the same effect.

Among other agreeable episodes of my sojourn with the Capuchins of Smyrna was an excursion to their grand convent at Buggià, some twenty minutes distant from the city by rail. The Superior of St. Polycarp accompanied us thither, and there we spent the day. Imagine a beautiful garden, orchard, etc., of some twenty acres, abounding in tropical fruits, flowers, etc., and traversed by long, shady walks. It is in the midst of this earthly paradise—the creation of the members of the community—that the monastery stands. This is an immense building, as severe in its exterior and interior as its surroundings are delightful. Besides the long, narrow but well lighted corridors, the vast halls for choir purposes, refectories, libraries and the like, there are fifty-three cells. The church is within the court, and was being decorated in fresco by two of the religious while I was there. The arts and sciences flourish in monastic houses in our day as they did centuries ago! Needless to say, there was a grand Deo gratias at dinner that day, and that the stroll through the beautiful grounds and the cordial welcome we received at the hands of the Superior of Buggià added a zest to our appetite which enabled us to do ample justice to the abundant and savory repast that we shared with the vast community of that hospitable monastery.

Another pleasant feature of our stay at Smyrna was our meeting with Signor Giovanni Sugiani, president of the Imperial Ottoman Bank of that city. This gentleman and his family were members of my parish at Roustchouk for several years, he being director of a branch of the same bank there at the time. His promotion to his present position at Smyrna was a fitting tribute on the part of the celebrated institution he there represents to his superior merits and exceptionally brilliant business capacity. When he took charge there some three years ago he found a building wholly inadequate to the great commercial interests of the place, and immediately set about erecting the present magnificent edifice, which is at once the pride of the Smyrniates and a lasting monument to his genius. He did my companion and me the honor of showing us through it in person and of explaining all its details. By his invitation

also, we dined with him and his charming family at his residence on the quay, Sunday, 27th ult., and enjoyed a most delightful evening. He kindly put himself at our disposal, moreover, for a tour about Smyrna the day following, and on our departure from that city accompanied us in the caique of the bank—a perfect little beauty, built at Malta—to the vessel (of which more anon) that was to convey us to Beyrouth, charging us meanwhile to let him know the date of our return from Palestine via Smyrna, so that he might meet us and take us ashore for the few hours of our lay-to in that port. Needless to say, we cheerfully acceded to his request.

But by far the most memorable event of my sojourn at Smyrna was a visit to the ancient city of Ephesus. Under the guidance of the Rev. F. George Varthality, a secular priest engaged as professor in the schools of the Capuchin Fathers, my companion and I left Smyrna at 7:45 a. m. on the Imperial Ottoman express, and after a ride of two hours and a half reached the station of Ayassoulook, where we dined and prepared for our somewhat difficult onward march to Bulbul-Dagh—the Turkish for "Mountain of the Nightingale." It is there that the house said to have been inhabited by Our Blessed Lady while she was at Ephesus is to be found; and I need not tell you that this sanctuary was our objective point. At Ayassoulook we procured horses, and, seating ourselves firmly in the saddles, traversed the extensive plane, on the confines of which begins the chain of mountains leading to Bulbul-Dagh. A ride of several hours, during which we frequently skirted vertiginous declivities and yawning gulfs on nothing but a narrow pathway (there being no carriage road), brought us to Panaglia-Capouli, or the "House of the Virgin." This is situated near the base of the Mountain of the Nightingale in a most ravishing spot—just such as one would credit the Beloved Disciple with having chosen for the residence of her whom Jesus confined to his care while dying on the cross. The solitude is profound, being unbroken save by the song of birds. A small rivulet coursed down the mountain side, gathering in a basin a little below the dwelling, and large leafy trees, interspersed with shrubbery and wild flowers, add an indescribable charm to the entire surroundings, extending to the very mountain top. The house itself, built of stone, has naturally suffered considerably from the ravages of time, etc., in the course of well-nigh two thousand years. Nevertheless, it is much better preserved than many other monuments of antiquity I have seen during my present and former travels. In the masonry one can readily distinguish between the original portions and the repairs that have been made from time to time during its long existence. Imagine a cruciform edifice some 26 feet in length by 12 feet in width and 15 feet in height, the main apartment (I might say *nave*) divided near the entrance by a stone partition-wall and having on either side of it towards the rear end, which terminates in an alcove, a little bedroom, and you have as exact a description as I can give you of "la Maisonette de la Vièrge." From time immemorial, the original roof has disappeared, and it is but recently that it has been replaced by the Lazarist Fathers of Smyrna, who some years ago purchased the mountain of Bulbul-Dagh together with a large portion of the surrounding territory. A tradition traceable to the earliest

ages of the Church marks Panaglia-Capouli as the locality whither the Mother of Our Divine Saviour retired with St. John subsequent to the Ascension ; and from the fourth century until the purchase above mentioned—from which period the "Maisonette" has been devoted to Catholic worship—pilgrimages have been made thither annually by the Greeks (originally united with the See of Rome, but separated from it since the schism of Photius). Far and wide, and for centuries back this structure has been known as "The House of the Virgin." The utter destruction of the city of Ephesus and the dispersion of its inhabitants by repeated incursions of barbarous Asiatic hordes, the fell domination of the Turks, and the lamentable consequences of the Greek Schism, which rendered communication with the Church of the West extremely difficult, or at times impeded it altogether, gradually effaced the memory of this holy place from the Catholic mind, and it was quite lost sight of until the year 1891, when a pious nun, the Superioress of the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Smyrna, was struck by a remarkable passage in the "Life of the Blessed Virgin," by the Venerable Catherine Emmerich, relative to the same, and at once set about a series of investigations, which have since been prosecuted with great zeal by the Rev. M. Jung, a Lazarist Father of the same city, and have resulted in the publication of a most interesting brochure entitled "Ephèse on Jerusalem?" (Libraire religieuse, H. Oudin, Paris,) in which the author—the Superior of the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission at Smyrna—gives an exhaustive complex of the arguments pro and con for the respective claims of Jerusalem and Ephesus as the place of Our Blessed Lady's death and burial. It may surprise you to know that there is a difference of opinion on this point—not very widespread as yet, perhaps, but gradually gaining ground. But it is one which the reverend author of the work just quoted ingeniously and learnedly strives to reconcile in favor of Ephesus, first by the unbroken local tradition, secondly by the exact conformity (as far as established up to the present) between the revelations of Catherine Emmerich and existing data, and finally by copious citations from ancient ecclesiastical literature, notably from passages of Fathers of the Church. I will content myself here with giving you the words of the holy visionary which in 1891 led to the discovery of the "House of Ephesus." In the 17th chapter of her life of the Blessed Virgin, French edition (from which I translate), page 460, she says : "After the Ascension of her Divine Son, Mary passed three years on Mount Sion, three at Bethany and nine at Ephesus, whither St. John conducted her after the Jews had set Lazarus and his sisters Mary and Martha at the mercy of the waves. Mary did not dwell in Ephesus precisely, but in the environs of that city, in a place, namely, whither several of her friends had preceded her." She then goes on to state that this place was about three leagues and a half from Ephesus, and that the house, which she describes most minutely and with perfect accuracy, was built by St. John before Our Lady's coming. Item, that there were a number of Christian families and holy women dwelling in the caves of the mountain which they had made habitable—persons whom the persecutions of the Jews had forced to flee from their homes. (Second section of same chapter.)

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.—*May 6.*

THE beautiful city of Damascus being captured at an early date by the Saracens, was ruled by a Caliph who was most indulgent to its Christian inhabitants.

The father of our saint held an honorable position as Vizier, and discharged this trust so satisfactorily that it was conferred at his death on the subject of this memoir. John had been highly educated under a Greek monk and seemed in every way fitted for the distinction, but God had greater designs on this gifted soul. He was soon enlightened as to the danger and vanity of earthly prosperity and resigned his office.

After a devout pilgrimage to the holy places he withdrew to solitude, and placed his monastic training in the hands of St. Sabas.

He was soon a proficient in prayer, humility, obedience and all virtues, and his learning shone with all the greater lustre because of silent communings with God. The title of "Chrysorrhoes," "Golden Stream," was bestowed on him by those who admired the scholastic erudition and tender piety of his saintly words. These seemed even more eloquent when Our Lady was in question. In one discourse he exclaims: "O marvellous work! She is that heaven, for from the most secret treasures of her virginity shone forth the Son of Justice. She is that earth, from whose undefiled soil grew the wheat of life. She is that sea, which from its deep womb produced the spiritual pearl. How magnificent is this world! How stupendous this creation!"

A false charge of treason was preferred against the saint because of his learned defence of holy images against the Iconoclast Emperor, and his hand was struck off; but Our Blessed Mother restored it as he knelt before her statue, and, in a vision, thus addressed him: "Thy hand is whole; be it as thou hast said, as the pen of one who writeth swiftly."

He is the last of those Greek fathers who have so worthily written the praises of God's most Holy Mother, and he passed to the glorious reward in 786. Let him be an example to us, especially in this sweet May-time, of reverence and love for the sanctuaries, images, Rosary beads, and all that appertain to Our Beloved Mother. How many and precious are the graces God is ever bestowing on us by means of them! No wonder we surround the shrines of Mary with fair flowers and sparkling lights, for our joys seem brighter and sorrows are soothed when we lay them at her feet. Are not some of our sweetest memories twined around Our Blessed Mother's image as closely as those of a gifted writer whose beautiful lines seem a fitting conclusion to our short memoir:

* "So wherever I look in the distance,
And whenever I turn to the past,
There is always a shrine of Mary
Each brighter still than the last."

* A. A. Procter, "Chaplet of Memories."

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr. Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A SHORT notice of the direct answer given to the prayers of M. de Sonis must not be omitted here. One of his officers writes: "M. de Sonis hardly ever spoke of himself; but one day he told me of a marvellous escape he had had with his battalion, and which he attributed entirely to Divine Providence. They were crossing a river, which was then dry, with an immense train of camels, when suddenly a violent storm arose which threatened in a moment to fill the bed of the river and make the crossing impassible. The danger was very great, and in vain the pace was quickened. At last M. de Sonis, jumping off his horse, threw himself on his knees, and, having no hope but in God, recommended the safety of his troops with his whole heart to Him, imploring also the protection of St. Joseph, the guardian of the Holy Family. His prayer was heard. Scarcely had the last man and the last camel landed safely on the opposite bank, when the waterspout fell, filling the river in an instant and carrying everything before it. Not a man nor a beast could have survived the rush of water had it come a few moments sooner. But thanks to his prayers, all were saved."

Of his constant and devoted friendships we have already given specimens in his letters to M. de Sèze and M. de Chapelle. Writing one day to Madame de Sèze, he says:

"I am not worth much; but I will yield to no-one in tender devotion to my old friends. However few they may be, I need not say the place which your Louis holds amongst them. Our love is of old date, and rests on a community of faith and principles; it should last longer than human life. It is, then, beyond the horizon which we call death, that my thoughts rest with regard to my real friends. I am faithful to them in prayer, and love to think that they will remember me beyond the grave."

"I never kneel down to say my prayers," he says in another letter, "without remembering my friend." When he ends, it is with the farewell: "À Dieu, in two words, according to the habit of our fathers." "All for God, and in God. There alone can we find the peace of which our souls have need, the consolation for all the troubles with which life is full, the softening of suffering, and the satisfaction of that love of which God alone is the term."

Before leaving Limoges he had agreed with M. Lamy and his wife that

he and Madame de Sonis should say the Rosary for each other on the 27th of each month. Ten years after, on the 27th of July, 1869, M. de Sonis writes: "You know that on this day we are especially united to each other in the Rosary, which we have never omitted. I am writing just after leaving the altar, where I have asked for you and yours, who are so dear to us, all the graces which you may need."

We have already said that his correspondence with his Carmelite sisters has been unfortunately destroyed. But we have that with another young relative, Mademoiselle Aglaé de Sonis, who, having lost one after the other the relations who were most dear to her, finally decided to leave all for God, and is now Superior of a well-known house of education in Paris. During all her trials M. de Sonis had never ceased watching over her with a father's love, and rejoiced unfeignedly when he found she had chosen the better part. "May this letter bring you the assurance of my old and devoted friendship," he writes to her. "I, who saw you in your cradle, and who have followed you in that stormy sea which is called the world, now rejoice in thinking of you safely arrived, thanks be to God! in that haven of rest where you will dwell for evermore in His peace and love."

He was no less anxious for the souls of those who had already passed through the gates of death. "Let us pray and suffer for these our departed friends," he writes. "Fidelity to our beloved dead is the religion of my soul."

But it is in his home that we must follow M. de Sonis if we wish to form a true estimate of his character.

"All my thoughts are centred in the future of my children," he writes. "I do not know what will become of them. I firmly believe that God will give them bread, for I have none to give them. But my great anxiety is, that they should be faithful to God and to the traditions which I shall leave them. I would rather see them die of hunger than that they should be impious or indifferent to religion. Yet, God knows how I love them! But what is life compared with eternity?

"Let us make our Communions, if you will, the first Friday of each month for our children; but with this sole intention—that they become fervent Christians."

He began their education very early. His eldest girl writes: "Our darling father made use of every means in his power to raise our hearts to God. During our African journeys, when we were obliged to start very early either owing to the heat or the length of the journey, he used to take me out with him while the horses were being saddled, and show me the beautiful southern sky, studded with stars, making me admire the greatness of God as seen in His works."

In 1865 M. de Sonis wrote of this very child: "My eldest girl asks my leave to become a Carmelite. Neither her mother nor I would say no; but we want her to pass another couple of years at the Sacred Heart to test her vocation, as well as to complete her education. If God calls her we will never keep her back."

At Laghouat a fresh trouble awaited de Sonis, the cholera having suddenly appeared. "We are surrounded by people who are dying with fearful rapidity," he wrote, "which, at any rate, helps to detach us from this perishable world. But sometimes I cannot help feeling some anxiety as to what would become of all my little

ones if God were to take us. I console myself by putting my whole trust in Divine Providence, and submitting myself unreservedly to God's holy will." The cholera did not come alone. The burning heat of 1867 had dried up all the rivers; the crops could not arrive at maturity; the cattle perished of thirst; and the locusts, swarming down upon the land, devoured all that the drought had spared. A horrible famine was the result, during which the natives died like flies.

"We have a fearful sight before our eyes," wrote M. de Sonis; "I had never realized before what a famine really meant, and always fancied that the accounts in books were exaggerated. Our poor Arabs are dying by hundreds; one finds their skeletons on the roads, in the streets, in the tents—everywhere! Charity is multiplied in every form; but all one does is as a drop in the sea! After having done all I can, I suffer cruelly at my powerlessness. . . Mgr. the Archbishop sets us a noble example," he adds; "he has opened orphanages in which thousands of children have been taken in; and I ask myself how in the world he will be able to maintain them, in spite of the large alms he has received! But God has His secrets, and it may be that these poor little children, thus sheltered by the Catholic charity of Mgr. Lavigerie, may become the heads of Christian families and a nursery of souls for heaven. . . . On my last journey to Géryville I brought back eight little children, who were simply dying of cold and hunger. I put them on my camels, gave them some food, brought them to Laghouat, and then sent them on direct to Mgr. Lavigerie at Algiers."

That great Bishop had the highest esteem and regard for this noble Christian soldier. He wrote of him in these terms:

"I knew, loved and admired our holy General de Sonis; but not to compromise him with the authorities, I was obliged to restrict myself to the most necessary business with him. It was the moment of my great struggle with General Macmahon, and poor De Sonis found himself under the orders of Colonel Gresley, who became afterwards General and War Minister. Gresley hated the Christian Commander of Laghouat, and detested me even more; so that, to avoid disagreeables, I had begged M. de Sonis not to write to me, as our letters were all opened. But whenever he came to Algiers we saw one another intimately. He shared all my views as to a mission to the natives, and encouraged my hopes in every way. Once I saw the tears in his eyes while our orphans of the famine were singing the Ave Maris Stella."

In the autumn of 1868, the Archbishop sent a Jesuit mission to Laghouat for the conversion of the Arabs. "I saw these good Fathers arrive with the greatest joy," wrote M. de Sonis. "I have a special affection and veneration for their Order. It seems to me that the spirit of God is there and reigns specially in that society, which is always attacked, always calumniated and always persecuted. Now they are driven from Spain, as they were a short time ago from Austria, in her blindness; and as they will be from every country devoured and ruined by the Sects and the Revolution. They simply go away to carry the word of God to other shores, while they shake the dust off their feet of the land which has banished them. God be praised for having sent us some sons of St. Ignatius!"

These last two years, 1867 and 1868,

with their terrible appeals on his charity, had exhausted the means of the good Commander of Laghouat. Besides his charity, he alway felt bound to do honor to his position as representing France and her army, and so kept open house for those who visited Laghouat, and who had no idea of the small fortune and heavy charges of the hospitable Colonel. To his dismay, he found himself, in consequence, in March, 1868, in debt to the amount of 7,000 francs, which he saw no sort of means of meeting. In his distress he appealed to St. Joseph, promising to make every year a novena in his honor if he would help him out of his difficulty. Writing the next day to an old friend, M. Melcian d'Arc, President of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul, he confided to him his vow and its cause. M. d'Arc made it known to a rich man of his acquaintance, who at once exclaimed : "Well, St. Joseph never gave me a mission before ; but here is one evidently. Don't say a word. To-morrow I will send the 7,000 francs to the brave and holy Colonel de Sonis, as from St. Joseph."

The next day a letter started for Laghouat with the required sum, and only one line in addition was written on a piece of white paper : "From St. Joseph."

Such was M. de Sonis, and if we wish to know the source from which all these virtues flowed we have it in his own words—the love of God, the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And that love he does not separate from the love of the Cross. "I bless God," he writes, "to have placed me in a position in which sacrifices are daily and hourly to be met with, and where I can share in the humiliations and sufferings of our Divine Master. Men who strive to lead Christian lives are not popular in the French army ; but this is an excellent thing for one's own soul, and for which we must thank God, as He has willed it so."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Devotion to the Holy Scapular.

By S. X. Blakely.

THE following incident will prove most interesting to the devout clients of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It is well authenticated and strictly true. Father Gondelain, whose death occurred a few years ago, was at one time appointed to give the instructions at the great seminary of Nantes. Speaking of that period on one occasion he recalled an instruction he had given upon the Scapular, wherein he related how a valiant soldier—who had bravely met the foe and fought like a hero—Bauregard by name, was struck by a ball in the region of the heart with terrible force. According to all pre-conceived rules nothing but death could be expected, but oh! the marvel. The ball was found to be flattened against the Scapular of the Christian soldier. At this point," continued the Abbé, "I perceived a slight smile and an evidence of exaltation pass over the visages of my hearers, which I, of course, did not comprehend. At the recreation hour that evening the seminarians gathered around me, and the Superior told me that henceforth in preaching upon the Scapular I could produce a new example

of precisely the same kind. Then he presented to me a young seminarian upon whose breast a ball had struck with unerring force, but the holy Scapular proved a badge of safety and not even a pain was felt. It was during the early part of Louis Philippe's reign. He and his comrades were under fire. Several of their number fell dead, as the balls sped with such cruel aim, and he himself fell to the ground with the shock. "The first sensation over," said the narrator, "feeling no pain whatever, I arose. I could see no trace of a wound, but my uniform was decidedly torn in the region of the heart, pierced through and through. It would be impossible to mistake the course of the ball. I followed this carefully and found the death-dealing weapon flattened against my Scapular. You can judge, father, how precious it is in my sight. Am I not right in thinking that it would be a pleasure to you to see it? Here is the ball," and he permitted me to touch and hold it. O! how it affected me! Behold, beloved, what happened but a few short years ago—one might say in our very midst. All are living who listened to the wonderful narrative, and are ready to testify to its truth.

The zealous prior of a Carmelite Monastery had effected the conversion of the chief of a battalion, or rather he had been the instrument appointed by our Lord to lead him into the fold. Filled with devotion for the Blessed Virgin he asked to receive the Scapular. His request was granted, but instead of one Scapular he was given two. One he wore, but the other he laid away as a precious talisman, which he might one day give to a friend.

War was declared, and our hero, who only asked to serve as a volunteer, fought so bravely that he became first a captain and then commander of the battalion. One day the order resounded throughout the camps to go forth to meet the foe. The fervent convert, remembering that he had an extra Scapular which might be a safeguard for one of his men, called up his orderly, and this is what occurred:

"Joseph," said the Chief, "in another instant we will be facing the enemy."

"Yes, my Chief," replied the brave soldier.

"Well, we go perhaps to our death, and I wish to give you something that will surely protect you."

"All right, my Chief."

"It is the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, do you love her?" reverentially replied the soldier.

"Well then, kneel down, say your Pater and Ave, I will invest you with the Scapular, and may Our Lady of Mount Carmel protect you!"

And she did protect them both, for while many of their comrades were slain upon the battlefield these two returned home without a wound. The same officer likewise never omitted on Saturday to give the order for his soldiers to hear Mass—if they were Catholics—on the following day, and he saw that it was strictly enforced.

However harsh God may at times appear, He never inflicts needless suffering upon us. He gives us pain only in order to purify us. The bitterness of the pain arises from the evil which has to be overcome. He would not probe us were we healthy: He only cuts into our diseased, corrupted parts. It is from our self-love that we suffer most: God's hand spares us as much as possible.—Fénelon.

Editorial Notes.

Respect for Religious.

Men and women who give themselves entirely to God's service are always respected by Catholics. As the Messenger says: "The authorities of the Church as well as the faithful have always held such persons and their institutes in special veneration." Religious are not as their enemies paint them. The faithful and all honest men know this too well. Monks and nuns are banded together not alone for their personal interests but also for the good of their fellow-men, whom they benefit by their prayer, example, preaching, teaching and the various spiritual and temporal works of mercy. In union is strength, and the Orders work more effectively as a whole than is possible to individuals. The honest searcher after truth need not go far for facts and figures which prove too well that the religious are humanity's best friends. As one instance let the unbiassed reader give his attention to Father Blakely's graphic account of the Eastern missions now appearing in these pages. You will know these heroes of the faith by their works, and whilst men of good will applaud their deeds of self-sacrifice, many there are who will still continue to persecute and misrepresent God's chosen ones. Let us join in this month of Mary in praying fervently for an increase of "Respect for Religious Orders."

Real Work of the Monks.

One might say it was a happy fault of a metropolitan journal in printing the flagrant falsehoods of one Saint-Genix, who calumniates the Religious Orders in France and elsewhere. This writer is the unwilling cause of bringing out able champions of the truth in the person of the New York Jesuits, who, while efficiently nailing a persistent lie, give us a beautiful picture of the colossal work done for religion and humanity by the French monks and nuns. Our readers should not omit perusing the articles on this subject in the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is only too true what one writer says therein, namely that to learn "what the Monastic Orders are doing, not merely for the Church, but for civilization and humanity; to be satisfied that they still serve a useful and noble purpose, and are still an uplifting force in the Church, one need not go to France, nor seek information from a writer like M. Saint-Genix, whose evidence about their serious defects is for the most part hearsay, and whose positive proofs of their decline are altogether puerile, or too highly colored and sensational. Nor yet need one go to the Philippines to acquire such testimony as 'the careful and competent' Bishop Potter, according to the Tribune, publishes after staying in Manila as long after December 16 as the journey of five days to Singapore (where he was on December 21) would permit, spent, according to his own report, in taking information from all but those who could best instruct him about the "ruthless robbers," the friars. We have in our country forty-four different religious congregations of men, numbering 2,976 priests, 2,500 others occupied in teaching, and at least 3,000 lay brothers given to managing the temporal affairs of their communities. Then there are 118 congregations of nuns, numbering fully 50,000 religious women. Under their care are 178 colleges, 662 academies, 3,811 schools, with 854,523 children; 251 orphan asylums, with 85,453 orphans, and 827 charitable institutions. The rule, the work and the services these men and

women render to their religion and humanity are known and applauded by every impartial observer."

The Much Maligned Monks.

Recently the New York Tribune printed an editorial from which oozed out the old venom against the Monastic Orders. The remarks of the writer were untrue, unjust and uncharitable, but it pleased the ears of the polished infidel and well-groomed sensualist. Father Wynne, a New York Jesuit, sent a reply to the calumnies of the bigoted writer. The letter of the good Jesuit Father never saw the composing room. It went into the archives of suppressed truths. However, the editor of the Tribune opened his columns to an answer from a Catholic actress, who said amongst other things that she felt like "taking up the study of journalism just to be able to answer the Tribune, when said journal attacks that which I love better than aught else—my faith. That grand old Church, with her monasteries and her nunneries—that grand old Church that has seen the rise and fall of empires and nations, kings and principalities, and that will see the fall of this glorious nation if the schools and colleges do not begin to teach Godliness as well as athletics—which without Godliness ends in animalism. The only true gentlemen one meets in New York are Catholic gentlemen—true in thought, word and deed. The others have the education, the polish, manners, every outward semblance, but no true respect for women. Thank God! the Catholic girl, be she what she may be, when she is taught her religion, is taught that her 'immortal soul' must be saved, and that 'only the pure of heart can see God.' And this is taught by Monastic Orders."

The Hospice.

It is again our pleasant duty to inform our friends throughout the continent that during this month we shall be ready to open the doors of the new Hospice, which were closed last winter on account of an unforeseen and unexpected catastrophe. We shall strain every nerve to make the visit of every guest a pleasant and memorable one. Additional trolley car lines now under way will facilitate access to the Hospice. We again repeat what we have often said before, namely, that our location stands unparalelled as a health resort. We beg intending guests to give us timely notice of their coming.

A Reminder of the Past.

A monstrance in possession of the Carmelite Nuns, Ranelagh, bears an inscription stating that it was presented to the Carmelite Nuns of Dublin, A. D. 1661." This little item, lately going the rounds of the Catholic press, forcibly recalls those dark and bloody days which swept over unhappy Ireland. After Cromwell had received absolute power in 1653 the persecution of the Catholics of Ireland became fiercer than ever. During these days that tried men's souls the history of Carmel in Ireland became the chronicle of Carmelite martyrs. As one of our fathers wrote, "The Friars who had escaped *being knocked on the head*—it was Cromwell's way of disposing of the Religious—were *outlaws* in the land, and as such were relentlessly pursued by the Puritans. When captured they (the Carmelites) were usually put to death without any form of trial, a barbarous penal statute of Queen Elizabeth's reign to that effect having been re-enacted against them, or worse still, they could be sold to the West Indian planters as slaves." The Penal

Laws of those days were stringent enough to render the lives of the outlawed Friars miserable in the extreme; yet one of them, Father Agapitus, declares in his diary that the priests suffered deepest anguish at the thought of their own powerlessness to alleviate the sorrows and afflictions of their parishioners. It was the duty of the fathers to console the members of their flocks at every personal risk, for when captured the Friars were already doomed to be hanged, drawn and quartered. These sad days are no more, but should the sword of persecution be again drawn from its scabbard the Friars of our day will be ready to bring solace to the faithful in the darkest hour and gain for themselves the martyr's crown.

Noble Missionary Work.

We have before us the last annual report issued by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, members of the venerable commission charged with the distribution of the annual collections taken up for mission work among the negroes and the Indians in the United States. Amongst the reports of the different Bishops we are interested in what Bishop Heslin says in reviewing the work in his own diocese of Natchez. He writes:

"Three Carmelite Fathers have entered on the charge of the Indian Mission at Tucker, having also to attend the whites scattered within a radius of 50 miles and with no railroads convenient. It is hoped that the conversion of Indians, numbering some 3,000—scattered through several counties—will go on until all shall have been gathered into the Fold. The little Indian school at Bayou La Croix labors under the disadvantage of having but rare visits from the priest—it being one of the twelve stations attended by *one* priest. I hope soon to be able to send one or two more fathers there, but lack of subjects and means to support them is the cause. During the two last years seven priests have died or became incapacitated. The missions are hard and uninviting, having little or no earthly inducements to offer, but hardships of various kinds."

Some New Saints.

The beatifications to take place at various periods of the year are to be held in the Hall of Beatifications, or possibly in St. Peter's, at Rome. So far nine beatifications have been announced as impending: that of Venerable Jeanne de Lestonnac, foundress of the Religious Order of the Daughters of Mary, whose cause has been recently so much before the ecclesiastical congregations; Venerable Mary Magdalene Martinengo, a Capuchin Religious; Venerable Crescenzia Hoëss, a Bavarian Religious of the third Order of St. Francis; Venerable Brother Dionysius, of the Nativity; Brother Redento, of the Cross, one of the Carmelites martyred for the faith in India; Venerable Francis Regis, priest of the Lazarist Order, who suffered for the faith in China, and Venerable Père Dumoulin, Père Gagelin and Père Dufresne, three missionary priest-martyrs in Tonquin.

The councilmen of the town of Niagara Falls, Ont., showed common sense in protesting against an impertinent bit of paternal legislation which sought to make compulsory the examination by a dentist of all public school children at the expense of the municipality.

Churches in Cuba.

The Rev. Francis L. Moran, who has travelled extensively in Cuba, writes very interestingly in the Catholic Universe of Cleveland. In one of his recent letters Father Moran tells us that "San Felipe is the popular church of the Carmelite Fathers. The Lazarists have the finest church in Havana. The Cathedral will not compare with it. The pastor stated that the structure cost $300,000, and the whole amount was contributed by the Cubans. The custom-house was formerly the Franciscan convent and church. The United States inherited the property from the Spaniards, who had suppressed all Religious Orders in 1841, and later converted these buildings to profane use. The dome is the best example of architectural beauty in Havana. It no longer bears the cross, and the figure of St. Francis at its base has been shattered by a thunderbolt, but the walls still support statues of the apostles and various saints of the Seraphic Order. A Catholic power sequestrated the property for secular purposes, but though a half century or more has gone by since the chant of religion resounded within this ancient structure, and though yet serving mammon, the air of devotion clings with strange tenacity to its every piece of woodwork and masonry. St. Augustine's is the pretty chapel on the corner of Aguia and Amargara streets, in charge of the Augustinian Fathers' Jones and Valaquette, the only house of worship in Havana for Catholics in charge of English-speaking priests. In all the large institutions one or other of the priests speak English, but preaching is not done in that language. The Augustinians are doing a good work in conducting a church where American Catholic travelers may feel thoroughly at home, and also in extending their solicitude to Catholic soldier boys."

Frequent Communion.

The eminent Jesuit, Father Caube, advanced numerous theological and historical arguments, at the Eucharistic Congress recently held at Lourdes, to prove that weekly communion should be the common practice, not of chosen souls, but of the mass of the faithful, says the Messenger. This thesis, soon after the first publication of the lectures in which it is developed, was honored by the warmest and most explicit approbation of forty-five Bishops. It has now received its highest recommendation and final sanction in a letter addressed to the author by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

The Pope wrote: "At the present time, and in the actual condition of things, every upright and pious mind sees with grief how the ardor of the faith and the ancient purity of morals are disappearing in a large portion of mankind. If one inquires into the cause of the evil, he finds it to lie chiefly in the fact that the love and use of the Eucharistic banquet are languishing in most men, and in many have ceased altogether. It is this the Apostle already deplored when he wrote to the Corinthians: 'Therefore are there many infirm and weak among you and many asleep.'

"There is nothing surprising in this. He alone is able to fulfil the duties of a Christian life who has put on Christ, and Christ is not put on except by the frequentation of the Eucharistic table. For by this does Christ dwell in us and we in Him. Hence the wisdom of those who, laboring in the cause of faith and morals, make it their duty to excite Catholics to approach, as frequently as possible, the Lord's table. The more that table is frequented, the more abundant the fruit of holiness derived from it. And since you, most beloved son, labor nobly for this end, and are about to re-edit the solemn discourses you pronounced on this subject, we highly encourage your design and your zeal, and we wish with all our heart that a very large number of Catholics make it their practice to receive every week the Sacrament of the altar. In the meanwhile, as a testimony of our love and a pledge of the divine favor, we grant you most affectionately the Apostolic blessing."

Cross of the Clergy.

A very pertinent article appeared in the last number of Holy Trinity Church Bulletin, of Pittsburg, Pa., entitled "Priests as Beggars," in which the writer very graphically and truly describes the humiliating and time-wasting tasks generally imposed upon our hard-working clergy. Too often, alas! the enemies of religion delight to speak of "money-grabbing" priests. In truth, as far as his personal needs go, the poor priest has few wants. Often indeed would he prefer to remain silent than to urge his flock to generosity—or rather to fidelity in paying their lawful debts. Unfortunately, in this faithless age, at times people think they are acting magnanimously when, forsooth, but in part are they fulfilling a strict obligation. Every one (independent of those who care for your souls) is bound to contribute to the support of religion. This is a duty towards God. The worldly motto: "Anything worth asking for is worth coming for" cannot be applied to the clergy. Moreover, no family ever enriched itself by withdrawing support from religion. The concluding paragraph in the periodical referred to is worth quoting:

"Supposing there are five hundred persons in a parish who are in duty bound to contribute for any work that is going on for the Church, which is the better, kinder, more Christian way for these five hundred people to act, to come forward willingly and give in their contributions like noble men and women, each person making only one trip to the church or the priest's residence, or to oblige the priest to make five hundred or more visits here and there and everywhere through the length and breadth of the parish? The life of a true priest is not a trifling thing, to be wasted, worn out, shortened thoughtlessly, needlessly. The money he asks is not for himself. Personally he must be satisfied with the petty salary which the statutes of the diocese allow him and the little voluntary offerings that occasionally come to him. Indeed, in many places the priests do not even get the salary which the law allows them, and the average non-Catholic minister of the Gospel would very soon go on a strike if he received no larger salary than the statutes of most dioceses allow their priests. It will be a blessed time for the priests of the Catholic Church when the lay people, the men especially, take such interest in the financial affairs of their parishes as to prevent their pastors from becoming beggars."

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During Our Blessed Lady's month we shall earnestly pray for all the intentions of our dear readers, and we trust that we continue to receive substantial aid for the adorning of our holy Mother's Shrine at Niagara Falls and the carrying out of our plans for the honor of the Queen of Carmel.

Marriage is the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts that were ever formed. Every human compact may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other; merchants may dissolve partnerships; brothers will eventually leave the parental roof and, like Jacob and Esau, separate from another. Friends like Abraham and Lot may be obliged to part company—but by the law of God the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death. No earthly sword can sever the nuptial knot which the Lord has tied.—Cardinal Gibbons.

It is not possible to know there is no God, no soul, no free-will, no right or wrong; at the most it is only possible to doubt all this.—Bishop Spalding.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An "Every-Day Girl," by Mary Catherine Crowley. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, Benziger Bros., price 40 cents.

In this age of progress, when the "new woman" grows ever more eager in her efforts to reach the front, and, as she fancies, distances those who, in their own characters, embody the true type of noble womanhood, in a race into which they have never entered—a race for what she and her associates consider an enviable prominence, but which is in truth a repulsive notoriety—a perusal of the story which under the above mentioned title Mary Catherine Crowley has recently given to the press, will be found well worth the time devoted to it. It is but a little while since His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in ringing tones and earnest words scattered broadcast his opinion of those women who, forgetful of their divinely appointed home duties, cast them aside and seek to quiet the restless craving of their hearts by following whithersoever their infatuated leaders conduct them. Whilst the book in question cannot be said to enter into the discussion of the subject above mentioned, it still points out, and that in a most attractive manner, to our bright and enthusiastic young girls the path to a "career" in life which will ennoble themselves and brighten the lives of those with whom they have daily to deal. The reader is first introduced to a pleasant family circle—the Marrons—where the fond parents give to their five children a devoted love, which is fully reciprocated and returned. An alloy of selfishness in the affection of Tessie towards her mother, however, suddenly is evolved most unexpectedly, and much to the young girl's regret, and she resolves that it shall be banished at once. An invitation from a wealthy sister to visit her in New York, which at first Mrs. Marron did not dream of accepting, quietly accepting instead "her manifest destiny" to watch over her household, and a remark of Tessie's father revealed to the sixteen-year-old girl how much more interest she might have taken in the current family details, and she hesitatingly offered to do her best. Her success, to which the fidelity of that "rara avis," an ideal servant who had been storing up experience and knowledge in the family since Tessie was an infant, contributed largely, was very fair. It is true, difficulties beset her path during the visit which was unavoidably prolonged, but they were all forgotton in the joy with which she welcomed her mother's return, and listened to the words of approval so precious to her heart.

Miss Langdon's school affords a fine opportunity for developing the characters of her "strictly select" and limited number of pupils. The pretty, frivolous Laura, the irrepressible Emily, the reticent Mary, are all interesting studies, but Tessie, the heroine, always remembers her resolution to aim at being her mother's unselfish and ever willing aid. The two pupils, the "Marchesa de Niente," or "Livvy" as she was familiarly called, and "Wopsie Wahwah," the child who wove such romantic stories of her life amongst the Indians, the cleverly planned aboriginal tea party, and the pilfered essay, will hold the interest of the reader. The episode of the lace handkerchief is quite thrilling, but the climax in this daintily gotten up little volume is reached in the choice of heroines when her friend exclaims: "You may all take your choice of heroines, but when all is said and done our own Tessie is the heroine for me." Amazed, the girl rejoins in pleased astonishment: "I! Why I am only a prosaic, every-day girl!" "Yes," replied Emily, "that may be, but I put it to the vote—is it not the girl with an every-day stock of cheerfulness, unselfishness and patience who is the dearest, sweetest and best girl after all?"

"Jack O'Lantern," by Mary T. Waggaman, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, Benziger Bros.

A charming little story, and one capable of holding the interest of the reader throughout until the last page is—almost regretfully—reached. The first chapter depicts the bitter grief of a mother, who has just received a prescription of "mountain air" for her darling child, and who knows only too well the impossibility of procuring it for the little sufferer so dear to her heart. In the most unexpected manner, however, and owing no doubt to the fervent prayers of gentle little Tess, St. Joseph was propitious, and a few brief days witnessed the removal of the greater portion of the family to a spot where they could revel in an atmosphere of the purest mountain air. The details of their life during their sojourn in the new home are most graphically described, and the characters are all admirably drawn—the loving little mother and the manly Fred, the two sisters so different in the traits they develop as the story goes on, the dear invalid—and "Rogue Robin," ah, Rogue Robin!—and his adventures with Jack O'Lantern! One's sympathy is aroused, but it is changed to relief when the climax is happily and safely reached for the dear boy and his little girl friend. The denizens of the mountains live on in the most utter ignorance of even the veriest rudiments of religion, and the efforts of the little missioners deserve great praise. Perhaps I should drop the plural, for Lou's patience was not proof against the failure—as to num-

bers—of their first attempt. The narrative graphically describes the feeling of the mountaineers against the absent proprietor of Heatherton Hall. Like the local storms it would "sulk far up on the heights in the noontide stillness and then burst forth in fierce fury terrible to hear and see." But it is not well to give too much of the story. The happy summer passed swiftly away, and dear little Dickie's parents rejoiced in the restoration of their child. The fairy-like Alma and the terrible Meg—partially tamed, however, by the kindness of the Good Shepherd—are striking contrasts. Shaun is happily disposed of and Cal. is a credit to his gentle teacher Tess. The appearance on the scene of the saintly Father Xavier is most opportune, as he scattered the seeds of peace and good will all over the rugged mountain, whilst nothing more touching can be imagined than the meeting of the two long-separated brothers, a blissful reunion indeed!

"Pauline Archer," by Anna T. Saddlier, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, Benziger Bros.

This prettily bound little volume belongs to the same series as the one above described, and the mere mention of Miss Sadlier's name as the authoress is sufficient to insure it a welcome. As all admit, very great changes have taken place in the vast field of literature in the style of stories for children in the last score of years, and many severely sarcastic remarks have been leveled at "The Little Savoyard" as he plodded his weary way in search of something by which he could assist a suffering mother, or at the little Sunday school band where the "good boys" were always rewarded and the culprits invariably came to grief. It is true the books devoted to children in by-gone days were not all of that calibre, witness the charming morceaux which so rapidly followed each other from the prolific pen of the Venerable Canon Schmid. The tendency to-day in the make-up of juvenile books, even those which go forth from "The Household of the Faith," veers to some extent toward slang, and a self-assertiveness which it would not be amiss to correct. Pauline Archer, the heroine of the story under consideration, is a lovely and very original character. The episode of poor little Mary Kelly brings out all the best traits in her personel, and the pathetic incident is most beautifully told. Later on Pauline's bravery is so graphically described that we can almost hear the fervent enthusiastic words: "God bless Pauline Archer! Three cheers for Pauline Archer!" These two little volumes are printed in clear type, with a wide margin, and reach beyond the hundred and sixtieth page. They can be read with interest not by children alone, but by "grown-ups," and would make an acceptable gift to a friend.

S. X. Blakely.

"Pancho and Panchita," by Mary E. Mannix. Illuminated cover. Price 40 cents. Printed, published and for sale by Benziger Bros., New York.

"Benziger's Magazine," the popular illustrated monthly, will be hailed by young and old. Very liberal premiums are offered to subscribers.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, publishes some handy little Mission Tracts at five cents a copy and forty-five cents a dozen. The second series now to be had contains 64 pages. The subjects treated (by Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J.) are: Purgatory, Confession, Marriage and The First Pope.

J. Meyerhoff, of Graz, Austria, has now on the market the "Geschicte der Heiligen Theresia." This new German life of our great Carmelite Saint is gathered from the Bollandists and the divers biographies and lives of the Saint now extant. The present edition has the imprimatur of several French and German Bishops. We trust the day will be hastened when we shall see this life done into English.

A practical set of "Meditations for Retreats" is that taken from the writings of St. Francis de Sales and arranged by St. Jane de Chantal. We now have the same done into English by a Visitation Nun of Baltimore. The binder has made a book that recommends itself. The price is only seventy-five cents. Address Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York.

The May number of "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" contains a very interesting illustrated article treating of "The Carmelite Sisters and their schools in Mangalore." This series is on a particular set of apostolic work in the diocese of Mangalore, India, namely, the conversion, and still more laborious task, the education of the converted pagan. Those who read this article in the current Messenger will find ample proofs of the fact that the Carmelites have labored fruitfully in that far-off section of the Lord's vineyard.

The editors of "St. Vincent's Journal" may be mostly "ciphers," but there is something in what they say. The comments are all "star" paragraphs, pointed and spark-

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job* xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

Miss Mary Breadon.

Dr. John A. McCreery.

Miss Sarah McAtavey.

Denis Kelrae, who died recently in Chicago.

Miss Kenna, who died at Chicopie, Kansas.

Wm. J. Jago, who died at Auburn, N. Y.

Wm. Gleason, who lately died at Philadelphia.

John Gore, an old reader, who died at Guelph, Ont.

Rev. Nicholas J. Dixon, a faithful and zealous priest of God.

Ven. M. M. Helen Mary Flood, of the Pittsburg Ursulines, who died April 21st.

Brother Peter, O. C. C., who died on the Feast of St. Joseph, at Scipio, Kansas.

Bridget Morrissey, who ended her good and virtuous life on March 9th last, at Elizabeth, N. J.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

THANKSGIVINGS.

From a reader in Western Ontario:

"Some time ago I asked the cure of a long-standing pain, through the intercession of St. Joseph and Our Blessed Lady, promising to make it known through the Review for the benefit of other poor sufferers, and I can now, thank God, make my report. To those who may ask for a like benefit I would say: Never despair! Pray! pray on always! Ask! and some day your reward will come.—A Child of Mary."

Mrs. W. R., N. Y., gives thanks to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for favors received, and makes a donation to Our Lady's Shrine.

PETITIONS.

"*Pray one for another.*"—*St. James, v. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Conversions, 4; special, 3; sick, 2; parish, 1; Easter-duty delinquents; missions, 3; temporals, 1; intemperate, 1; parents, 1; prevention of scandal; special, 4; petitions of a priest; intentions of a dear "little friend" of Carmel in New Zealand; general, 1; success of a mission; several sick persons.

A priest asks: 1—Is it essential to have the names recorded of those who are enrolled in the Mt. Carmel Scapular? 2—If so, does it date from 1887? 3—Is it required that all invested in the Scapular previous to 1887 should again be invested in the Scapular and the names recorded.

Ans.—1, yes. 2, yes. 3, no.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"*Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.*"—Promise of B. V. M.

Names received at New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery, from:—Bourbonnais, Ill.; Brooklyn, N. Y., Lacy, Wash.; Phœnixville, Pa.; Sparta, Wis., and Auburn Centre, Pa.

Names received at Falls View Monastery:—Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Michaels, Belle Island, N. F. L.; Astoria, Oregon; St. John's Church, Chepstow; St. Joseph's, Ashland, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Alexandria, Ont.; Chippawa, Ont.; Mamadieu, Cape Breton Co.; Drayton; Goderich and Clinton; Glace Bay, Cape Breton; St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Paul's, Toronto, Ont.; Lewiston, N. Y.; East Margaree, N. S.

Favors for the Hospice.

Ven. Sr. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.; L. W., New Baltimore, Pa.; J. A. S., ——; M. T., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. J. F. McG., Yonkers, N. Y.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; K. A. C., Saxonville, Mass.; K. C., Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. B. L., New York; Ven. Sr. M. R., Fraserville, Que.; Miss S. C. W., New Baltimore, Pa.; H. M., Ann Arbor, Mich.; M. D., Providence, R. I., Ven. Sr. M. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.; C. McG., Bridgeport, Conn.; A. B. E., Port Credit, Ont.; Ven. Sr. A., Montreal, Que.; Ven. Sr. O., Montreal, Que.; Mrs. B. G., St. Louis, Mo.; E. C., Nelson, Ont.; A. McO., Charlottetown, P. E. I.; G. A. S., ——.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below**, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JUNE, 1900. NO. 6

Our Christian Sabbath.

HOW gently falls upon the noisy world
The calm, still Sabbath of the living God !
The ceaseless hum of thronging multitudes
Is hush'd ; and Peace broods, smiling, over all ;
Or, in her meek, low accents, calleth souls
To consecrate the day to God and prayer.

The sunlight sleeps upon the quiet town ;
Sweet bells chime forth from many a cross-crowned dome,
Which Man, with skilful hand and rev'rent heart,
Hath reared, and sanctified by hallowed rite,
That, in their walls, he might, in worship, bow
Before the altar of the Holy One.

Father ! we thank Thee that Thy wisdom framed
One green oasis in the weary week,
One toilless day when, fleeing from the world,
With all its din, its dust, its sordid cares,
We, to Thy solemn dwelling-place, might turn—
And, in its hush, Thee, Sovereign Lord ! adore.

There rich and low steals forth the organ's tone,
While choristers proclaim the praise of God ;
There, holy priest, mysteriously clothed,
(Attended by his white-gown'd acolytes),
With bended head, and bated, murmurous voice,
Renews the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Oh ! it is bliss untold thus, thus to kneel !
'Mid starry lights and perfume-breathing flowers,
To gaze upon Immanuel's altar-throne,
Or, on the image of the Virgin Queen,
Thro' clouds of misty incense, beauteous, seen,
With radiant rapture on Her sculptured face !

This is the happiness of Sabbath hours—
The peace that bloomed from out Christ's sepulchre,
(First lily of His Resurrection morn !)
The calm, deep joy informing every shrine
Where man's weak soul, upborne on wings divine,
Feeds on the fulness of the Deity !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The Poet of the Eucharist.

St. Thomas Aquinas, O. P.

PERCHANCE, in silent vigils of the night-time,
He heard the sweet celestial melody
Of angels sweeping o'er their golden harp-strings
Before "the great white throne" and "crystal sea."
And through his spirit, mystic echoes stealing,
Soft whispered of his Eucharistic love:
The "Angel of the Schools" and of the Altar
Was fired with inspirations from above.

In varied tones of gladness or of pathos—
Like royal David's wondrous psalmody,
He now intoned the glorious "Pange Lingua,"
Then longed our Saviour's Face unveiled to see.*
And, gazing through the vista of remembrance,
On types and figures in the day of old,
To his angelic science and devotion,
How beautiful the symbols they unfold!

He sees, by faith, on sacrificial altars,
The Lamb prefigured as a victim slain;
He sees Him, like the star of early morning,
Illume the Manna on a desert-plain.
The ages pass—He sees the hope of nations
In Mary's arms is resting calmly now
He hears that Name, of tender, loving sweetness,
At which all knees adoringly must bow.

He sings of Jesus' sacred Life and Passion,
And of His glories in the kingdom fair;
Then contemplates the Eucharistic species:
The "Angel's Bread," the "Lord of Hosts" is there.
O white-robed poet of the holy altar
An "Angel" in thy spotless purity!
The spirit of God's love swept o'er thy heart strings,
And made thee "Angel," too, in minstrelsy.

Thy canticles of praise and adoration
Resound on Eucharistic festal-days,
Thy sighs for "fatherland" † at Benediction,
Oft murmur in our plaintive exile lays.
In God's bright land, the saints with joy are thrilling,
And sweet each song before the Lamb divine;
But ah! there is a special, glorious beauty,
O poet of the Eucharist! in thine!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio."—St. Thomas.
† "Nobis donet in Patria!" (O Salutaris!)

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

IV.

On the evening of our arrival at Panagli-Capouli we made our first visit to the "Maisonette," and then walked to the top of the mountain with the poetic name, following the route of the Stations of the Cross, said to have been arranged by the Mater Dolorosa herself, and to have been frequented by her and the devout Christians who bore her company in her retirement near Ephesus. Not all of these stations have been discovered as yet. Those of them that have been, are marked by stones on which the Queen of Heaven (I quote again from Catherine Emmerich) during her earthly pilgrimage graved, or caused to be graven, the title of each, similar to what we may see in any Catholic church to-day. One of these tablets, a fac-simile of which I saw, has been sent by Rev. Father Jung to the academy of science at Berlin for decipherment. Catherine Emmerich declares that when the fourteenth station is brought to light the tomb of Our Lady will be found, and that there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

Perhaps I would do well to tell you, before going farther, something about the person who has made assertions of a nature so startling, in view of the constant tradition that the Blessed Virgin died at Jerusalem, and reposed in the tomb prepared for her there by the Apostles, until the day of her glorious Assumption into heaven.

Catherine Emmerich, then,—called the Seer of Dûlmen—was born in the village just named, in Bavaria, Germany. In later years she became an Augustinian nun and led a very holy life, during a great portion of which she was severely tried by a painful illness that kept her bed-ridden. From her earliest childhood on, she had been favored with visions, of which, however, she kept no note, it being only a couple of years before her death, which occurred in 1824, that, at the instance of her Superiors, she dictated to a secretary named Brentano all that she could then recall of her past revelations. She died in the odor of sanctity, and, if I remember aright, the cause of her beatification has been introduced. Her visions range over the entire period of Our Lord's life, from His birth to His Ascension; and she describes with minuteness of detail, and a coloring most vivid, the events which began with Bethlehem and ended with Calvary. Eminent prelates —among them Cardinal Gibbons—have expressed their admiration of her life and writings, as can be seen in the introduction to the latter, published in the United States some years ago by Benziger Bros., or Fr. Pustet & Co.,—I forget which. Now, I ask, is it not strange, humanly speaking at least,

that a poor, sick and unlettered woman living in a little hamlet in Germany, and who never left her native country, should have described so perfectly the Maisonette of Our Lady at Ephesus in Asia Minor? And is not this especially remarkable in view of the fact that the tradition of the same had been lost sight of by Christians of the Latin rite even in the neighborhood of the same? I leave it to you to draw whatever conclusion may seem reasonable.

After our descent from Bulbul-Dagh, from whose summit we caught a glimpse of the historic islands of Samos and Patmos, we passed the night near the holy house, in the small hospice recently erected by the Lazarist Fathers. But hereby hangs a tale. When these religious purchased the property spoken of further back, a notorious robber-chief lived with his family in one of the caves of the mountain, whilst his band was distributed at convenient points far and near. He had been the terror of travelers for years and had been arrested by the authorities several times, but always managed (doubtless by a heavy baksheesh) to escape with his life. The Fathers found it impossible to dislodge him, and so conceived the idea (on the principle, possibly, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue") of making him the guardian of their new acquisition. It was pursuant to this resolve that he entered upon the office of custodian of their hospice, etc. But alas, his new sphere of action soon grew irksome to him, and he is now in prison for having killed a man—the fourth he is known to have put out of the way. "Extenuating circumstances" have got him off with six years this time, four of which he has still to serve. One of his sons is a Catholic, having been raised and partially educated by the Lazarists of Smyrna. His wife and remaining children, three boys and a girl, as also he himself, are Greek schismatics. God grant they may be brought to a knowledge of the truth and have the grace to accept it, in His own good time! The Catholic boy showed me his father's portrait. It represents him arrayed in hunting costume, his terrible gun resting in an affectionate embrace at his right side, his eyes blazing, and his entire attitude breathing fearlessness and defiance. I confess I secretly rejoiced at not meeting with the original.

The hospice mentioned above consists of two rooms exclusive of pantries, etc. The bandit's family occupies the outer one. We saw them at their meals, squatted down on the clay floor in front of a huge fire-place (it is quite cool on the mountain), eating with their fingers out of a large platter common to all. (Their bed consists of the skins of wild beasts or of a rug spread on the ground.) The good Capuchin Fathers of Smyrna, knowing, doubtless, the nature of that cuisine, had furnished us with a well-filled basket of provisions, so that we were not reduced, fortunately for us, to the necessity of sharing the repast of our hosts. The "lady of the house" prepared coffee for us à la Turque, however, which was very acceptable. It is in Turkey that one learns to appreciate coffee at its true value. After our night's rest we rose at 4:30, and about an hour later our reverend guide, my companion and I said Mass in the holy house of Our Blessed Lady, and then took a light breakfast preparatory to remounting our steeds. Bidding adieu to our hostess and her interesting family, and giving her and each member of the same a liberal

baksheesh, we commenced our ride down the mountain towards Ephesus, some three and a half leagues distant. Arrived there, we inspected the ruins in detail, viz., those of the "Gymnasium," "Odeon," "Theatre," "Temple of Diana," the "Aghora," or forum, the ancient walls, massive portals, etc. In the theatre, the existing portions of which bear ample witness to its former magnificence—its vast court paved in marble, its stage and immense auditorium (the latter built upon the hillside in the form of an amphitheatre) being even yet in a comparatively good state of preservation—we saw fragments of statuary, arabesques, capitals of pillars, etc., wonderfully chiseled, and but recently unearthed by an Austrian company, which obtained a firman from the Sultan for that purpose. But this company has arrived on the spot too late, an English one having preceded it years ago and taken all that was worth transporting; so that the saying current in these parts is: "If you want to see Ephesus, go to London."

Of the temple of Diana, so famous of old for its size and beauty, and of which some gigantic columns, cornices, etc., are to be seen in the mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, nothing whatever remains. Vast mounds of earth thrown up upon its site show the activity of the English company, mentioned above, in the pursuit of objects of ancient art and the like. It was on the natal day of Alexander the Great that a peasant threw a lighted torch into this stupendous pile and burnt it to the ground, to render his name—Irostratus—immortal. You can judge of his success when I tell you that it was a hundred years in building. The work of a century destroyed in one night! Such is the vanity of human glory. Proceeding farther we came upon the ruins of the Church of St. John, "the beloved disciple," which was in a measure respected by the Goths during their invasion of A. D. 262, but utterly demolished by the Turks later on. It was here, we were told, that this holy evangelist officiated. Next we saw the great church in which, A. D. 431, the Council of Ephesus was held and the heresiarch Nestorius, who denied the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin, condemned and excommunicated. It was on this occasion that the third part of the "Hail Mary" was composed spontaneously by the inspired multitudes assembled outside the council hall awaiting the decision. On learning the definition of the Fathers, the Ephesians went wild with joy, embraced and kissed the prelates, escorted them to their lodgings by torchlight (it was late in the night when this memorable session terminated), and with one accord cried out: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." The church, said to be the first called after Our Blessed Lady — "St. Mary" — dates back, according to tradition, to the first age of Christianity. Of course, like ancient churches in Rome and elsewhere, the original building as such no longer exists in its former entirety—the ravages of time, earthquakes, wars, fire, etc., having left but little of it standing; the site, however, the foundations, and even portions of the walls are the same. The Turks converted it into a mosque, but afterwards abandoned it. Four years ago they walled up the doors in order to prevent the Catholics of Smyrna and the surrounding country from entering it, as they had been wont to do on pilgrim-

ages from time to time during the year. Our reverend guide told us that whilst it was still open to the public he had celebrated Mass within its walls. As one portion of it is built against a high hill, and as there is no longer even the vestige of a roof save over the portion formerly used as a mosque (and this is simply the immense vestibule), by ascending the hill we got a perfect view of the interior. Still further on is a little fortress, situated on an eminence, in which St. Paul the Apostle was imprisoned. It was at Ephesus that St. Timothy was consecrated bishop by the same apostle and that St. Luke wrote his gospel. What memories! Now there are only a few miserable huts where once all was wealth, grandeur and pomp. No longer is the cry heard which once resounded through the world: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Our final stop was at the tomb of St. Luke. This is naturally in a ruinous condition, but the walls—in some parts to the height of four feet—are still standing. The vaulted roof has disappeared, and the interior is encumbered with its debris. At the entrance is a massive block of white marble divided into two panels, in the uppermost of which is a Latin cross of a foot in length, and in the lower the figure of a calf, the latter being the emblem always accompanying portraits of this evangelist as indicative of the trend of his gospel.

The oneness ("unitas") of the gospel in the plurality of the evangelists who wrote it is most aptly symbolized by the "Four Animals" described by Ezechiel. They (the evangelists) are usually represented, namely, by the figure of a man, a lion, a calf, or ox, and an eagle. (See St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory the Great, St. Ambrose, Ireneus, etc.) The appropriateness of this is observable from the first or initial words of the gospel of each evangelist. Thus, according to St. Jerome, the figure of a man denotes the gospel of St. Matthew, who begins the same with the narration of the origin of Christ according to His humanity, and entitles his history: "Book of the generation of Jesus Christ, Son of David. The lion denotes St. Mark, who begins from the preaching of St. John the Baptist in the desert: "The voice of one crying in the desert, prepare the way of the Lord," etc. Next, St. Luke is designated by the calf or ox, because he first treats of the priesthood of Zachary; and one of the principal victims offered in sacrifice by the priests under the Mosaic dispensation was the calf, or the ox.

St. John, whose theme soars far above that of the three evangelists mentioned—attaining in his sublime flight to the very throne of God, saying—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," is most appropriately symbolized by the king of birds, the eagle.

[Sanctum Jesu Christi Evangelium secundum Mathaeum, etc.—J. A. Van Steen-Kiste, canonicus honorarius eccles. cathedr. Brug., S. Theol. Licent. in Univ. Cathol. Lovan., et S. Script. prof. in Semin. Brugensi Tom. I.]

While in Italy last year, I saw in the church of St. Justina, at Padua the sarcophagus wherein St. Luke's body rested in the tomb at Ephesus, and in which his sacred relics were afterwards borne to that Catholic country in order to save them from desecration at the hands of the infidel. Having spent some hours in viewing these historic scenes, sacred and profane, we again

got into the saddle and turned our faces toward the station of Ayassoulook, where we took the train for Smyrna. On the same I met a gentleman (who for obvious reasons shall be nameless here) who holds the position of inspector of railways under the Ottoman government. Although born in the Orient, he is an Englishman by descent and very much attached to the country of his ancestors. He wears the Turkish fez, of course, as all officials in the employ of the Sultan must do no matter what their nationality. We got into quite an animated conversation, discussing among other interesting topics the revolution and the massacres which occurred at Smyrna in 1821. In connection herewith, he told me of the narrow escape of a relative of his, then a young woman of some twenty summers. On the eve of the terrible event, which cost hundreds of lives and almost blotted out the European population of the city, a faithful (?) man-servant of the family—a Musselman, I need hardly say—told her that on the following day the foreigners of Smyrna would be annihilated, adding: "But to save you, Miss, from the horrors of that scene and from worse molestation at the hands of the rabble, I will cut your throat at the first attack upon your house." The young lady, with great presence of mind, thanked him for his magnanimous solicitude in her regard, and sending him, a little latter, upon a distant errand, escaped with the other members of her family to a vessel lying in the harbor and bound for England. In that country they awaited the restoration of calm in order to return to the country of their adoption. This accomplished, the "cavass," *i. e.* servant, presented himself to the father of our heroine for re-acceptance. He was quite astonished on being refused, especially for the reason of his murderous threat against his youthful mistress, remarking that he regarded the execution of the same as the best he could do for her. (Evidently the idea of suggesting flight, or of striving to save his master and family in some other way, never presented itself to this son of the prophet.)

It was at Smyrna that I learned the process of preparing figs for exportation. I saw the operation, and mentally resolved to give that delicious fruit a wide berth for the future, at least in the dried state. In long, low sheds near the sea-shore, hundreds of men, women and children are seated at rough board tables on which, between every four or six persons, are placed bowls containing sea-water. Beside each individual is a pile of the little round wooded boxes so familiar to the fig-consumers in the United States, and dumped upon the tables at intervals are heaps of the "honey-dropping" fruit. The workers first dip their hands—renewing this operation betimes—into the briny liquid before them (which is not changed, or I should say renewed any too often), and then take up a fig, roll it between their paws until it is quite flat, and finally lay it in its little bed, patting it meanwhile with their dirty fingers to assure its not coming up until lifted from its recumbent position by the slender digital extremities of some delicate American maiden and transferred to that bourne from which no fig is supposed to return.

The art of drying grapes or, in other words, of making raisins, which I also witnessed, is, fortunately for the lovers of plum-pudding, not so repulsive. The grapes are gathered with care from the vines and are subjected bunch by

bunch to a bath of potash, olive oil and water. This is gone through thrice, the fruit being spread upon mats in the sun after each immersion. When properly dried the raisins are packed in boxes and shipped to England, America and elsewhere for consumption. The Smyrna raisins are famous the world over. I was told that the triple immersion keeps them moist and gives them the beautiful gloss for which they are noted. Pardon me, dear Coz., if these by no means exaggerated descriptions should interfere henceforth with your appetite in the matter of Smyrna dried figs and raisins!

I won't enlarge here upon the beauty of the city where such arts are practiced. Suffice it to say that its quay of nearly four miles in length is superb, lined as it is in great part by magnificent marble palaces—the preferred residences of the wealthy Smyrniotes. Behind it Smyrna rises proudly upon the hills in the form of a vast ampitheatre, presenting a magnificent aspect by day and—with its thousands of lights—a veritable fairyland of undescribable beauty by night. I might tell you of its curious bazaars, where every imaginable species of merchandise is sold, as also fruits and other edibles of the descriptions peculiar to the East. Under the vaulted roofs of these Oriental markethouses all is life, activity and bustle. Horses and carriages, mules and asses, pedestrians in costumes as varied in kind as Joseph's coat was in colors—Turks, Arabs, Ethiopians, Europeans, Beduins, Circassians, Kurds and Druids ("Druses"), all rush by or stand in groups before the stalls, yelling, shouting and gesticulating in a way calculated to frighten the unsophisticated newcomer, who is almost led to imagine that a revolution is on the point of breaking out or that some fresh massacre is in progress of preparation. Amid all this hubbub the soft, measured tinkling of a bell is heard: in the twinkling of an eye the narrow street is cleared by the excited crowd, and in another moment a long line of camels in single file—led by a Beduin seated upon a diminutive donkey, and tied one to another by a rope of some seven feet in length between each—passes by with stately tread, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but going on their way with a solemnity of carriage which seems to betoken conscious superiority over all around them.

One encounters these strange beasts everywhere in and about Smyrna, and from thence on throughout the East. I have counted hundreds of them in a single day. They serve the purposes of carts, wagons and the like, carrying burdens of enormous weight and bulk. They come upon the platform of the railway station or wharf, kneel down upon all fours at the word of command to receive or discharge their load, uttering a peculiar cry or groan if the former operation seems excessive to their sense of justice—forcibly reminding the observer of the old saying: "'Tis the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

I might tell you also of the Religious Orders of men and women in the "city on the gulf": of the the Franciscans, Capuchins, Dominicans, Lazarists, Christian Brothers, Dames de Sion (in whose beautiful and spacious chapel—it has five altars—I said Mass), Sisters of Charity, etc.; of their successful work in the matter of education, and of the fruits of their apostolic zeal. There would indeed be much to say on these points; but I must press on. So I will conclude my lengthy observations on Smyrna by saying that among its population there are 100,000 Greeks, 50,000 Musselmans, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Catholics and 7,000 Armenians. Some of the Catholic and "Orthodox" Greek churches are splendid buildings indeed, being of imposing architecture, and richly adorned within and without. Of the former, those of the Capuchins, Franciscans and Lazarists excel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* For the First Friday.

SOME days ago, while seated at my desk, an old man, who asked to see me, came into the room. His erect figure, his military air, proclaimed him the soldier, and as such he introduced himself, "an old soldier," he said, "who had fought all through the civil war." He had served under the great Generals—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—and he spoke of them with the enthusiasm of a devotee. His only son, he told me, was in the regular army fighting against Spain. "But," he added regretfully, "there are no generals now like those I knew."

His motive in seeking me was to ask aid; he had been able to live by his work, but a few days before his hand had been crushed in machinery and he was in consequence disabled. I listened to his story with interest, asked him some questions about his war-time experiences and sympathized with him in his trouble. Then, telling him to come to me again and I would see what could be done for him, I gave him some money. To my dismay he began to weep and to say "I do not know why you are so good to me." "Oh," I said, "you must not feel it so; any one would be good to an old soldier." "No," he replied, "any one would not be good to me; you are the first, and I had nothing to eat." Turning to go, he asked to shake hands with me and left the room still weeping and repeating "I do not know why you are so good to me." It did not seem to me that there was any great goodness in my action. There is such a pleasure in rendering assistance to those poorer than ourselves if it be but the "mite" that it is well to be careful about making our intention in alms-giving, lest the mere benevolent feeling suffices and so we miss the reward promised even to the "cup of cold water" given "in His Name" and for His sake.

Some there are who claim that we should give only to the deserving poor. Who is to be the judge? It is related of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, that while still a happy wife, and mistress of an ancient castle, (to which there were two gates, by one the dependants on her bounty entered, while by the other they departed) she was told that some who had received their dole, slipped in a second time and again were helped, and her servants begged the saint—for such she was even then, though a hidden one—to punish those who had, as we would say now, imposed on her, by closing the gates entirely. But her reply was that rather would she bestow her bounty on ninety-nine undeserving of it than that one innocent and needy person should suffer.

Of course a certain degree of discrimination must be used, but what would become of the most of us if God, in dispensing His graces, adjusted His balances so nicely between those who are and who are not "deserving" as we are inclined to do in regard to our fellow creatures!

After my old soldier had gone his words kept recurring again and again to me. They pulsed through my brain like the refrain of a song. What could it mean? Where had I heard those words before? "I do not know why you are so good to me." Writing became impossible and I gave myself up to the spell of those words. Suddenly, like a flash, the knowledge came

to me, and deep in my heart with fervent love I exclaimed : "O sweetest Heart of Jesus, I do not know why Thou art so good to me !"

Here was the solution of the iteration of the old soldier's words. He thought me good to him because of my sympathy, because of my little aid, but oh, who can solve the mystery of the love of Jesus for us? To each one He says . "Behold this Heart which has loved thee so much that It has spared Itself in nothing." Why hast Thou been so good to us, O sweet Heart of Jesus, to us, negligent, ungrateful, sinful? Thou hast spared Thyself in nothing and we hesitate to make the slightest sacrifice for Thee.

Let us begin now and see if during this penitential time we cannot for His dear sake give up some pleasure, sacrifice some enjoyment ; and let us on the First Friday promise Him that whatever we can do that we will do to make the reparation He asks. But let our sacrifices be known only to Him.

In this age of nervous strain and brain-fag and all sorts of valetudinarianism there are few who can really observe the precept of fasting, although the Lenten indults of recent years have made Lent very unlike that of our forefathers and not at all like that of the early Christians. Let us see what we can do those of us who "cannot fast," nor indeed would the little observances about to be mentioned hurt those who can. There are few persons so ultra-refined as not to have a special liking for a special dainty. Give it up during these forty days. In our favored land but few tables are unsupplied with a variety of good things. No one will notice if you refrain from tasting your favorite dish, or if some *enfant terrible* of any age (for this species of torment is not always of childhood's years) notice it and exclaim : "Oh, you are trying to keep Lent," quietly reply, "Yes, I am, it is so little I can do but that little shall be done."

Some persons never touch candy or ice-cream during Lent. There is another sacrifice most of us can make. Little, but harder than the aforementioned. Suppose you are talking with friends ; the conversation is bright and witty. A remark is made and on the instant a reply, sparkling, original, àpropos, sure to elicit admiration, springs to your lips, almost drops from your tongue. Speak it not ; let your tongue rest, and if, as not infrequently happens amongst congenial minds, another says almost identically what you would have said and is greeted with laughter and applause, join heartily in the commendation and thank God for the opportunity He gave you of making a sacrifice for Him.

There is one creature to which we are all so strongly addicted, it is so much a part of our lives, that in regard to it will perhaps be our greatest sacrifice, our keenest deprivation. That creature is *reading*.. The Bishop of Newport, England, in an admirable little book treating of this subject says : "In this age people *must* read." Truly, books have come to be one of the necessaries of life, and the daily newspaper is a prime factor in our existence. An insatiable desire to read possesses all classess. Just to read, it seems in many cases. And books—alas ! that it is so with some books—are so cheap. And the great public libraries bring them within the reach of those who cannot buy, however cheap, and of children. And so much that is terrible and wonderful happens in these days, both at home and abroad, that we must perforce read the newspaper. Ah !

how often the daily paper is but the potent agent of the evil one; his vehicle for the transmission of sin, by imparting wicked and forbidden knowledge! But if we must "just glance at the war news" or look up "the latest scientific discoveries" (did Thomas à Kempis have this in his mind when he wrote "Let curiosities alone"?) let us at least not read everything. Some say, "I can read anything tabooed and it never hurts me." How do you know? Would you dare to say such reading *helps* you?

Let us dispense with the newspaper as much as possible during Lent. We shall get along just as well.

But if we must read, there is fortunately no want of good Catholic books in every department of literature, even that of fiction, with which, however, we have not to deal now. How much soever the charm of the last new novel allures us, let it not prevail. But if we find it out of our power to resist, here is a counter charm which will go far towards rendering that of the novel innocuous. When we have read, let us say about half of the fascinating story, and are just at the most "interesting part," when we would not for the world anticipate the thrilling climax and yet are on the qui vive to know how it is going to turn out, let us close the book, lay it aside, and read no more of it, but make a sacrifice, said to be most pleasing to God, alike of our pleasure and our curiosity. Hard? Well, yes, especially the first time, but as with everything else, it grows less hard by practice. But how can we truthfully say that anything we do for God is hard, when we wonder, as wonder we must, *why* He has been so good to us?

Do we ever thank God for the gift of faith—that glorious, that marvellous gift, which only God can bestow. It is a sad truth that too many of us accept it without realizing its inestimable value. We have been born in the faith, have grown up in it and have come to look on its possession almost as a right. We all know persons outside the fold, who, we are constrained to believe, are immeasurably more deserving of such favor than we, who would have valued it more highly; whose lives would have been in harmony with its teachings far more than ours. *Why* has God been so good to us!

Converts are usually very enthusiastic in their love for the faith. They accuse us of being cold and callous in regard to it. Our pride is hurt by this and we say: "You are so fervent in your words because you are new in the Church; we who were born in it and have known the truth and the beauty of its doctrine all our lives, feel both just as deeply. Do not imagine you have a monopoly of these ideas and sentiments. We feel them and we thank God for them." But let us consider; do we really feel all this as we would wish to believe, when our pride is a little hurt? Ah! if we valued our faith as we should value it would not our lives be other than they are? Faith sits lightly upon our souls because its possession has become a habit. Seldom do we say "Oh God why hast Thou bestowed upon me, so unworthy of it, the priceless boon of faith?" Only in eternity may this mystery be revealed. With contrition and with love let me say: "I do not know why Thou hast been so good to me!"

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* The edifying lines were written for our March number, and as the reader will observe are full of thoughts suitable to the season of penance. No apology seems necessary if, after an unavoidable delay, we print these beautiful words, which are appropriate for the month devoted to the Sacred Heart.—[Ed. C. R.]

A Wayfaring Man.

By Francis W. Grey.

JOHN Henderson, collector of rates and taxes for the Eastbury District of Westshire, was a devout, consistent Methodist when I first made his acquaintance. As such he had, literally, a holy horror of "Popery," whether Roman or Anglican, but, on the whole, had more respect, or less aversion to Father Williams, the Catholic priest at Gauntsford, than to the ritualistic rector of Eastbury All Saints'. The one, as he said to me shortly after I got to know him, was, at least, "an open enemy to the gospel," the other was "an insidious foe under the guise of a friend," which, by the way, is very much the view taken of "Anglo-Catholics" by most "Evangelicals" and Non-Conformists. The only two "parsons" for whom my friend John Henderson had a genuine respect were those two rectors of Eastbury Saint Simon's, who had, successively, "lapsed to Rome." That, he said, was the best thing they could have done; they, at all events, were honest; much as he might, and did, regret their "apostasy," he could not help admiring their loyalty to their convictions, "erroneous" as they were. If only every ritualist, "priests" and layman, will follow their example the Protestant Church of England would once more be pure and at peace. Then—by way of disestablishment, of course—that "re-union" so much desired by all "Gospel Christians" would be speedily accomplished.

All which, and much more to the same purpose, with much fervor of evident conviction, did the collector of rates and taxes impart to me on various occasions, chiefly, I fancy, under the shadow of that beautiful old parish church of All Saints' which he so longed to see purified of its "idols" and restored to "Protestant simplicity." He was not, to put it mildly, gentle in his mode of expression concerning matters that evoked his pious indignation; in fact he told me with no unnecessary tenderness for my susceptibilities that I was a blinded worshipper of images. But we got on nevertheless, and from his very "bigotry" I had hopes of him from the beginning. How far I was justified you will learn in due course.

Bigot as he certainly was, he had his Bible "by heart" in the truest meaning of that oft-misused phrase. That, also, was a ground of hope. So long as a man really believes in "the infallible Word of God," so long is there at least a possibility of showing him how that infallible Book postulates an infallible Church as its guardian and interpreter. It is the man who has imbibed the venom of "higher criticism," who talks sapiently and volubly of modern research, who considers all forms of faith as equally true—or equally imperfect—who is, as we say, past praying for. The man to whom his form of faith is "the truth," to the exclusion of all others, may be, or rather must be a "bigot," but according to the measure of his honest devotion to truth so surely must be the hope that he will some day attain to the full knowledge of it. "If any man will do His Will he shall *know* of the doctrine whether it be of God."

I, had, however, other reasons to be hopeful about John Henderson's ultimate conversion to the True Faith. As a Methodist he was of course a strenuous advocate of free will, as opposed to "predestinarianism." But there are Methodists *and* Methodists, as there are Anglicans *and* Anglicans; the English Methodists are for the most part "Arminians" to a degree difficult for those who have never come in contact with them to understand; Welsh Methodists on the other hand are equally fervent Calvinists, holding firmly by the dogma of predestination, with all its consequences. Mrs. Henderson, therefore, was merely consistent in regarding her liege lord's free-will tenets as the deadliest of errors, whereas John Henderson on his side had to submit to daily, if not hourly preachments, and to hear his friends, if not himself, consigned to everlasting punishment as "reprobates," foredoomed thereto from all eternity. That is, on a fundamental doctrine—as each perforce admitted it to be—John and his better half were hopelessly at variance.

It said much, however, for both of them, that each was sufficiently earnest and sincere to be aware of the difference between their respective creeds and to recognize it as lying at the very "root of the matter." The tendency of modern Protestantism is of course to minimise such points of disagreement; to regard them as merely "phases of belief" or "modes of expression;" as of no real consequence in fact. Even the "Evangelicals," as the Low Church Anglicans style themselves, have begun to talk of "conference" with the "Catholics" of the Establishment, with a view doubtless to finding some "modus vivendi," as it is now the fashion to call those compromises whereby each party sacrifices, actually or professedly, some long cherished "principle," in order to attain to some real or apparent agreement—generally in the presence of a common foe. But John Henderson and his wife not being familiar with such methods of compromise, whereby black and white combine to form a neutral and very unattractive drab color, held firmly to their respective principles. And this, be it noted, in spite of the resultant divergence, discord it could not be called, between two pious souls who each had a real love for the one Master, Christ, and, in Him, for the other.

It was to this divergence that John Henderson, urged thereto possibly by some unusually strenuous preachment on the part of his wife, alluded one autumn day as we sat on a bench in the churchyard under the welcome shade of the square tower of Eastbury All Saints', with a peculiarly malignant gargoyle demon grinning scornfully down upon us paltry mortals, the original whereof could, I doubt not, have given both of us "points" on the subject we were discussing.

"What does your church teach in regard to predestination?" he asked abruptly and without the smallest attempt at preface or introduction.

It was an unexpected question; yet when I came to think it over I found that I had in fact been looking for it for some time past. Possibly that was why it seemed unexpected when it was actually put to me.

"What does Mrs. Henderson say? I mean," I corrected myself, "what is her favorite text in respect of predestination?"

"No man can come to Me except the Father who hath sent Me draw him," [1] he quoted reverently.

"You have no difficulty about that surely?" I asked.

"None," he answered; "but she very often quotes that verse about the potter and the clay, [2] and that other of 'Whom He will, He hardeneth.'" [3]

"And you?" I asked, more interested than I am able to express.

"I tell her," he replied, "that though Paul was a 'vessel of election,' [4] or 'chosen vessel,' yet he himself feared lest he should be a castaway, [5] a reprobate, as the Calvinists say."

"And you infer from that?" I enquired, seeing that he paused as if in expectation of my making some such query.

"That 'election' does not necessarily involve final perseverance," he returned.

"And, therefore?" I put in, as he paused again evidently waiting for me to help him out.

"Therefore," he repined, following, as I could see, a well-worn, oft-traversed line of argument, "therefore, 'mercy' means final perseverance and 'hardening' means leaving us to go our own way. But I don't understand it for all that," he added sadly, "and she, my wife I mean, cannot see it in that light."

"And you want me to decide between you?" It was a bold question to ask, but I felt sure that this was what he did want, into whatever words he might put his request.

As a matter of fact he put it in a form in which I had not ventured to express it. Hence, if I may be allowed to say so, the apparent egotism of the way I had put it.

"What does your church say?" he asked, quietly, earnestly. It was the instinctive turning of a perplexed soul towards one who at least claimed to teach "as having authority." As such I was bound, before God, to consider it.

"I am not a theologian," I made answer, "but if I can help you in any way I will."

"Thank you, I knew you would."

Once more, as I felt convinced, the confidence which prompted his reply was not in me personally, but, instinctively, almost, if not quite unconsciously, in her, to whom I owe allegiance, in the Church of the Living God.

"First, as to election," I began, "it implies, or seems to imply, what we call 'foreknowledge,' does it not?"

"Yes."

Whereupon I explained as best I could what is meant by God's omniscience; how to Him there is neither past nor future, but one eternal "now"; that as has been said, "with Him, on account of His eternity, all things are ever present, although He knows them as having existence according to their true succession in time"; [6] that, if we may so say, "the fact that it will come to pass is the *cause* why God foresees it" [7]; that "it is true to say that our free conduct makes God to have foreseen from eternity what we do." [8]

He listened closely with the most earnest attention.

"That certainly seems to reconcile human liberty and Divine knowledge," he said. "Now what about election?"

I first quoted a prayer of which I am very fond: "That Thy Grace being infused into us under the glorious name of Jesus, by the title of eternal predestination, we may rejoice that our names are written in heaven." [9]

"Where does that come from?" he enquired, evidently much struck by the beauty of the petition.

I told him. Then pointed out how

Saint Paul, the "vessel of election," though, of himself, he had cause to fear lest he should be a castaway, yet *knew* in whom he had believed, was persuaded that He was "able to keep." How none may *know* that he is of the number of the elect unless God Himself should be pleased to reveal it [10]; and how Saint Paul bids us "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," [11] giving as the season: "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

"That 'both to will and to do,'" I said, "seems very much the same as Mrs. Henderson's text about 'except the Father who hath sent Me draw him'; very much like what we call the doctrine of 'prevenient grace' which teaches us that we cannot *will* to turn to God without the help of His grace."

"It is what Paul said," returned Henderson. Then added: "You at least seem to have no doubts or difficulties."

"How should I have?" I answered, "seeing that I have a teacher sent from God, and therefore infallible."

"The Church?"

"The Church of God."

"The Church infallible?"

"Why not? You believe in an infallible Bible, I, in an authority divinely appointed to be the custodian and interpreter of God's Word. Then if divinely appointed, that is sent by God to teach us, the authority must be of its very nature infallible." Whereat I once more quoted words both dear and familiar: "Moreover I believe whatsoever the Catholic Church proposes to be believed, and this because God, who is truth itself, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, has revealed all these things to this His Church."

"A beautifully simple creed, if one could only accept it," he said; "I wish I could."

"You cannot?" I asked.

"It is so different to what I have been taught," he returned.

"And yet you asked me what our Church teaches in respect of a fundamental doctrine concerning which you and your wife are unable to agree."

"Yes," he admitted.

"Are you satisfied with her teaching on that point," was my next question.

"It seems reasonable enough, Scriptural enough," he replied, "yet each of us claims Scripture for free will or predestination, Popery or Protestantism."

"Yet the Apostles were sent to *teach* all nations," I rejoined; "were they infallible?"

"I suppose so," he said, "but they were sent by Christ, as His Father had sent him."

"Quite so. And after they were all dead, what then?"

No answer this time. "Don't you see," I continued, "that if they were sent with Christ's commission, Christ's infallibility, to teach all nations, even to the consummation of the world, there must have been some to succeed them in their authority, and therefore in their infallibility. A teacher sent from God is not for one age or one country, but for all ages and all lands: such a teacher, possessing divine authority, must be infallible. 'You shall *know* the truth? Otherwise who shall say which is right, 'Papist or Protestant, Calvinist or Arminian?'"

"Who, indeed?" he asked, sadly, as it seemed to me, as one who hears tidings too good to be true. "It is all beautifully simple," he went on, "but to me it seems too simple to be the truth as it is in Jesus."

"Why?"

"Because it ends all uncertainties, all doubts, all search," he answered, "you simply submit your whole spiritual nature to a man."

"Commissioned by God," I interjected.

"To a Church," he continued, not apparently offended at the interruption.

"To the Church of God," I returned, "as custodian and interpreter of the Gospel of God." Then added, "You say it all seems too simple. What about the 'poor' to whom the gospel is to be preached? What about God's highway, that is to be so plain that 'the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein?'" [12]

"But— to submit to a man." It was the stock Protestant, I was about to say, the stock 'British' objection.

"He went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them," [13] I quoted reverently. "Who was He?"

"The Word made Flesh," [14] Henderson answered, with equal reverence.

"And who were they?"

"Two of the creatures whom He had made," was the reply, for he was absolutely honest, "even to his hindrance," as David says.

"Yes, and He left us an example that we should follow in His steps," [15] I rejoined, "and bade us, by the mouth of His infallible apostle, be to all subject one to another. [16] And Saint Paul tells us to obey them that have the rule over us, for they watch for our souls." [17] Then, after a pause, "Does the Church of God preach the gospel of God?" I asked.

"It certainly seems like it," he admitted with an honesty which assuredly did him credit; an honesty due, I doubt not, to the fact that his belief was real, not a mere congeries of inherited traditions and prejudices as is wont to be the case with so many of us. And having this measure of willingness to believe to mould his life in accordance with his conviction, who could help hoping that he might some day obtain the grace of divine faith in an infallible authority—the Church of the Living God?

"Then how does this accord with the teachings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul?" I asked. "Listen: 'And yet what great matter is it if thou, who art but dust and nothing, subject thyself to a man for God's sake, when I, the Almighty and Most Highest, who created all things of nothing, humbly subjected Myself to man for thy sake?'" [18]

"Who wrote that?" he asked, with increased earnestness; there could be no doubt that the words appealed forcibly to one who could answer my former question as he had done just now.

"Thomas à Kempis, a 'lazy monk' of the 'dark ages,'" I answered, "in a book called 'The Imitation of Christ.'"

"I have heard it spoken of," he said, "but I have never read it."

"Take my advice, then, get it and read it."

"I certainly will."

Here, for the present at all events, our talk came to an end. I was called away from Eastbury for a time a day or so later, and did not see Henderson again for some weeks. When we did meet his first words were: "Thank you for your advice; I am reading the 'Imitation.'"

"And Mrs. Henderson?" I enquired, seemingly constrained to ask the question.

"We are reading it together," he replied, quite simply. Which went to prove that the bond of union between

them, their faith in our dear Lord, their love to Him, was too strong to be affected by any divergence concerning free will and election.

"What chapter did you read last?" was my next question.

"'The King's Highway of the Holy Cross,'" he made answer.

"Yes," I rejoined, "The King's Highway." Then added: "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. We are mostly fools," I went on, "even the wisest of us, that is, we need a teacher sent from God, one having authority; a plain way to walk in; the way the Master walked in when He went before us bearing His own Cross."

"We certainly do," he said earnestly. Then once again something prevented our continuing the talk, and once more I did not see him for some little time.

But I heard about him, which, as it proved, was far better. I heard, that is, that Father Williams, of Gauntsford, had been to the house several times. It was a piece of shudderingly interesting intelligence which the zealous Protestants of Eastbury, Anglican or Non-conformist, were not likely to keep each to himself. Wherefrom it was easy to gather that my wayfaring man, to say nothing of his good wife, was about to find a surer and more competent guide along the King's highway than I could ever hope to be.

As indeed it turned out to be, Henderson's first motive, a perfectly natural one, was doubtless a wish to ascertain how far and to what extent the teaching of a "Popish priest" would coincide with the utterances of a "Popish layman," to whom he paid the more than dubious compliment of considering him—me that is—"more liberal than most Romanists." The result must have satisfied him. Not, of course, that he found his reverence less or more "liberal" than he had imagined me to be, but that he learned to realize that the Church of God, "the mother of us all," being filled with the spirit of her Lord, can, indeed, "have compassion on the ignorant," [19] and that "as one whom his mother comforteth," [20] so will she comfort, counsel, teach and bless all those who seek and find her to be that Bride of Christ, for whom He gave Himself, to Whom she is subject. Truly he too, with his wife, had heard her voice, the voice of one having authority, saying to them as to so many others: "I will teach you the good and the right way;" [21] had heard her Lord saying to them: "I am the Way; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." [22]

1—St. John vi., 44. 2—Rom. ix., 21. 3—Rom. ix., 18. 4—Acts ix., 15. 5—I. Cor. ix., 27. 6—Fr. Hunter, "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology," Vol. III., par. 378. 7—Ibid, par. 381. 8—Ibid. 9—Post Com.: 2nd Sunday after Epiphany. 10—Fr. Hunter, ut sup: par. 391. 11—Philipp ii., 12. 12—Isaias xxxv., 8. 13—St. Luke ii., 51. 14—St. John i., 14. 15—I. St. Peter ii., 21. 16—I. St. Peter v., 5. 17—Hebrews xiii., 17. 18—Imitation, bk. iii., ch. xiii. 19—Hebrews v., 2. 20—Isaias lxvi., 13. 21—I. Kings (I. Samuel) xii., 23. 22—St. John xvi., 6. Ch. viii., 12.

For every heart-ache, every tear,
For every patient, struggling year,
For every sacrifice made here,
When heaven's mystic veil is drawn,
A rich reward, ten thousand fold,
Will come with happiness untold—
Hope on, dear heart, hope on!

Anniversaries.

By Enfant de Marie.

"Old memories that long have lain
And now have lost their power to pain."
—A. L. Drane ("Songs in the Night.")

A LEARNED writer tells us that "The memory is the treasure-house of the mind," and some have a special inclination to preserve in that receptacle treasured memories of their past joys and sorrows. I must take my place amongst these persons, but at the same time acknowledge that, unklike the sweet Dominican poetess above quoted, there are some which have never "lost their power to pain." Perhaps my feelings may be echoed in a far-off reader's soul and find expression in the words of another poetic view—that of the immortal Longfellow:

"A flood of thought comes o'er me
That fills my eyes with tears."

"A flood," indeed! bearing on its tide the remembrances of loved ones gone before "with the sign of faith," resting in the peace of God, and yet when they come with the white blossoms of May, or in the glowing summer days, or in the beauty of autumnal tints, or when the earth is robed in snow, how often do we experience they have still "the power to pain," and that very power makes us feel the need of renewing our acts of resignation to God's Holy Will. These days remind us to wreathe around the graves of our loved ones the immortelles of prayer, Stations, Communion and Holy Mass. Even if they need not our suffrages, other souls may benefit by them, or the accidental happiness of those in heaven may be increased. There are many other memories in our "treasure-house" that bring quite other thoughts and feelings. Sometimes gratitude for the graces of God, and this is most acceptable to Him, for even in the Old Law He commanded the Israelites to keep certain festivals in remembrance of His mercies—the Passover, Feast of Tabernacles and others. In the New Law, through the ecclesiastical, we renew our gratitude for the mysteries of our Lord, His Blessed Mother and the saints, and His Eucharistic Sacrifice is an unceasing thanksgiving to the Eternal Father. Some souls have noble, grateful sentiments when looking back on the beautiful land-marks of life. One of these, whose humility I will not pain by mentioning, rejoices that his birthday is also that of our Saviour Jesus Christ—that in our Blessed Mother's month he received the habit of an Order especially dear to her, and above all celebrates the glorious anniversary of that day when he first offered the adorable sacrifice of the Altar. Such remembrances, such renewals, are most dear to God, and foretastes of the eternal songs to praise and thank "the Lamb that was slain."

Many anniversaries ought to humble us and excite contrition for having so imperfectly corresponded with God's graces, and yet they ought to renew confidence for the future by reminding us that He who was so good and loving in those circumstances is "the same for ever." Above all, let us cherish the Feasts above mentioned, these

"anniversaries," as we may style them, of Jesus and Mary. Each one has a special grace, a beautiful example, and God so desires to give us that grace and to see us imitate that example. How beautiful it is in Holy Church to see the faithful realizing these mysteries with as lively a faith as if Jesus was again, born, suffering, rising from the dead, ascending to heaven! Even the very hours—for instance three o'clock on Good Friday—are remembered.

Memory is indeed "a treasure-house," and in heaven all reminiscences shall lose "the power to pain," nor shall the tide of sorrow ever flow back, but the power of joy and gratitude and praise shall remain forever and thrill melodiously on golden harp-strings before the great white throne and crystal sea.

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

ST. ALOYSIUS, S. J.—*June 21.*

THIS fair lily from the garden of St. Ignatius is so familiarly known and tenderly loved that we will do little more than indicate him as the special patron of June. With reason, indeed, may we choose this angelic lover of the Sacred Heart, in a month entirely consecrated to it, for St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi tells us how he darted "arrows of love" when on earth towards the Heart of the Incarnate Word, and of the immense joy these acts give him now. She saw in vision the wonderful glory of this youthful saint, and the inestimable value of an interior life "hidden with Christ in God."

Again our choice rests on St. Aloysius because of his love for Mary. To Our Lady of Loretto his mother had recourse before the birth of her child. To her he was consecrated, and the holy names of Jesus and Mary were the first softly murmured by this earthly "Angel." The virgin love of his heart was placed under the care of God's ever Immaculate Mother, and he ever looked up to that "morning star" for light and guidance o'er the upward path to heaven. Nor was this confidence disappointed, for he received through her a divine intimation of God's will, calling him to the Society of Jesus, and also the many graces he had need of to endure trials of various kinds before his entrance could be accomplished.

His short life "fulfilled a long space" of exquisite perfection illumed by the Celestial Star, restful with the peace which "surpasses all understanding," and ever aspiring to "be dissolved" and be "with Chirst." In the glowing days of June this fair lily was transplanted to the unfading paradise of which Mary is the queen. Let us invoke him with great confidence, that he may obtain for us grace to inspire more ardently towards the Heart of love and the Vision of God's Face. That he who was on earth "a little less than the angels," may enable us to imitate in some degree his marvellous innocence and still more marvellous penance. And lastly, that the mild light of Mary's love may guide us on to the far-off land, where love is perfected and the weary are at rest, and the virginal souls sing, as it were, a new song as they follow the Lamb eternally.

Angelic youth, so chastely fair,
Inflamed with love divine!
Around thy Jesus' Sacred Heart
Our best affections twine.
And pray the Queen of Angels bright
To guard our purity,
That when these exile-days are past
We may His vision see.

Eucharistic Gems.

EDITED BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE glowing month of June is illumined in the spiritual world as well as in the material one, but of the first we may say: "The Lamb is the lamp thereof," and the golden rays of that "lamp" shine gloriously over the Octave of Corpus Christi and the Feast of His Sacred Heart. Indeed the entire month belongs to that loving Heart, and it seems to us that a sweet thought for each day will increase its love in those already consecrated to It, and each new act of love will be a Eucharistic gem to shine in that eternal crown we hope to gain "through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen!"

1st.

"O marvel! that the poor and lowly slave should feed upon his Lord!" A holy and learned writer tells us these beautiful words are from one whom "the bread of angels" made angelic, St. Thomas Aquinas. If we would emulate afar off his purity, we, too, must feed on Jesus in His adorable Sacrament.

2nd.

There is a thought very similar in St. Francis de Sales: As hares on the snow-clad mountains become white by feeding on snow, so we, by feeding on purity itself, will become all pure.

3rd.

"Jesus! we cannot, we will not be without Thee, for all is gloom and darkness save with Thee."—Marie Eustelle Harpain.

4th.

"O tender Heart! unmurmuring, unchiding,
When those Thou lovest so ungrateful prove!
O Prisoner Divine, with us abiding,
Bound by the chains of Thine eternal love!
Draw now our souls with mighty force to Thee,
That we Thy captives, Thou our Master be!"

—A Sister of Mercy.

5th.

"In Patria."

"In Patria!" the plaintive "Salutaris"
Is sighing softly in the holy place,
And wakes our faith and hope and ardent longing,
To see "in Patria, Our Saviour's Face."

—Enfant de Marie.

6th.

"Let my soul Thine unseen presence
Ever seek, and seeking find."

—A. T. Drane, O. S. D.
(M. F. Raphael.)

7th.

"As Christ lives by the Father, so we, through the Blessed Sacrament, live by Christ."—D. Hedley.

8th.

"The holy Curé of Ars says the soul is like a bee that feasts in the chalice of the flower, immersed in sweetness not its own."

9th.

"I have no longer any soul, no longer any heart—my soul and my heart are those of my Divine Love."—St. Catherine of Genoa.

10th.

"Corpus Christi is a second feast of the Nativity; a Christmas festival in summer-tide, when the snows are gone and flowers cover the earth."—Cardinal Manning.

11th.

"And there shall be a tabernacle for a shade in the day-time from the heat, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind and rain."—Is. iv.

12th.

"The Blessed Sacrament is the home of love. We ought to admire its beauties and imitate the virtues of which He there gives us an example."—Rev. T. Carberry.

13th.

"How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"—Ps. lxxxiii. O royal words! expressing the admiration of all future believers in and lovers of Jesus' sacramental beauty.

14th.

"Stay with us Lord!" It is by the Eucharist He remains in us and we in Him.

15th.

"There is scarcely any doctrine so beautiful or so consoling as the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. It is the central dogma of our religion and the very focus of Divine Love."—Monsignor Vaughan.

16th.

"Dear Lord! admit me to Thy Sanctuary—
The dawn shines through Thy door.
And, oh! the night has been so wild and weary,
Say, shall I wander more?"
—B. Mulholland (Gilbert).

17th.

"I sleep; but my heart is watching," (Cant.)
"The Eucharist is God's ever watchful heart."
—Monsignor de la Boullerie.

18th.

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine!
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment thine!

19th.

"Jesus is the light of the world, and the full splendor of His love shines to the eyes of faith from the altar."—E. D. M.

20th.

A well-known spiritual writer, F. Nouet, S. J., says that on Corpus Christi, "the Church militant becomes triumphant." We hear the glorious "Lauda Sion" of St. Thomas, and gather round Jesus, not in the plaintive memories of Holy Thursday, but rather in union with celestial voices praising "the Lamb that was slain."

21st.

"He longs to be longed for," therefor let us, as St. Philip tells us, come "thirsting to the waters." "Sitivit in te anima mea!" * "My soul hath thirsted for Thee," sighs the royal prophet; and again: "As the hart panteth," etc.†

* Ps. lxxii., 2. † Ps. xli., 1.

22nd.

"Heart from Mary's heart created,
Heart of Jesus, all divine!
Here before Thee I adore Thee,
All my heart and soul are Thine."

23rd.

A holy and learned writer tells us "there is an instinct in the child of faith which refuses to be happy or content without the Blessed Sacrament." These words recall to mind the fervent aspiration heard frequently from a child preparing for first communion: "O Jesus! I long to receive you into my heart!" And when questioned as to her feelings when He did come: "I thanked Him for giving me Himself." Again: "What a sweet taste the Blessed Eucharist has!" To her It was given not merely in spirit, but even sensibly to taste its sweetness.

24th.

"Keep thyself with Jesus in life and death, who alone can help thee when all others fail."—"Imitation of Christ."

25th.

"I receive Thee, the price of my soul's ransom; I receive Thee, the Viaticum of my soul's pilgrimage. Thou, O Chirst, art the King of glory; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father."—Words of St. Thomas when about to receive holy Viaticum.

26th.

"We will be in a higher sphere of glory for each communion—a new 'pledge of glory.' Our souls are united to the glorified Body of Our Lord."—Fr. Naughton, S. J.

27th.

"May we, dear Lord, drawn by Thy influence sweet,
Watch, till the hour we die, here at Thy feet!"
—A Sister of Mercy.

28th.

"Let the lamp of Thy tabernacle be the light of our dwellings; let us trim the sacred flames and watch before Thee till the day dawns."

29th.

To Mary:

"And when the last Host consecrate on earth
Shall find its home eterne where God found birth—
The crystal depths of thy most holy Heart—
May this weak voice of mine uplifted be
Throughout the silence of eternity
Upheld by love, thy love and grace impart." *
—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

* There is a beautiful idea that at the end of the world the last Host consecrated shall be borne by angelic hands to heaven and placed in the crystal depths of Mary's heart. It is not indeed, of faith, but suggests beautiful and holy thoughts.

30th.

"Be Thou my adoration, praise and bliss, forever and forever. Amen."—Oratory (Hymn to Precious Blood.)

Roman Letter.

Saint Albert's College, Rome, Italy,
Feast of St. Simon Stock,
May 16, 1900.

Dear Father:

Our Father General is dead. To-day the Carmelites of the whole world are wrapped in sorrow and in sadness; for them the heavens are all darkness, for the sun of Mount Carmel has gone to rest. Orphans, indeed, are they bewailing the loss of the dearest, the kindest and the most loving of fathers.

Our beloved General, Aloysius M. Galli, died on Tuesday morning, May 1st, in the International College of Saint Albert, in Rome. He had been in poor health for the previous six months, but lately had improved wonderfully, and was rapidly becoming strong again, when three days ago he was stricken with appendicitis (or inflammation of the bowels), that terrible disease to which he was so soon to become a victim. The doctors were summoned and immediately applied all the forces of their science in order to dispel the terrible malady. But all in vain. Sunday they gave up in dispair and declared that our General must die. The Very Rev. Father General received this announcement calmly and with great resignation, said: "God is the ruler of life and death. May His holy will be fulfilled in me!" Monday morning he received the last Sacraments and the Papal Benediction which His Holiness Leo XIII., hearing that Fr. Galli was in imminent danger, had sent him. After this the General asked for the blessing of the Scapular, which was promptly given to him. He lingered until half-past nine Tuesday morning, when God called him to Himself.

He died calmly and peacefully, and apparently without the least pain; closing his eyes forever to this world just as a babe, happy in the tender embrace of its mother, dozes off in peaceful slumber. All the Religious of the house and many other priests were in the room at the time, and were just reciting the last psalm of the prayers for the dying when our dear General breathed forth his pure soul to God. His Eminence Cardinal Vanutelli, Cardinal Protector of the Carmelite Order, arrived a short time after and expressed his sorrow on not being present when the General died.

The obsequies took place Thursday at 10 a. m. in the Carmelite Church of Santa Maria Traspontina. The Very Rev. Father General of the Augustinian Order celebrated the solemn High Mass of Requiem. The music was furnished by members of the great Sixtine choir, directed by Professor Marcatoni. All the priests and Religious, and the great concourse of people which crowded the Church, gave evidence of the high esteem in which the deceased priest was held by all. Immediately after the Mass, the corpse was borne to its final resting place in the Carmelite Cemetery, just outside the walls of the city.

The deceased Father General has been the guiding star of his Order for many years. He was born in Poggio Perugina (Sabina), March 27th, 1842. His parents were good, honest people; they were poor, but possessed that nobleness of mind and heart which is rarely to be found within the colossal walls of splendid palaces.

He received his primary education in his native city. At the age of sixteen he entered the Carmelite Order, and,

having spent a year's novitiate in Palestrina, was sent to Rome to pursue his higher studies at this renowned seat of learning. At the university which he attended in the Eternal City he proved himself to be a subtle student and a profound scholar. At the final examination, which terminated his university course, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Theology.

He was ordained a priest in the same year, at the age of twenty-three. His first employment was teaching, and for many years he held the office of Professor of Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology in the Carmelite College of this city.

His superiors, perceiving his wonderful abilities, entrusted many delicate offices to his care. He was Master of Novices for several years, and later was appointed secretary to the preceding General, Savini, and in this office acquired great skill in the management of the affairs of the Order.

At the General Chapter, held in Rome, October 15, 1889, he was elected General of the whole Order by the unanimous vote of all the Provincials. In the same year he was appointed Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. At the following General Chapter, held in the Eternal City, October 15, 1896, he was re-elected General, and continued to occupy this high and important office up to the time of his death.

The deceased Superior was a man of great learning, of exemplary piety, of wonderful self-sacrifice and a true father, having, indeed, devoted his whole life to the interests of his children. His whole bearing was dignified, his countenance noble, and his brilliant but soft eyes elicited the confidence of all who gazed into their depths of calmness. Everyone who knew Fr. Galli loved and respected him. He was kindness itself; his greatest delight was in doing anybody a favor. He was a bosom friend of His Holiness Leo XIII.

The possessor of a brilliant intellect and strong will, he was naturally adapted for great things. Wonderful success, indeed, crowned his every effort. During his term of office, four new Provinces of the Order were formed, viz: those of the United States, Spain, Malta and Bavaria. Three General-Commissariats were established, one in South America, another in Texas, and a third in Australia.

His most energetic and successful labor, however, was in the field of Italy. Here, on account of the vicissitudes of the times, the Order had suffered a great deal. At the time of the spoliation many of the best convents and colleges of the Carmelites were stolen and turned into barracks for the hordes of soldiers so necessary to prevent the Italian Usurper from falling from his stolen throne. The deceased had labored and toiled incessantly until he accumulated enough money to buy back more than a dozen of his own convents from this depraved Government.

He was ever on fire with zeal for the education of his priests, being firmly impressed with the conviction that priests must be learned as well as pious in order to fulfill their divine mission. He established an International College for his Order in Rome, and encouraged the Provincials of the different Provinces to send students to Rome. And in order to insure greater success for this undertaking he has presided in person over this college.

The first building having become too small for the number of students, Father Galli began the erection of a new college about a year or so ago. The new edifice will be one of the finest colleges in Rome, and when completed shall serve as a grand monument to the memory of the deceased.

But these are only a few results of his indefatigable exertions. Without a doubt the effects which he produced on the souls of his Religious, as well as on others outside of the Order, are the grandest of all his works, and have appeared before the judgment seat of God for the greater glory of the deceased. May he rest in peace in the bosom of the Father!

The appointment of a Vicar, until the next Chapter takes place, has been left in the hands of the Pope.

Fr. Silverius J. Quigley, O.C.C.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF D'AIN MADHI.—1869.

THE year 1869 began with fresh agitation among the tribes of the south, and the fresh proclamation of a holy war by the troops of Si-Lalla. De Sonis was absent, having been summoned on business to Algiers. But on receiving this intelligence he hastened his return. Hardly had he arrived at Djelfa when he found his fears confirmed, and at once telegraphed his orders to the different friendly tribes, and, passing by Taadmit, ascertained that the camel corps was in readiness for active service. On his arrival at Laghouat he found matters still more alarming. The telegraph wires had been cut between Géryville and Frendah, and a large body of the enemy had been seen towards the east. The whole frontier, in fact, was being attacked at the same time, so as to inspire greater terror; and this fear was justified by the savage and bloodthirsty conduct of the enemy.

M. de Sonis found that the hostile forces were divided into three groups, acting together, but under three different chiefs, one commanded by Si-Lalla, the second by his nephew Si-Kaddour, and the third by Si-El-Hadji-el-Arbi. Coming as usual from Morocco, they had penetrated into the French territory by passing between the Salt Lake and Géryville.

Having thus ascertained the force and the plans of the enemy, M. de Sonis made his own dispositions.

Everything being arranged, M. de Sonis started on the 30th at one o'clock in the afternoon from Laghouat. It had only taken him two days and nights since his return from Algiers to organize the whole force, which consisted of forty-one officers, nine hundred men of different regiments,—Chasseurs d'Afrique, Spahis, sharp-shooters, artillery and engineers,—two hundred and two horses, eighty-eight mules, eight hundred and sixty camels with their drivers, two pieces of ordnance and two mountain guns.

On Monday, the 1st of February, the French troops marched to the attack. They were formed in a square; the African battalion deployed on one wing and that of the sharp-shooters on the other. All were to fight on foot; but in case the enemy broke the square, the Cavalry were to come to the rescue.

"We were to march closely and slowly like a fortress," wrote de Sonis,

"and not to stop till we reached the enemy's bivouac. The lack of numbers was to be supplied by our tactics and solidity. All our men were armed with *chassepots*, and arm unknown at that time to the Arabs. Organized and armed as we were, defending the soil of our new country, we might say we represented civilization against barbarians. After about an hour's march, our scouts announced to us that the enemy had left their camp and were coming towards us in serried lines ; in fact we could hear the tread of their Infantry. At that moment we were in a deep valley, surrounded by rocky hills, the only direct issue from which was a neck about sixty yards wide, which served as a passage for the caravans. But the enemy had already taken possession of this, and waited for us there, while their Cavalry crowned the heights on either side. I saw that if we attempted this passage we were lost. To the right was another valley, as wide as this one, but separated from ours by a line of rocky hills. That was our only chance of safety ; but the thing was to arrive there without being intercepted. I continued to march towards the dangerous pass where the enemy were expecting us, but at the same time calling all the heads of detachments together, I ordered that the moment that, at my signal, the drums and clarions sounded the charge, every man was to make a sudden turn to the right up the hill, scale it, and there establish himself promptly and definitely.

"We were at only sixty yards from the enemy, who, seeing us, as they thought, falling into their trap, shouted an hurrah of triumph. I gave the signal, the whole of the troops turned to the right, and the movement was executed with such rapidity and in such perfect unison that in a few moments the square crowned the heights and had formed themselves in battle-array on the opposite side, parallel to the ridge of the rocks. The camels also had been driven to a position on the flank of the mountain.

Thus our square was re-formed on the slopes of these hills in a very strong position, commanding both vallies to the right and left. The summit of the chain was a flat plain about three mètres wide, which was, to the troops, what the bridge is in a man-of-war."

It was there that de Sonis took up his position to direct the action of the troops. The first impulse of the enemy at this unexpected movement was to draw back, then they formed themselves into three groups, and very soon surrounded the French army.

M. de Sonis ordered his mountain guns to open fire upon them. Very soon the Arab Cavalry charged furiously upon the French Chasseurs, one of whom describes the action as follows :

"We let them approach to within a hundred yards of us and then fired, killing a vast number of men and horses. The first moment of dismay having passed, the Arabs charged again, coming within fifty yards of us, firing, then jumping off their horses to pick up their dead and wounded, and dashing again down the hill, to return in a moment. Their attack on our square was really splendid, though they were received by such a shower of fire from our chassepots that none of them could reach us. They sprang forward, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups, but the long range of our arms made their efforts fruitless."

M. de Sonis writes : "There was a critical moment when one of the

officers, by trying to cut off some of the enemy's Infantry, left a space in the square, which threatened to compromise the fate of the whole. The Arabs at once took advantage of the accident, and by clinging to bushes of Alfa swarmed up to within a few hundred yards of the position. But by turning the cannon in that direction their advance was stopped. Some of the bravest of the Arabs tried to reach our guns, and came so near as to wound an Artillery officer. But then our Cavalry intervened, and, galloping to the vulnerable point, shot down the enemy's Goums. Their Infantry took to flight towards the Ksar, but their Cavalry still kept up the attack. Our new arms, however, seem to paralyse them. Si-Lalla harangued them, but his voice was unheard. Towards half-past ten the fire of the enemy had slackened on three sides, and was only kept up on the fourth, where the Arabs were sheltered by the rocks and the inequalities of the ground, but a section of Algerian sharpshooters soon disposed of them, and the rest, springing on their horses, took to flight, and quickly disappeared on the horizon."

It was half-past eleven when the fight was over. The dead and wounded Arabs covered the ground, but the French had only two officers and eight soldiers wounded and no deaths. One of the actors in this fight writes :

"Thanks to our precious chassepots, which we used for the first time, and to our cannon, but still more to the excellent dispositions taken by Colonel de Sonis, to his perfect understanding of military operations in the Sahara, to his brilliant and audacious energy, to his chivalrous bravery, to the rapidity both of his conceptions and their execution, to his happy choice of an almost impregnable position, to the certainty of his *coup d'œil*, to his extraordinary calmness in difficult moments, to the prestige he exercises over the troops, whether French or native, who are under his command, —to him, in fact, is due our complete victory over an enemy which outnumbered us as four to one, and who had threatened our entire destruction."

In a letter de Sonis wrote : "Our affair on the 1st of February was a most honorable one for our troops ; but I regret that the Sub-Governor in his kindness did not content himself with the words : 'Every one did his duty,' which are the only terms fitted for French troops. The truth is, that every one thought we were lost, and our enemies saluted us with real cannibal shouts. God fought for us, however ; and it was really beautiful to see the silence and calm determination of our men amidst their frantic cries. It was a picture of order against disorder, the cannon giving the note. It was really one of the most stirring moments of my life."

What de Sonis regretted in the Sub-Governor's despatch was the personal praise of himself, which ran thus :

"Colonel de Sonis has covered himself with glory, and rendered most important services to his country by stopping the enemy at the very apogee of their successes, which might have entailed the gravest consequences."

CHAPTERS X.—XI.

M. de Sonis arrived at Tours on the the 13th of November, 1870, the Government having been transferred to that town during the siege of Paris. He went at once to the War Minister to learn his destination. In his absence no one could give him any information. The next day he heard he was to command the 1st Cavalry brigade of the

17th army corps. But where was this brigade? Nobody knew! That same evening, it was not only the command of a brigade, but of a whole division of the Cavalry of the Loire which was confided to him. But what was the amount of that force and where was it to be found? No one could tell him. The utter confusion of everything in the French army was only too apparent.

It was at Marboué that a despatch from the Minister, dated the 23rd of November, officially confirmed his nomination as General of Division commanding the 17th army corps, and replacing General Durrieu, who had been recalled to Tours. "A telegram putting him in the position of a simple soldier would have affected him less," wrote the Curé. "What folly," he exclaimed, "to transform all of a sudden a poor Colonel of yesterday into a General in command of an army! But it must be as God wills."

He was most anxious to come up with the enemy and to act. On the night of the 24th and 25th he received from General d'Aurelle the order to go by train to Vendôme, which was attacked by a strong body of German troops. More able to judge of the position from being on the spot, de Sonis replied: "There is a Prussian camp five leagues from Marboué at Brou. If you will allow me, I will leave Marboué at dawn with a force of light Cavalry and attack the enemy; and I think I shall succeed. If I do, the Prussian troops which are before Vendôme will find out that a French army corps is about to attack them in the rear, and their movements will be temporarily stopped, which will give us time to move troops to Vendôme." It was a wise and brave course, and it was at once accepted. But hardly had they begun their march, when de Sonis found what an inexperienced body of men he had to deal with. What a difference between his African troops and these poor Mobiles, with officers who did not know how to direct the manœuvres, and soldiers who could not execute them!

"At last," he writes, "I arrived at the village of Yèvres, built on a height which was difficult of access, and which one could only reach by crossing the river Ozanne on two narrow bridges. The enemy occupied this strong position. I was striving to ascertain their numbers when they opened a brisk fire upon the head of our column, which obliged us to abandon the highroad. At the same time one saw black masses who were trying to hide themselves in the woods and by the lay of the ground. A farm, which seemed to contain the advanced post of the enemy, was vigorously attacked by the Fusiliers and the Pontifical Zouaves, while the other troops deployed along the river, and tried to carry the bridge. The German fire was incessant. But I had forbidden my men to answer it for the moment, so as to let the enemy believe we were without Artillery. When, however, the fight became serious, I unmasked my batteries and fired all my pieces, which made the Prussians think that I had a large force in the rear. They consequently retired, and I followed them to Brou, which they evacuated, while I pursued them for upwards of a league. Night fell, and I made believe to bivouac on the spot; but in reality returned to Marboué."

This first brush with the enemy received the name of the battle of Brou. De Sonis's troops only amounted to 1,500 men, Marines and Zouaves of Charette. Those young volunteers had taken the enemy's position by storm at the point of the bayonet.

Twenty of them had fallen, "as a prelude," wrote M. de Sonis, "to the terrible sacrifice which a little later at Loigny was to earn the everlasting gratitude of their country." General d'Aurelle telegraphed the next day from his headquarters near Orléans: "I congratulate you and your troops on the success of yesterday's encounter, which I am delighted to be able to report to the Minister."

"Twenty-four hours later," wrote the Curé of Marboué, "the Bavarians took possession of the town, breaking open our doors with hatchets, and devouring all the food we had left."

The movement was critical. After having the night before driven the Bavarians from Faverolles, Chanzy found himself attacked on all sides at once. Goury was taken and re-taken; Lumeau was impregnable, and forced them to retreat several times with heavy losses. Chanzy's forces were on the eve of destruction.

The main object now was to take possession of Loigny, which was the most important point of resistance. From the 27th of November the enemy had organized their forces in that village on the defensive; on the 1st of December they had to abandon the position, and Admiral Jauréguiberry had at one occupied it with the second and third battalions of the 37th, with orders to keep it till the last extremity. This was at mid-day. The Germans had resumed the attack, and were on the point of re-entering it. They turned their cannon on the town and burnt several houses, but all their efforts to regain the position had failed. The inhabitants had taken refuge in the cellar. "Pray for us," had exclaimed Commander de Fauchier to these poor people, "whilst we fight for you!" Until then the French troops had been able to maintain their ground. But the Duke of Mecklembourg had sent his reserves to this point, and while the French, sheltered by the cemetery, continued their vigorous firing, the German reinforcements spread over the village on the opposite side. It was against them that General de Sonis turned his Artillery. "They behaved admirably in all ways," he said before the Commission of Enquiry. "This fine body of officers and men distinguished themselves by their true military spirit. I can never speak highly enough in their praise."

Under the protection of this fire, de Sonis was about to charge Loigny with his brigade, when he saw a great move in his line of battle. Some one exclaimed, "The centre is retreating." With one bound of his horse, de Sonis flew to the two regiments (the 48th and 51st) who were failing him, and crying out aloud, "Forward! Are you afraid?" strove to stop them; but in vain. "Miserable men!" he continued. "You will be our destruction!" and in a few energetic words he showed them how the Prussians would follow them in their ignominious flight; how our army would be thus cut in half; how their Artillery would be overwhelmed, and the 16th corps annihilated."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire poured out in prayer to God, ever will be lost; but in God's own time and way it will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessings on you and those for whom you pray.—W. S. Tyler.

Editorial Notes.

Father General of the Carmelites.

On the first day of her own beautiful month Our Blessed Queen called to herself one whose large, fatherly heart for a dozen of years eagerly watched over the chosen children of Mary scattered throughout this vale of tears. Well might we call our dear departed Father Mary's vicar on earth. We refer to the Most Reverend Aloysius Maria Galli, Father General of the Order of the Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. The late Father General, who succeeded Father Savini, was one of the most beloved of those valiant watchmen on Carmel's mount, whose loyalty and vigilance has been unquestioned since the day that St. Berthold was elected to the office of Father General at the First Chapter on Mt. Carmel, in Palestine, in the year 1141, two thousand and sixty-seven years after St. Elias instituted the Order of Carmelites. Father Galli was born at Poggio, in Umbria, Italy, on March 28th, 1842. He received the habit of our Order on June 12, 1859, and was elected to the office of Father General on October 17, 1889, by the votes of the representatives of the Order from all parts of the globe. Father Galli was a man of great piety and learning and was wholly devoted to the interests of his venerable Order. He was recognized by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who appointed him a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. We beg the prayers of our pious readers and all wearers of the Scapular that the flight of his soul to the summit of the true Mount of Carmel may be hastened. We are for the nonce fatherless, but still under the watchful care of our Holy Mother, who has promised through St. Peter Thomas to be with us until the end of time.

The Great Devotion.

During the past year a great impulse has been given to devotion to the Sacred Heart. Last month the Holy Father issued a decree that the world should be consecrated to the Sacred Heart as the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Divine Heart of Our Lord, and, as the current Messenger says, "to satisfy the devotion of the faithful he has graciously permitted the bishops and clergy to renew this consecration this present year. This is the highest tribute we can pay to Christ, and only the devotion to His Heart can dispose us to make it with full affection and submission to Him as the Immortal King of ages, the King who rules by love." Let us pray this month for more devotion to the Sacred Heart, and do all in our power to promote it.

The Spirit of Truth.

"It is our earnest desire that piety may increase and be inflamed toward the Holy Ghost, to whom, especially, all of us owe the grace of following the paths of truth and virtue." Thus says His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical of May 9, 1897, and his words are worthy of repeating this month in which we celebrate the great Feast of Pentecost. The world is steeped in sin and vice. This is an open fact. The world even brags of it as something to be proud of. Infidelity

and immorality, vices which are so directly in opposition to the Divine Spirit of Truth and Holiness, are especially rampant. And side by side with infidelity and immorality you will find the grossest acts of superstition and of positive demon-worship, gilded over by a certain glib cant of platonic virtue. Thus you have a wholesale perversion of the order of things; truth is changed into error under the guise of truth, and vice has put on the semblance of virtue. In such vicissitudes the Father of Christendom comes forward to warn His children of the dangers that are ahead and to prescribe a specific remedy. And what is this particular remedy He advocates? It is special devotion to the Holy Ghost. Where the Holy Ghost dwells there is Faith, Hope and Charity. But the soul that has given itself wholly into the power of the evil spirit is slowly, yet surely, drifting to infidelity, will, in the end, die in despair, and then curse God, its own self, and all beings, with an everlasting hate, in the flames of hell. Alas! how many are there not who heap sin upon sin and yet think nothing of it! In the sight of man they appear comely and attractive, wearing the mask of virtue and honesty, and even passing as honorable men. But what are they in the sight of God? They are an abomination which words fail to describe. And you, devout reader, do you ever seriously reflect upon these things? By which spirit are you, at this moment, actually possessed?

The Soldier's Friend.

In sending in his subscription to the Carmelite Review a venerable Jesuit Father, in charge of one of the United States' military institutions on the Pacific coast, writes some very edifying things to us. He says he has had great veneration for the Carmelites since the day when as a boy he met our Fathers in the Island of Sardinia. The good Father tells us he has enrolled hundreds of soldiers in the Brown Scapular. He says that he is most devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel and never omits to preach on her great festival—July 16th—each year. He asks the prayers of all for the spiritual needs of those whom he lovingly styles "my soldiers," who highly respect the Catholic priest. "How often," writes this good Jesuit, "poor sinners refuse the sacraments! Hardly have I received them into the Confraternity (of the Scapular) and they make their confession."

Altar and Pulpit.

Non-Catholics go to church to hear a sermon and to say a few prayers. The preacher is the central object. His personal qualities as a rule determine the size of his congregation. If he is eloquent he will draw the crowd better than a minister less gifted as an orator. How different in our Catholic churches. "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, "fills Catholic churches, and not mere eloquence. The Church does not underestimate the value of eloquence as a means for winning souls to God, and has always encouraged it, with the result that the greatest pulpit orators in the world have been Catholic priests. But in the Catholic Church the pulpit has never held and can never hold the position that the altar does."

Testimony of Science.

Atheistic ideas have long been scattered broadcast by French and other physicians, who falsely taught that celibacy was impossible and

dangerous to health. Such doctrine naturally flattered human passion :

Sir James Paget, who stands pre-eminent as a physician, was one of the first in England to point out how utterly false and full of harm such teaching was. In his "Medical Essays" he attacks and refutes the French physicians. Dr. Henry Lee and Professor Humphreys, of Cambridge University, are prominent medical men who have also shown, on physiological grounds, that the French physicians were wrong. Our medical contemporary, the "Lancet," does splendid service to the cause of morality by emphasizing the teaching of these great English physicians.

In a long leading article it points out how negligent many parents are in properly instructing their children in the dangers of the passion of lust ; and how that passion is "excited by lewd imaginings, loose talk and sensuous scenes." It also points out how "vice is voluntary, and it is only by the exercise of a resolute self-will that virtue is maintained." It draws attention to the great mischief done among young men by the pamphlets of quacks. These pamphlets are based on the false French teaching, and lure ignorant young people possessed of a morbid curiosity as the moth is lured to the candle.

"It is most gratifying to find," says the St. Louis Church Progress, "that great leaders in the English medical profession, supported by the leading English medical paper, are now proving the ancient teaching of the Catholic Church by modern, independent, scientific research. Luther and Protestantism scoffed at celibacy. The great Pagan physician, Galen, who lived in the second century, testifies to the practice of celibacy among the Christians of the time ; and now at the end of the nineteenth century, the Catholic Church still proclaims the possibility and advantages of celibacy, and modern science declares that she is right."

The Seventh Mystery.

On Corpus Christi let us recall what Father Faber wrote when he tell us that "the seventh mystery of the Blessed Sacrament is its Procession, the highest culminating point of ecclesiastical worship and Catholic ceremony. In it is expressed the notion of triumph. Our sacramental God proceeds around the church, with all the pomp the poverty of human love can shed around Him, as the Conquerer of the human race. It is then that we feel so keenly He is our own, and that the angels can claim less in Him than we. Procession is the function of faith, which burns in our hearts and beams in our faces, and makes our voices tremulous with emotion as our *Laudo Sion* bids defiance to an unbelieving world. It is the function of hope, for we bear with us our Heaven which is on earth already, our Reward who has put Himself into our hand, as it were, in pledge, and so we make the powers of hell to tremble while we tell them by shout and song how sure we are of heaven, and the adorable Sacrament meanwhile flashing radiance unbearable into the terrified intelligences of our unseen foes."

Some of the secular papers in reporting the late awful fire in Hull, P. Q., said that "when the fire threatened the new St. Mary's school, the convent and church, priests went along throwing blessed Scapulars on the seething flames. It is stated that after the fires were subdued the Scapulars remained untouched. It is further said that in Hull the buildings so protected escaped unscathed, while surrounding places were destroyed." Such things have happened before and come within the range of possibilities. However, so far we have seen no reliable confirmation of the above quoted item.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The St. John (N. B.) Monitor" is bright and interesting. It deserves support.

Any of our readers who desire to help the cause of truth and spread the light can find a wide field of labor by addressing the Secretary of the International Truth Society, 225 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Heiress of Cronenstein," by the Countess Hahn-Hahn. Translated by Mary H. Allies. 12 mo., cloth, retail $1.25. Benziger Bros. No dull pages in this book.

"A Hostage of War," by Mary G. Bonesteel. 16 mo. with frontispiece. 40 cents. Mrs. Bonesteel's best story. A living story of life at a frontier army post. Thoroughly Catholic, but not doctrinal. It is a charming book, and we recommend it to all who enjoy a book about a real boy.

A clear, pointed and convincing little book, which will appeal to all who believe in an *inspired* Bible, is that of the Rev. D. McErlane, S. J., entitled: "The Church of Christ the Same Forever." Price 50 cents. Write to B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

"Jack Hildreth on the Nile," adapted from the Original of C. May by Marion Ames Taggart. 12 mo., cloth, retail 85c. A splendidly written book. Anyone who reads the Haus-Schatz remembers the thrilling stories of genial Carl May. "Jack Hildreth on the Nile" is good, and, we hope, to be followed by more of the same kind. These stories are all wholesome. Write Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, N. Y.

"It is enough to make even the Blessed weap tears of blood to behold the losses men suffer daily through ignorance of the value of the Mass." Thus writes a venerable prelate, and every priest and devout Catholic in Christendom agrees with him. The importance of devoutly attending Mass should be brought home to every Catholic be he saint or sinner. A practical, cheap and useful little book on "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by Cardinal Vaughan, has been published by B. Herder, (17 South Broadway) of St. Louis. It sells retail at 15 cents a copy, 100 copies for $7.50. The book should be in the hands of every Catholic.

Spare moments with a priest are as a rule unknown quantities, and few of the hard-working clergy find time to court the Muse. Nevertheless we have some of the sweetest and most consoling verses from pens wielded by anointed hands. For instance, who in America does not admire the poems of a Father Ryan, a Father Tabb, or a Father Edmund. In England the cloister hallowed by Father Faber has inspired another Oratorian, Father Kenelm Digby Best, to give "A Priest's Poems" to the world. From a printer's view-point this book is pleasing to the eye, and besides being fit to grace the most select library is also most suitable as a gift to a friend. Father Best is not unknown to our readers, having some few years ago contributed to the pages of the Carmelite Review "Something About St. Philip." Some of the reverend author's verses at one time elicited high praise from the great Cardinal Newman. In the book before us, which covers 242 pages, we find a very fine translation of St. Simon Stock's wonderful little prayer, the "Flos Carmeli," which was answered with the great privilege of the Scapular; Father Best's translation runs:

Carmel's fair Flower!
Rod blossom-laden
Smile on thy Dower,
Meek Mother-Maiden!
None equals thee.

Grant us a sign
Thou dost protect us,
Mark us for thine;
Shine and direct us,
Star of the Sea!

The price of this book is remarkably low, viz., two shillings and six-pence net, plus postage (about 10 cents). Address the Catholic Truth Society, 126 Kensington Park Road, London, S. E., Eng.

"Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament," by Dr. J. B. Scheurer. Edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York. Price net, $1.50. In these beautiful Eucharistic Sermons Dr. Scheurer aims to impress upon the minds of the faithful the ends and purposes of the Forty Hours' Adoration; they are calculated to give the people a clear idea of the dogma of the real presence, and a proper understanding and appreciation of its immense significance in the whole life of the Church and in the supernatural life of each individual soul. They throw light upon the teachings of the Church regarding the sacred and sublime Mystery of the Altar.

These sermons were delivered, as the author tells us, between the years 1867 and 1887, in the Cathedral of Mainz, at the opening of the Forty Hours, or rather of that annual German Eucharistic celebration, called "Das grosse Gebet." Hence their design or purpose is obvious.

They are all intended to excite devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and particularly to induce the faithful to celebrate the Forty Hours with fidelity and fervor. To attain this end, the author, in these sermons, portrays from various view-points and expatiates upon the greatness of the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. At the same time he seeks to impress the faithful with the fact that, precisely by the zealous celebration of the Forty Hours, they can, in a measure, give Our Lord a fitting return of love for His immeasurable love, and make atonement for his outraged love. While these sermons are primarily intended for the opening of the Forty Hours, and some of them may be found unusually long, they can very easily be curtailed, condensed and adapted to suit all occasions and Feasts at which sermons on the Blessed Sacrament are in order. Solid discourses on the Blessed Sacrament are not too abundant in the vernacular, and hence this volume of Eucharistic Sermons ought to be well received by the English-speaking clergy.

"The People of Our Parish," being a chronicle and comment of Katharine Fitzgerald, pew-holder in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, by Lelia Hardin Bugg. Marlier, Callanan & Co., 173 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Price $1.

The volume consists of twenty-two chapters, each in itself a distinct treatment of a distinct subject. It is a little difficult to characterize them. They are pregnant with thought and they are cleverly put, but they are hardly written in so dignified and cohesive a style as properly to be termed essays. Perhaps they might better be called many-sided discussions on subjects that never lose timeliness in Catholic community life. Miss Bugg's views of things are refreshingly candid, without being in any way abnormal. She looks at the surface and into the undercurrents of parish life with very true and clear-seeing eyes, and she shows us the best and the worst of it with equal fearlessness. Her point of view is sane and sensible, and it loses nothing of vigor and freshness in its expression.

No one will journey far into the pages of "The People of Our Parish" without meeting a host of old acquaintances—not the pleasantest people in the world, many of them, but none that are not true to life. There is no parish, we venture to say without fear of contradiction, without its fac-similes of the characters and its reduplicas of the conditions that Miss Bugg has set before us with no little realistic power. This is a good deal to say of any book. It is not uncommon to happen upon book-people who are true to life here or there, under this condition or that, but characters that are universally true are as rare in the works of ordinarily skillful writers as they are frequent in the broad pages of life itself.

The subjects discussed in many of the chapters, "The School Question," "The Social Side," "Parish Societies," "Catholic Literature," "Some Domestic Interiors," "A Note on Funerals," etc., are all themes to which most of us have given more or less thought. They touch the majority of Catholics so closely at all angles of their lives that he must be very unthinking or indifferent who has not considered them with some perplexity, and much desire that existing conditions might approach more nearly to a not

impossible ideal. Miss Bugg's bright discussions are stimulating to more active thought, and many of her suggestions are deserving of more than casual consideration. They are of still greater value because they are many-sided, which, by summarily disposing of a score of reasonable objectors, is one of the advantages of the conversational form.—Catholic Universe.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

Mrs. Denis Feely.

Ignatius Gowen, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Sr. M. Cyrilla, of the Dominican Order.

Thomas Trainor, who died a happy death at Pittsburg, Pa., April 30.

Rev. James P. Kiernan, Vicar-General of Rochester, N. Y., a holy, zealous and much beloved priest, who is mourned by all who knew him.

Ernest J. Wimmer, late District Attorney of Elk County, Pennsylvania, who was suddenly called to his reward an April 25 last. Mr. Wimmer was born Sept. 15, 1859, at Pittsburg; graduated from St. Vincent College in arts and sciences in 1878; entered Columbia law school at New York the same year, and graduated with honors in 1882. Was admitted to the New York bar the same year, and to the Elk County bar in 1883, at the age of 21 years. He was elected district attorney of Elk County in 1885, re-elected in 1888. In 1897 he became the choice of the people for the same office for a third term, which office he held at the time of his death. His professional knowledge was profound and ever ready at his command. A man of great mentality, he exhibited great force and virile powers, tempered with tenderness and a personality which endeared him to all his friends and associates.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Spiritual needs of a son; a girl's cure; conversion of a husband; an insane brother; employment; vocation; parents' conversion; means; health; spiritual; general; one special.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—Promise of B. V. M.

Names received at New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery, from:—Cumberland, Md.; Pittston, Pa.; Peoria, Ill., and New Albany, Ind.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, from:—Sacred Heart church, El Paso, Texas; Holy Saviour's church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; S. S. Peter and Paul's church, Muskato, Minn.; St. Clair, Minn.; Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; Sacred Heart College, Denver, Col.; St. Patrick's church, Indianapolis, Ind., and St. Louis, Mo.

The heart of a Christian should be a tomb for the faults of his friends.—Anon.

We decree and command that, throughout the Church, this year, and every subsequent year, a Novena shall take place before Whit-Sunday in all parish churches.—Leo XIII.

God has made many gracious promises to men; and to encourage sinners to repent assures them of pardon; but He nowhere promises time. That He reserves to Himself and His own disposal.—Pacificus Baker.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below**, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."

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VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JULY, 1900. NO. 7

Parting of Elias and Eliseus—Power of Prayer.*

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE parting shadows gathered darkly round them :
What are these whispers like the night-wind's moan?
"Dost thou not know the Lord will take thy Master?"
"I also know it." Plaintive was the tone.

The holy intercourse of son and father,
Of master and disciple soon must cease.
Too well he knows! and ah, how deep the anguish
Of that devoted spirit! "Hold your peace!"

How tenderly Elias seemed as pleading
That his last hours on earth might be alone :
"Stay here at Bethel—Jericho—the Jordan."
"I will not leave thee!" sighed the monotone.

"What wilt thou have me do, O Eliseus,
Before I leave, to soothe thy inward pain?"
"O Father, I beseech thee hear my pleadings,
That thy own spirit may in me remain!"

"Thou askest for a favor great and precious,
Most difficult, disciple dear to me ;
But still, if thou art present at my transit
The Lord shall give this spirit unto thee."

Lo, in a flaming chariot upward borne
By Angel-hosts, on wings of mighty wind,
Mount Carmel's Prophet rises—"O my Father!
My Father!" weeps the mourner left behind.

The well-worn mantle of his holy master
Has fallen, as an heir-loom dear and blest.
Meet emblem that Elias' "double spirit" †
Of miracles and prophecy in him shall rest.

Alone! the great heart, brave and true, and zealous
And tender as a mother's—gone away ;
And in this weary exile the disciple
Must wait and watch, must suffer still and pray.

Must, for "the Lord of Hosts," be strong and ardent,
And speak prophetic words of His sweet will,
Must glorify His name by signs and wonders
Than those of Saint Elias greater still.

O wondrous power of trustful intercession
To win most precious favors from above!
We are not pleading for prophetic knowledge,
But for the spirit of God's light and love.

We seek not miracles to glorify Him
Like Carmel's Prophet, in the days of old,
But pray that Jesus in the far bright heavens,
Rich treasures of His Heart may now unfold.

More tender than Elias e'er the transit,
His parting words with sweetness overflow.
"I will not leave you orphans—the Consoler
Will e'er abide within you if I go."

There is no need so difficult or pressing
In which we may not plead for holy grace,
So let us live, by prayer, in God's own presence,
Awaiting still the vision of His Face.

* "And Eliseus said, I beseech thee that in me may be thy double spirit."—3 King 2, 9.
Notes from commentary of Holy Scripture:
† Double spirit may mean a double measure of his spirit (Elias) or a portion of his double spirit—*i. e.* prodigies and prophecy.
Eliseus had a greater glory of prodigies than Elias, for Elias performed eight, Eliseus sixteen. Some attribute twelve to Elias, twenty-four to Eliseus.
He desired this glory that he might promote God's glory and increase His Kingdom, as Christ wished His Apostles to be conspicuous for greater prodigies than He Himself performed.

To Our Lady of Mount Carmel.*

By Enfant de Marie.

I.

"Alma Dei Genitrix, Carmeli gloria montis. Veste tua indutos pariter virtutibus orna. Semper et a cunctis clemens defende periculis."

O gracious Mother of Our Lord!
Thou dost o'er Carmel shine,
Adorn with holy virtues now,
The souls already thine.
Thy Scapular enfolds them all
Like thy maternal love,
Then let their hearts bear impress fair
Of thy pure heart above.
In all vicissitudes of life
Thy clement aid extend,
And from our fierce and hostile foe
Protect us and defend.

II.

"Valde mirabilis es, O mater nostra! et facies tua plena est gratiarum."

O wonderful exceedingly thou art
Our mother! and most beautiful thy face,
Thou blessed master-piece of God's own hand,
Thou full of every precious gift and grace!

III.

"Respice de Cœlo, et visita vineam istam. Et perfice eam quam plantavit dextera tua. Alleluia!"

Look down from thy bright throne above
On Carmel's mystic vine;
And visit us with holy gifts
Of light and love divine.
Thine own right hand hast planted it,
To bear sweet fruits each day;
O may they grow more perfect still
When thou for us dost pray!

* From the Carmelite Breviary—Free translation.

The Carmelites and the Brown Scapular.

By the Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O. S. A.

IN the wise economy of the Church man is offered all the ways and means conducive to salvation. The Sacraments are channels of grace and are easy of access and participation. Besides the Sacraments and what are called the sacramentals, the Church has deigned to authorize confraternities of popular devotions which afford many helps in the great work of man's sanctification. To poor struggling mortals who are compelled to deal daily with the hard actualities of life, contending against the world, the flesh and the devil, these pious societies are like so many Noah's Arks, in which they may find shelter from the storms of temptation and sin, a refuge from the contaminating influence of their environment and a retreat from the unrest and trouble of time. These confraternities, placed under the protection of our Blessed Lord, His spotless Mother or the angels and saints, afford to people living in the world the opportunities of grace and perfection. As high an authority as St. Alphonsus Liguori has declared in reference to these pious associations: "We shall find fewer faults committed by twenty members of them than by one single individual who has not the happiness of belonging to them." From these academies of virtue and holiness have come forth worthy prelates and priests, angelic maidens and irreproachable men and women in every walk of life, and they have confessed that their advancement in goodness and perfection has been mainly due to the encouragement they have received in these pious societies to practice the Christian virtues and to the ardent charity they have drawn from the weekly or monthly exercise of prayer, meditation and the frequent reception of the Sacraments prescribed by their rule. Pope Gregory XIII. who was very partial to these religious associations and granted them large indulgences, was wont to call them "Schools of Salvation." And it is a great proof of their beneficial aim and work that the Sovereign Pontiffs confirmed, recognized and blessed them.

The Confraternity of the Scapular of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel is no exception to the favorable judgement of the Church. Holy and supernatural in origin, illustrious in its history and prolific in practical and appreciable results, it stands peerless among the religious societies recognized by the authority of the Church. It has ever thriven beneath the glory of the Carmelite institute, and, partaking of the warmth of its love and zeal, has spread to all habitable portions of the universe. The venerable Order of the Carmelites, which dates its origin to the days of Elias and Eliseus, prophets of the Old Law, has been the joyful parent of saints and heroes. "Count the stars of heaven," said Trithemius, "and you may count the saints of the Order of Mount Carmel." In ancient days this time-honored Order had suffered direful persecution from Judaism, and borne the brunt of hatred and blood at the hands of Chosroes, King of Persia, Hamar, King of Arabia, and other Eastern potentates. It had a share in the triumphs, the joys and sorrows of the Crusades. At length when, in the thirteenth century, the spirit of dissension

controlled the Christian government of the East, and chiefly through this disunion the Holy Land, redeemed from Islam in 1099 by Godfrey de Bouillon, was wrested from the hands of the Christians, the Carmelites were compelled to leave their home in the Orient and emigrate to more peaceful countries, where, under God's Providence and the protection of their Virgin-Patroness, they might pursue their mission of love and prayer. France and England received many of the refugee-Religious, and monasteries were erected for them in both countries, and at a later date St. Louis, who had brought with him several Carmelites from the East, built for them a spacious cloister in his capital city, Paris. From France the Carmelite institute spread to the Netherlands, Italy and Spain. In 1212, Richard de Grey and John de Vesci, both English Crusaders, returning from Palestine with the auxiliary fleet of their country, carried with them two Carmelites, Rudolph and Yno, who were forced to flee from Saracen persecution.

The spread of the Order throughout Europe was simply marvellous. Like every Religious Order, it met with many discouragements and often open enmity and opposition ; it was made the butt of violence and ridicule and tasted of the chalice of bitterness, but, under the protection of its heavenly Queen, it triumphed over human malice and gained in its favor the powerful assistance of Church authority. Honorius II. was supernaturally warned to protect it, and to confirm the rules which were observed by its members. John V., Stephen V. and Leo IV. gave special marks of recognition and encouragement to the Carmelite institute. Many other Popes enriched it with splendid indulgences. In more modern days, the satanic hate which has ever pursued the Religious Orders has not spared the Carmelite Order, and its children have ever been ready to bear witness with their blood to the faith of Jesus Christ and devotion to the Holy See. Many were the Carmelite martyrs during the persecutions of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth in both England and Ireland, and many were the Carmelite victims of the Reign of Terror at the period of the French Revolution. Whether amidst war or peace, joy or sorrow, they have always been the specially favored children of Our Blessed Lady, as Gregory XIII. has well said : "The most Blessed Virgin gave spiritual birth to the Order of the Carmelites and nursed it at her bosom." What manner of men the Carmelite Religious were, we may understand from the picture of them drawn by Pope Clement VIII., who when sending Carmelite missionaries to the King of Persia, spoke in the following language : "Do not be arrested by their simple and rough habit ; because if you consider their life and manners, you will discern that there are under this vile and penitential raiment certain admirable virtues which are hidden, and certain rare talents which make them agreeable to God and man. Do not attend either to their feet which are defiled with dust and mud, as is inevitable with pilgrims who make long journeys, but consider the gravity of their discourse and the sweetness of their conversation, and you will arrive at this conclusion, that they have souls void of the least stains, and that their hearts are purified from the infection of the things of this world. You will, in fine, admire the internal beauty of those who come to announce to you, with all imaginable blessings, peace."

It is to the prayers and holiness of

Simon Stock, an English Carmelite, that we are indebted for the inestimable privilege of wearing the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This holy man was born of noble lineage in the County of Kent, 1165. His soul was filled and moved with the spirit of God from his earliest childhood, and when only in his twelfth year, a period when a child is little concerned with religious ideas, he withdrew from the world and lived for twenty years in the trunk of a hollow oak, practicing meanwhile extraordinary austerities. He was especially a devout client of Mary, and frequently enjoyed sweet converse with her. Our Lady of Peace told him one day that some religious men who lived under her protection would soon come from the Holy Land and receive him into their institute. These men were Rudolph and Yno of whom we have made mention, and being advised by our Blessed Lady of their arrival, Simon sought themout, and falling at their feet, begged to be admitted to their holy Order. His desire was forthwith gratified, and with a heart bursting with love for God and His Blessed Mother, he entered on a life of angelic goodness and marvellous holiness. After his ordination to the priesthood, he passed years in missionary labors, preaching with such extreme fervor as to be likened to the Prophet Elias who was consumed by the fire of love and zeal. His efforts were so successful that the whole face of England was spiritually transformed and another Pentecost was visible throughout the land. He possessed the gift of miracles and wonderful things are recounted of him. On one occasion he changed water into wine. The fame of his supernatural power penetrated to every part of the Kingdom ; he was hailed as an illustrious Apostle, the Restorer of ancient faith and piety in the land once so beautifully called "the Dowry of Mary." In 1245, the Latin General of the Carmelites, Alanus, died, and Simon Stock was elected to the vacant position. He threw his whole soul into the work of his Order, and particularly labored to promote a profound and lasting devotion to Our Blessed Lady. She was the joy of his life, his solace and balm in the trying vicissitudes of his whole career. At the time of his election as Superior of his Order and for many years after, the Church was sorely vexed by the fearful wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The German Emperor, Frederic II, had devastated Italy, put worthy prelates and priests to death, and even endeavored to secure the person of the Pope to harass and probably martyr him. The Church was plunged in darkness. In the East, the Saracens led by the Sultan of Egypt had taken Jerusalem, and all efforts on the part of Catholic Kings had proved ineffectual. In his sorrow the Pope cried : "O treacherous East ! O dark and fatal Egypt ! O Jerusalem whose deliverance has cost so much blood, when, oh when, wilt thou console the Church for all the sorrows thou hast brought upon her ?" In the midst of the general desolation that hung like an ominous pall over the Church, satan contrived to arouse a violent storm of hate against the peace of the Carmelites. It was provocation enough that they were the adopted children of Mary who destroys heresies and defeats the malice of hell. The demon even strove to ferment discord in the ranks of this ancient Order. Its privileges were called into question, and many disliked the time-honored title of Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. St. Simon Stock endured bravely these new afflictions which

in fact served to augment his faith and fervor. In all his troubles he sought counsel and comfort from his heavenly Queen, and he besought her to give him some sign or token, by which the Christian world would know that she was the chief Patroness and the special Protectress of the Carmelite Order. He also composed hymns, anthems and prayers in her honor. One of these—a miraculous anthem—"Flos Carmeli," has been thus rendered into English by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly (*Carmelite Review, July, 1899*) :—

"Most holy Virgin, beauty of Mount Carmel!
O Virgin Flower, blooming evermore!
Bright ornament of heaven! Maiden Mother
Of God Incarnate, Whom we all adore!

"Mother of holy love, of mercy, meekness!
Mother, above all mothers, honored far!
Be gracious to thy children dear of Carmel,
And all who wear thy sacred Scapular.

The Saint's tender devotion and burning love were rewarded. As he knelt in the chapel of the Carmelite convent of Cambridge, July 16th, 1251, Our Blessed Lady appeared to him clothed in dazzling raiment and attended by myriads of angels and saints. She held in her hand a Brown Scapular, and looking kindly at him, said: "Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire. Behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance." Having spoken these consoling words, she disappeared leaving the Scapular in Simon's hands. Ever since this miraculous event, the Carmelites have worn the white cloak of Elias and the Brown Scapular of the Blessed Virgin. Vested in the sacred livery of their gracious Queen, they have gone forth a consecrated army—to do energetic battle for immortal souls, to meet the fiery onset of the demon, and, victorious, to people heaven with saints. Gallantly they have mastered malice and sin, and it must needs be that success should attend their efforts, for they are Mary's beloved children, the children of her choice, the clients of the Virgin most powerful. If the Jews of old gloried in having Abraham for their father, what greater honor may not the Carmelites claim in having Mary, the Queen of Heaven, for their Mother!

Such a great privilege as to have the Scapular given from heaven and by its Queen was certainly calculated to raise opposition on the part of the ungodly, the envious and the agents of satan. St. Simon Stock had again recourse to prayer, and as General of his Order, commanded his Religious to supplicate the favor of heaven in behalf of the Scapular. The year 1251 was especially a period of trial and sorrow for the holy man, but the mercy of God did not abandon him. Innocent IV., in his several Briefs, gave the death-blow to all opposition to the Scapular and silenced forever those that decried its use. Some traces of enmity still existed, but it was the design of God that even these should be totally eradicated by a supernatural occurrence.

After the death of Clement V., the College of Cardinals met at Lyons in France to elect his successor. The state of Christendom was fearful; the larger part of it was plunged in war; blood flowed freely in Germany, England, France and Italy; dissension was rife in the College of Cardinals. For two years and more the Church was widowed, until at length Cardinal James Arnauld, or as he is sometimes called, James of Ossa, besought Our Blessed Lady to obtain by her inter-

cession a worthy Pastor of the Church who would put an end to the discord and lawlessness that were preying on the heart and vitals of Christendom. We may judge of the afflicted Cardinal's virtue when history relates that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in vision and promised to elevate him to the Chair of Peter and to deliver him from his enemies, if he would in turn execute her wishes. She stipulated that on his accession to the Papacy, he would extend his protection to her favored children, the Carmelites, and confirm on earth the privileges which had been granted them in heaven. The Cardinal was elected Pope in 1316, assuming the name of John XXII. The troubles of the Church increased alarmingly during his pontificate, and his heart was rent with grief and almost despondency. He turned with faith and confidence to her who is the "Help of Christians," and she failed not to give him comfort and hope. Early one morning as he was wholly occupied with his devotions, Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, clad in the Carmelite habit and rimmed round with heavenly light; she looked most benignly on the afflicted Pontiff and spoke thus to him: "John, Vicar of my Son, it is to me you are indebted for your elevation to the dignity which you enjoy in consequence of my solicitations in your behalf with my divine Son, and as I have delivered you from the snares of your enemies, so do I expect that you will give ample and favorable confirmation of the holy Carmelite Order, which was first instituted on Mount Carmel." The Mother of God then continued her consoling words and added to them this sacred message which has ever charmed the hearts and heightened the hopes of all devout Christians: "And if among the Religious, or Brethren of the Confraternity, who depart out of this life, there shall be any who for their sins have been cast into Purgatory, I, their glorious Mother, will descend there on the Saturday after their death; I will deliver those whom I shall find in Purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life." The holy Pontiff, though surprised and amazed at this tender act of condescension on the part of Our Blessed Lady, was filled with joy and inexpressible delight. Peace would now dawn on the Church, and concord would reign among Christian princes and peoples. Impelled by a sense of gratitude, John XXII. issued the Bull, *Sacratissimo uti culmine*, March 3rd, 1322, in which he promulgated this privilege, adding, "I accept this holy indulgence, I corroborate and confirm it on earth, as Jesus Christ, by reason of the merits of His glorious Mother, has conceded it in heaven." This Bull is called the Sabbatine, because the favor accorded by the Blessed Virgin will be realized on the first Sabbath or Saturday after the death of those to whom it is happily granted. The obligations necessary to obtain this priceless privilege and boon are as follows: to wear the habit of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, to observe chastity according to one's state in life, to say the little office of the Blessed Virgin, or, if one cannot read, to keep the fasts of the Church and abstain from flesh meats on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The words of the Roman Pontiff carried with them all the grounds of credibility and soon an ardent devotion towards Our Lady of Mount Carmel became manifest in all Catholic countries. The universities, seats of virtue and learning in those days, recognized the meaning and import of the vision and the indulgence. Cambridge in 1374,

Bologna in 1609, and Salamanca later, all attested their belief in the supernatural event. Popes Alexander V. (1409,) Clement VII., Pius V. (1566,) and Gregory XIII. (1579) approved the Scapular and the great favors granted it by heaven. Clement X., Clement XI., Clement XII., Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV. wore the holy Scapular, and among the princes who likewise desired to be invested with this sacred livery, we may mention St. Louis, King of France, and his mother, Blanche, Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV.; Edward I. and Edward II., Kings of England; the Emperors, Ferdinand II. and Ferdinand III.; the Kings of Scotland, Spain and Portugal, and almost all the princes and princesses of their courts. When in the course of time the people began to understand the value and recompense, both temporal and eternal, which was guaranteed to those who wore the Scapular and fulfilled the conditions imposed upon them, they gathered in multitudes in the Carmelite churches, to receive the Scapular and promise obedience to the superiors of the Confraternity. To every part of the world the devotion of the Scapular extended, and when new lands, as in the case of our own young country, were discovered, the love of the Mother of Mount Carmel was settled and cultivated in them.

The love still endures, and the Scapular is even more generally worn now than formerly. Other devotions like that of the Blessed Sacrament in the thirteenth century, or that of St. Joseph in the fifteenth, have lost their distinctive marks as general devotions, and are now but partial and individual, but the devotion of the Scapular like that of the Rosary seems never to lessen, but is spread through the ages in Christendom. The devotion of the Scapular is one of faith and feeling, and is always an index of one's spiritual state. It is besides the characteristic of a good Catholic, who in wearing the Scapular and complying with its conditions is acting in conformity with the mind of the Church regarding it.

It were nigh impossible to recount the miracles and favors wrought through the means of the Scapular. Life has been given and death removed by it. Dangers on land and sea have been averted. Temptation and despair have been dispelled. The Scapular has been "a safeguard in danger," as our Blessed Lady promised it would be to St. Simon Stock. The soldier, vested in the Scapular, has entered battle bravely confiding in the watchful and tender love of his heavenly Patroness; the poor seaman has likewise trusted in her who is called "*Stella Maris*," "The Star of the Sea." Even in our workshops where peril is present; in the mines, the deep caverns of the earth, where fatalities are common, and the dangerous outside occupations of our age and country, the Scapular has been a defence against evils that would often rob us of our lives if some special providence had not intervened to save us. The little boy who when bathing in our rivers will refuse to remove his Scapular has a proper conception of the power and vigilance exercised by the Mother of Mount Carmel towards her favored children. The fears and anxieties of death are removed when the dying Christian is clad in the Blessed Virgin's habit. Thus the Scapular has a salutary influence on all conditions of human existence; it protects individuals, it blesses homes and gives the boon of peace and concord to congregations. We scarcely know what might happen to the world, were the devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel ever to cease. A great void would be made in our Catholic life, and a priceless something would be wanting to our happiness and contentment. We can never be too devout to our Blessed Queen of the Scapular, and we should glory in wearing her soul-saving livery, as the good soldier glories in the uniform he wears for the defence of his home and country.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

V.

I SHALL not bring this portion of my letter to a close without a word on St. Polycarp's (Capuchin) congregation, adding that my remarks on the same are, in the main, applicable to the other Catholic congregations of Smyrna. On week days there are Masses every half hour from 5.30 till eight o'clock. These are numerously attended, and that, too, besides the poor—*whom we have always with us*, (St. Mark xiv, 7)—by a class of people whose appearance shows them to be educated and refined as well as in comfortable circumstances. At one of these Masses, taken at random, I counted some hundred and twenty devout assistants, and was both edified and touched by the spirit of faith and piety observable in all. During the day also, persons are constantly dropping in to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and to pray before the different shrines. Confraternities, sodalities and church societies are flourishing —all which speaks volumes for the zeal and activity of the Fathers in charge. I could have imagined myself in a church in the United States without the least exaggeration ; and I shall never forget the consoling impression made upon me by the examples of virtue I witnessed in this distant land, where there is so much to allure one from the truth and from holiness of life. But the moment came at last for our departure ; nor was it without a pang that we took leave of friends who had endeared themselves to us in an immeasurable degree, and from scenes which had made an indelible impression upon our minds.

On Saturday, 30th inst., in the caique of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, accompanied by Signor Sugiani, president of that institution at Smyrna, as also by Rev. Father Polycarp, O. M. Cap., and the Rev. George Varthaliti, who had guided us in our visit to Ephesus and Panaglia Capouli,—all come to bid us godspeed,—we left the quay for the vessel which was to bear us to Beyrouth. This was the Congo, of the French Messageries Co., 420 ft. by 40. The sea was unusually rough and running quite high ; but the skillful boatmen of the bank inspired us with confidence in spite of our fears, and conveyed us through the seething waves without injury. Our kind friends accompanied us on board and remained with us until obliged to return to shore. Left to ourselves, we began to look around us for the purpose of learning who our fellow voyagers might be, and the result of this investigation leads me to an explanation which I may as well make now as later. A month or so before leaving Rustchuk, namely, I made all arrangements to meet the Assumptionist pilgrimage (of which more anon) at Jaffa, and to accompany

it through the Holy Land. But the double delay at Constantinople and Smyrna defeated my plans, and my companion and I were in anything but an enviable frame of mind with the prospect before us of being obliged to make our tour in Palestine all alone.

Judge of our relief, then, when I tell you that on board the Congo we found a pilgrimage of some forty priests and several ladies and gentlemen—all from France—whose programme was almost the same as that of the Fathers of the Assumption, and in some respects even more ample. We lost no time, I assure you, in asking the Rev. Director, Monsieur L'abbé Potard, of Paris, to take us among his charges, which he very graciously did. Thenceforward we were identified with them, and our perigrinations from that day on, September 1st—the first Friday of the month—were made in their company until we parted from them at Jaffa on the 19th of the same month, they taking a steamer for Egypt, and we beginning our homeward journey.

But this is anticipating. I said we left Smyrna on the 1st inst. The voyage to Beyrouth, which port we reached on the 4th inst., was comparatively uneventful. Our vessel was so large that the roughness of the water made but little impression on her, and consequently there were few cases of *mal de mer*, and these were of short duration. As several priests of the pilgrimage had portable altars with them, as also everything that was requisite for divine service, my companion and self shared with the rest the inestimable privilege of celebrating Mass on the Saturday and Sunday following our embarkment. This was the first time I had offered the Holy Sacrifice on sea. The lay pilgrims received Holy Communion, some of them daily; and both morning and evening prayers were recited in common, whilst devout hymns and canticles were chanted at intervals throughout the day. We were a merry party, too, and I regret that my time does not permit me to note here some of the witty sallies and repartee which kept us constantly in good humor.

On Monday morning, 4th inst., we entered the harbor of Beyrouth. To the voyager who visits this port for the first time, the scene which presents itself to him as the boatmen approach the ship to take off passengers and luggage, is one he will not soon forget. Nearly a hundred lithe, active and wild looking Arabs, manning their barques with surprising dexterity in the midst of a seemingly inextricable confusion, swarmed about the vessel, shouting themselves hoarse in their efforts to attract the attention of their expectant victims on board, pulling, pushing and struggling, like so many energumens, each striving to get nearest, disputing the way inch by inch, hurling invectives and shaking their fists at one another—aye, even coming to blows.

As I stood looking over the rail at these furies, I could not help pitying those who were to become their prey as soon as the steps should be lowered. But, lo and behold! without so much as waiting for this procedure, a number of them scaled the sides of the ship with cat-like agility, and despite the efforts of several officers and sailors to beat them back, leaped on the deck and distributed themselves over it in search of passengers about to debark. It required a firm will and even the use of force in some cases to prevent them from bodily carrying off baggage in spite of the owners, some of them not being over particular, as a captain

assured me later on, as to whether the articles seized were destined for Beyrouth or elsewhere.

But when at last (after the ship's papers had been taken ashore and pronounced O. K. by the authorities) the steps were let down—oh ! one would have thought that a horde of pirates were boarding us to put all to the sword. The rush and crush was something awful, for evidently these harpies realized that first come first served, was the watchword of the occasion. As many as half a dozen of them would surround a single individual, each trying to wrest his valises, etc. from him, and to make him understand that all the rest were villains, not to be trusted.

I watched this chaos gradually resolving itself into something like order (for everything must come to an end sooner or later), and when the coast was clear, quietly descended the ladder and took my place in the caique waiting for the Father Visitor of the Jesuits in the Orient—Very Rev. Pierre Roulleau, S. J., formerly provincial superior at Lyons, France, whose official residence is the house of the Order at Beyrouth, and whose fellow voyagers we had been from Smyrna on. With a delicacy all his own, he had invited me to share the caique in which several of the Fathers of his community had come to convey him ashore. Once on land, our teskerés presented for inspection and registration, and our luggage examined at the Custom House (formalities observed at every port of entry, and even at some of departure in Turkey), excusing ourselves to Father Roulleau, my companion and I betook ourselves to the Capuchins, for whom we had messages from their brethren in Smyrna. The main body of the pilgrims went to the Jesuit college, where by previous arrangement quarters had been prepared for them, the autumnal vacations having left plenty of space for their accommodation. The ladies of the party were provided for in a neighboring convent. When we reached the Capuchin monastery, we were received with open arms, and learned to our joy that the community of Beyrouth was not behind that of Smyrna in brotherly cordiality. Early in the afternoon of the same day, the reverend superior accompanied us to the Jesuits, where we met our co-pilgrims, and were informed by their director that at seven o'clock next morning they would set sail for Caiffa. We assured him that we would be on hand, and then proceeded to visit in detail the magnificent establishment of the sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, known as the University of St. Joseph. First we saw the church. This is at once a beautiful and imposing structure, being a combination of the Roman and Gothic styles, which, though quite opposite in their natures, are here blended in so harmonious a manner as to please the eye and elevate the mind. The edifice is 138 ft. long, 70 wide, (save in the transept, which is 85) and 63 high. It has six chapels, and is provided with galleries, which rest on arches supported on either side by sixteen graceful columns with a corresponding number of pilasters abutting on the walls. The university proper is composed of several buildings, the main one resembling not a little in form the grand edifice of the Christian Brothers of your city at Cote Brilliante. The material, however, is dressed stone. The departments of medicine and pharmacy have over one hundred students, and are thorough in every respect, being furnished with the latest modern appliances. A diploma from the same

entitles the recipient to practice anywhere on French territory and throughout the Ottoman empire. In all, some five hundred pupils attend the university classes. But what took me by surprise was the fully equipped printing and book-binding establishment of the Fathers. This is run by steam power. Lithographing, stereotyping, electrotyping, photo-engraving and photography are in constant use. They found their own type—a work of no mean proportions, as you will admit when I tell you that the Arabic characters alone, in all their completeness, i. e., accented and unaccented letters, etc., require 2,200 fonts, from each of which the printer must take in the setting up of certain works. The accented letters themselves number 1,500. The Fathers have printed and published eighty-eight works in Arabic and Syriac alone—some of them elegantly gotten up and beautifully illustrated. They publish also a weekly Arabian newspaper called the *Al-Bachir, which is edited by Rev. P. A. Salhani, S. J. I send you a copy of the same as a curiosity, together with a ninety-six page catalogue of their publications. In the prospectus of the latter you will see that they are prepared to do printing, job office work, etc., in Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, "Armenian, Greek, Latin and the modern languages, as also to furnish type in any quantity in all of the same, specimens and price lists to be had on application."

On taking leave of the good Jesuit Fathers, but not before they led us to their spacious refectory and offered us a cooling drink—most welcome, considering the exceeding great heat which prevailed, and which I found more American than any I have experienced since I left the United States, we paid a visit to several religious communities, notably the Franciscans, the Christian Brothers and the Dames de Nazareth. The last are an Order contemporary with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and their costumes are almost identical. They have a splendid convent, situated on the summit of the hill dominating the city, looking towards the port and commanding a view of all Beyrouth, the shipping in the harbor, the mountains of Lebanon and the surrounding plains, which teem as far as the eye can reach with groves of orange, lemon, banana, fig, pomegranate, and other fruit trees less unknown to us, interspersed with highly cultivated gardens and flourishing vineyards. This ravishing panorama I beheld from the convent terrace, and you may well believe that its like were difficult to find. The Sisters have one hundred and fourteen boarders. Their buildings, which lie in the midst of a delightful grove, are vast, airy and in every way modern, insuring the health and comfort of both mistresses and pupils. I would gladly say a word on their curriculum, which embraces the polite and useful arts, etc., usually taught young ladies in similar institutions, but I must bid adieu to Beyrouth for the time being, and tell you something of our onward progress.

Tuesday, 5th inst., at 7.30 a. m. then, our party left Beyrouth for Caiffa. This time it was not on the splendid Saghalien or the magnificent Congo, but on a tiny craft (chartered for the trip by the director of the pilgrimage) which on the Ohio would be called by the unpoetic name of tow-boat, and on the more pretentious Hudson by that of tug. As an offset to its ugliness it bore the high-sounding title of Prince George, (possibly in honor of the pre-

*Anglice—The Herald.

sent governor of Crete). Its length was ninety feet and its breadth eighteen. As its cabin was not large enough to admit more than ten persons at a time, we all remained on that portion of the deck available for passengers—a very limited space indeed—and were therefore packed something after the fashion of herrings or sardines. We had been reduced to this extremity by the derangement of leading steamship lines consequent upon the rigorous quarantine regulations rendered necessary (?) by the plague at Alexandria, the schedules of the various companies touching at that port having been completely inverted. Think of such a voyage in a cockleshell! Verily, we were "rocked in the cradle of the deep" all the way—the Prince swaying from side to side so constantly as to indicate a dose of something stronger than sea water. 'Twas now that I recalled vividly Mark Twain's laughable description of the *mal de mer* in his "Innocents Abroad." But there was nothing humorous in the reality as I saw it on this occasion. (I am glad to say I cannot speak of this distressing affection from personal experience, never having been troubled by it). It was a prolonged "oh my!" on all sides, and when dinner hour came (our provender—a cold lunch—had been brought on board in hampers at Beyrouth, and was dispatched on deck), many were hors de combat, others turned away in horror at the sight of food uttering a doleful "oh my!" as they did so, and but few did justice to the repast. It was a lugubrious meal, I assure you, though there was not wanting a wag to suggest that out of sympathy for the sufferers we should eat their portion as well as our own. The speed of the Prince George was in keeping with her build, etc. She had what seemed to be a toy engine, and was obliged to hoist all her sail in order to make headway. A voyage which either of the leviathans mentioned above would have accomplished in four hours, took her just ten and a half; so it was fast verging towards dusk when we entered the port of Caiffa. Owing to the diminutive size of our royal transport, we got nearer shore than would have been possible with a larger vessel; but this did not help matters any, for we had to debark by means of caiques all the same. It was amusing to see the Arab boatmen —strong stalwart fellows—lifting those of our company who were not on the side of the ladder bodily off the deck into their barques. This fact will give you an idea of the height of the Prince George. On landing we went direct to the parochial residence, where the charitable daughters of St. Vincent de Paul offered us a light refreshment. After a brief rest we started for Mount Carmel on foot—glad to be on terra firma once more—and arrived at its summit in about an hour's time, the road being excellent and so arranged that the grade was nowhere very steep. Presently we were ushered into the immense dining hall of the Hospice in charge of the Carmelite Fathers for the use of visitors, of whom there is always a large number. Our lately sea-sick companions were by no means the last to do honor to the substantial meal that had been prepared for us, their appetites having come back to them with increased vigor. Supper ended, we were told that the Assumptionist pilgrimage (to which I alluded further back) would arrive at four o'clock next morning, three hundred and sixty strong—150 of that number being priests; wherefore the clergymen of our party were requested to celebrate

Mass from two a. m. on, in order to afford the newcomers ample opportunity to offer the Holy Sacrifice in their turn.

A couple of hours later than the time announced, the expected cohorts of the Assumptionist Fathers appeared, and it was an imposing sight indeed. [They had arrived in the harbor of Caiffa about midnight on the steamer La Nef de Notre Dame du Salut, four hundred and eighty feet in length, and had, like ourselves, ascended the mountain on foot]. Headed by the cavass of the French consul in gala uniform, with banners flying, and chanting sacred canticles, they filed into the monastery church, where a Solemn High Mass was sung, and a sermon preached to them. Meanwhile those priests who had not celebrated Mass before leaving the vessel (you must know that in the grand saloon of the steamship Nef de Salut, which I afterwards saw, there are twenty-five altars) now did so in the different side chapels, and many of the laity received Holy Communion. When all had finished and breakfast had been discussed there was a momentary fusion of the two pilgrimages, and there were not a few mutual recognitions in consequence—both parties being from France. I was pleased beyond measure to meet among the Assumptionist Fathers, of whom, clerics included, there were some thirty, my guide of Constantinople, Frère Cajetan, whom I had not seen since my visit to that metropolis three years ago last July. He caught sight of me and rushed up to me crying: Est-ce que vous me connaissez encore, mon Pére? C'est bien mon cher Cajetan, I replied, and we talked over bygone days until the bugle sounded the retreat for his battalion, or pilgrimage, whereupon the same fell into line and proceeded to the carriages in waiting, en route for Nazareth. Though our party had been the first to reach Mount Carmel, it was the last to leave, remaining within those sacred and memorable precincts long enough to explore them thoroughly, and to learn from the lips of the venerable Prior of the monastery, Father Felix, many interesting facts connected with their more modern history. Of course you know the past history of this hallowed spot. The Book of Josue (xii, 22) tells us that it constituted a kingdom in itself until that leader of God's people slew its ruler and subjected it and many other petty states to his sway. It was here that God confounded the prophets of Baal through the Prophet Elias, (III Kings, xviii)., and that this holy seer, and after him his disciple Eliseus, had a place of meeting which was called "the School of the Prophets." The Sunamitess came hither to beseech the latter to restore her son to life. (IV Kings, iv). There is an ancient tradition to the effect that Saint Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, had flocks of sheep on this mountain, and that she and her incomparable child came thither to visit them from time to time. In the first century of the Christian era the hermits of Mount Carmel embraced the true faith, and many of them joined the Apostles to preach its tenets. A writer of A. D. 130, Joseph of Antioch, tells us that these pious anchorites often left their solitude to propagate the doctrines of Christ in Samaria and Galilee. From the time of the prophets indeed, with but occasional exceptions—due mainly to Mussulman persecution—this holy mountain has been the abode of pious men who have walked in the footsteps of those messengers of God. At the commencement of the ninth century

the Benedictines had a monastery and church there dedicated to St. Margaret. St. Louis, King of France, came hither in 1252, thirty-nine years later. After the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, the Turkish armies invested the mountain and massacred the Religious whilst they were singing the Salve Regina in choir. From that time till 1631 the chant of the monks was no longer heard upon its summit; and it was only in that year that the Franciscans obtained permission from the governor of Carmel to establish a residence there. Two years later Pope Urban VIII. sent the Discalced Carmelites thither, and from that period on—though their monastery has been thrice destroyed and many of their brethren massacred by the fanatical followers of Mohammed—the spiritual children of the Prophet Elias still continue to emulate the zeal of their illustrious prototype and to fight the battles of God.

The actual structure, said to be one of the largest monasteries in Palestine, is simple and even severe in style. It forms a hollow square, with court-yard in the middle, and its walls are as massive as those of a mediæval fortress. The church is somewhat unique, having the double shape of a cross and of a rotunda. The major altar is placed directly over the grotto of Elias. This is a cave 15 by 9 ft. cut in the solid rock and existing from time immemorial. Tradition says that it was inhabited of old by the holy man just named. It is now a chapel, and in it is an altar dedicated to the prophets.

From the terrace of the monastery the view is superb. The Mediterranean lies at the foot of the mountain, Caiffa in the distance, and fertile plains around about. On one of the latter is a large convent inhabited by Carmelite nuns, strictly cloistered. With my pilgrim companions I visited the School of the Prophets on our way down the steep mountain side to the carriages which were to convey us, in the wake of the Assumptionists, to Nazareth. This, we were told, was once a synagogue, where the Prophet Elias and the sons of the prophets. (iii Kings, xviii, 20; et ibid., xx, 35) were wont to assemble for the purpose of studying the Holy Scriptures, as also to devote themselves to prayer and contemplation. A tradition exists that the Holy Family found temporary shelter here on their return from Egypt. This grotto—now a Turkish mosque, and guarded by a dervish, who religiously (?) exacts a baksheesh from every "giaour" who visits it—was, like the cave of Elias mentioned above, cut in the rock or at least enlarged by human agency. It is a chamber of some fourteen yards in length by eight in width and six in height.

It was with a feeling of regret, mingled with a sense of interior joy at having had the privilege of visiting them, that I bade farewell to these hallowed scenes. Good Father Felix, the Prior, who speaks English quite fluently, was particularly kind to me during the few hours of my stay—coming to see me at the breakfast table when the Brother in waiting told him that there was an American Passionist in the pilgrimage, and showing me divers points of note in person. He gave me several mementoes for my * sister, on learning that she is a contributor to the Carmelite Review of Niagara Falls, and was pleased to hear of her translation from the French of the life of that eminent Carmelite, Blessed Peter Thomas.

He told me that he received copies of the Carmelite Review, and asked concerning the Fathers of the Order (a different branch from his own) in the United States, and their labors there.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* Miss Sue X. Blakely, of St. Mary's, Pennsylvania.

A Yellow Butterfly.

By Caroline D. Swan.

WE were sitting on the broad piazza of the Megalloway Inn, a well kept hostelry in the very heart of the mountains. Helen and Marguerite Asquith were both there with their mother, wiling away the hot days of July. Just now, Mrs. Asquith sat busy with her knitting, manufacturing some dainty trifle, fluffy as little Maisie's hair. A pretty child was Maisie, not a bit spoiled as yet, though a great pet with all the summer people. Her mother, Mrs. Carew—a blond beauty herself, with fluffy golden hair and a dimpled countenance of childish type—was greatly admired, though people had to own that she puzzled them at times. She was engaged now, in a game of romps with the child and their cooing voices drifted over to us from the further end of the piazza, with persistent sweetness.

"I like to hear Mrs. Carew chatter and dance over things!" said Helen Asquith, after listening a moment. "She is pretty as a butterfly—or more like a humming-bird, rather!—darting about for honey. She loves flattery. Well, society has a place for her, as Nature has for the yellow butterflies."

"Yes," replied her mother, gravely. "It is a great gift—the power to brighten up life for herself, and, in consequence, *pour nous autres!* We, who can only look at its serious side, at its storms and deeps and great waves—we find it a great pleasure to see a few dancing ripples or a saucy toss of spray."

"There is a pathetic note in her voice now and then, though," said Marguerite, who was a closer observer of things than her brilliant sister. "Under all the earth runs water, and under all life runs grief."

"Yes. As I study her 'husband's face, I always fancy there must be times when she needs the Madonna help! But it is a gay outside,—a brave show, at all events;—and wealth enough to keep it gilded."

"See her now, mother," continued Helen, as the lady in question drew near. "It has tired her out, just that little frolic with Maisie! She looks like a drooping morning-glory."

Helen's sympathies were of that kind that express themselves in action. She coaxed Maisie into Marguerite's lap and drew Mrs. Carew away to the piano room. Presently rich, soothing chords came rolling on to us, as Helen exerted her best powers—and she was a superior musician—to make Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" a soul-rest deep and refreshing.

The strain ceased, but after a moment's delay we caught the tones of another music-voice, different but entrancing.

"One of Chopin's Nocturnes," whispered Mrs. Asquith, as we hearkened again in breathless admiration. After the last note died away, Marguerite was first to break our charmed silence. She spoke softly, for Maisie was falling asleep. "Mother dear, what is that like? I mean, what does it say?"

"It is midnight in Spring," replied Mrs. Asquith, slowly. "The white stars are all a-thrill overhead! And the air, loaded with lilac fragrance,—lilacs give us Spring, pure and simple, more fully, I fancy, than any other flower;

—violets have tender associations of other kinds, of affection and memory; daffodils, a golden, dancing joy, and lilies of the valley a sweetness too intense!—no, lilacs best breathe the May. In the road I see two young travellers, afoot; it is their time of wandering. The young seeks change; the old peace. White birch boughs droop down to them; willows glimmer, a mist of pallid green over their heads and the dew throws silver sheen on the grass-blades. Red maples fling scarlet buds up to the sky, tasseled in delicate grace; pines and firs shed resinous odors, while, here and there, the white tree-bloom of the woodland lights it up with electric glimmer. For our travellers have now reached the forest where the starlight enters between big, black tree-boles. The silence is alive with hidden significance. Sweet influences rain down upon their hearts from the Great Unseen. It is the Resurrection Song of Spring."

"Music says different things to us all," I ventured to observe. "To me it was not Spring, but Summer:—A mid-summer night, after a hot, thirsty day. The meadows lay in drowsy, half-exhausted rest. I beheld on the leafage that dark, heavy green it wears before turning scarlet; on the fields the yellow of ripened grain, waiting the harvester's sickle,—its dry rustle hot in the air. Now and then, a belated bird-note breaks the stillness. Red lilies lift their cups for God's wine of refreshing and the dew answers. A topaz-throated humming-bird, poised in perfect balance, drowses on a twig. And the wayfarer is a weary man, "bearing the burden and heat of the day." "That seems like it, to me," murmured Marguerite. "Only by and by, Aunt Grace, a little breeze comes up, damp from the swamps, and cools his forehead."

"I wonder where the musicians get all their inspirations!" mused Mrs. Asquith, "though I know the great composers have been, as a rule, wonderfully receptive of Nature's influences." I assented. "Now, take Chopin's Ballad in F. major, No. 2. Rubinstein says it represents "a field flower caught by a gust of wind and also the flower's entreaty when at last it lies broken there." "This," he adds, "may also be paraphrased, the field flower, a rustic maiden, the wind, a knight, and so on." Here we have an instance of exquisite pathos, inspired by the simplest of natural suggestions."

"I can help you a little," I said, bethinking myself of another case in point. "The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven is a noted example of descriptive tone-painting. The source of *that* inspiration is not far to seek! It expresses in music the rustic, the merry—as does, also, Schumann,s "Country Farmer"—the simple, the hardy, and imitates natural phenomena, such as storm, thunder and lightning, also the note of the cuckoo and the twitter of small birds. Here the music of Nature fell into a receptive soul as seed into good ground, to inspire it and inform it with Divine beauty, the fruitage being, indeed, an hundred fold. I fancy every susceptible musician is, in this same way, the recipient from sky, sea and stars of direct influences and inspirations."

"Thank you, Grace. Now tell me, if you know, why it is easier to apprehend Romantic than Classic music; for it is easier, to most people."

"It is because Romantic composition has a given poetic basis. In some works this is plainly announced; take, for instance, Schumann's Forest Scenes, Grieg's Bridal Procession or Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream

overture. Here are plain, definite themes, illuminated with musical motion and color."

"I see! And sometimes they reveal the personal temperament of the author, as is Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. In Chopin's creations it is different; their poetic basis is only dimly divined by the listener and differently interpreted by different persons."

"Yes;—you see we got two different visions of the one Helen was playing."

At this point, Maisie began to show signs of waking. Two sleepy blue eyes opened like drowsy stars and presently Mrs. Carew came for her. Marguerite gave her up with some reluctance; the dear child had won her way into our hearts.

"Only think," said Mrs. Asquith, when Mrs. Carew had departed, "that beautiful child has never been baptized!"

"Is it possible!" cried Marguerite. "How do you know, mother?"

"Possible, yes!" said Helen, with emphasis. "Fashionable mammas are questionable blessings."

"Oh, Helen, please do not say that! And do not think it, either!" pleaded Mrs. Asquith,—who was always charitable,—"Mrs. Carew is not all butterfly—and point lace! She told me, herself,—and I fancy it grieved her. The tear is in her heart, Helen! She tried to have Maisie christened long ago, but her husband would not consent. He is a stern man, unlikely to brook opposition, so the situation remains."

"What manner of man is he, religiously?" I ventured to inquire.

"I cannot tell. He is reticent, and, so, non-committal. No one, here, has courage to really approach him! He is a gentleman—*comme il faut*, superficially—though; and, having plenty of money, is all the world asks him to be."

"I have an impression," said Marguerite, "that he may have been warped by some prejudice in early life. His people may have been Baptists. They flourish down in Maine and he used to live there. You know they have conscientious scruples as to Infant Baptism.

But oh, mother, how can he do so? That lovely, blue-eyed darling! I know he is fond of her, though he says nothing. That hard worried look goes out of his face as soon as he sees her coming!"

"He must have some strong bias, or Mrs. Carew could coax him! One meets all kinds of people at these summer resorts. Well, I dare not say anything, myself! But there one must not wish! She is doing a world of good in New York."

"But how she can endure this hot weather in among those fearful tenement houses, where her poor people live—when they don't die!—is more than I can see!" And Helen waved the notion of distress away from her with a significant flirt of her big Spanish fan.

"The poor people have to endure it," retorted Marguerite. "It might be good penance for all of us. I am sure that little true charity is done at arms' length!"

"I think that must be true," said Mrs. Asquith, gravely. "God's own method of charity—of 'Rescue Work,' if we may use the phrase of the Salvationists—for a lost race, and for ourselves as individuals, is surely that of infinite condescension, the coming down into tender personal nearness. Our Lord did not send to redeem us; He came, Himself! In the Holy Eucharist He also comes; it is all a mystery of intimate, soul amazing Love! Should not our every-day methods of charity be

modelled on these? James Russell Lowell says most truly, 'The gift without the giver, is bare.' That is an intense thought—more mysterious than Lowell himself dreamed when he wrote it!"

Mrs. Asquith said this with much earnestness, so I endeavored, in a small way to support her position.

"I think you are perfectly right. The element of personal self-sacrifice must vivify all true work for those beneath us. The upper classes, so-called-in this country, have this yet to learn! A few, outside the Religious Orders, mostly Catholics like Miss Dormer, know it by instinct and are for this reason successful laborers in the Lord's vineyard."

"Oh, mamma, mamma! Who is that coming?" cried Helen, interrupting our discussion without remorse. "Is it not Father Lemoile? I am so glad! He is sure to have tidings of Miss Dormer."

The new-comer, a kindly ecclesiastic, met us all with cordial greeting. He bore messages from Miss Dormer, also from other Catholic friends.

"Miss Dormer?" said he—"Yes her sweet influence is everywhere. She in doing beautiful work and in a variety of ways. I came upon one of her sonnets, the other day, which I thought gave a clue to her labors of love." Helen took with thanks the tiny newspaper clipping, which he handed her, and glanced at it hastily.

"Isn't that earnest though?" she cried. "I shall think of it, as I look up to these mountain peaks all around us."

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," murmured the priest, as if to himself. "Read the sonnet aloud, my child." Helen gladly gave what seemed to her like her friend's message.

Can we do nothing with the darks of life?
Must we still crouch within the purple gloom,
Low at the base of giant hills that loom
In might supernal, with strange glories rife?
True, earth is full of sin and woe and strife.
What shall we do? Cling to the valley's bloom,
Shackled with gold, nor strive for larger room?
Call ourselves helpless? Or, with drum and fife
In loud bravado, say, "We do not care!"
Open, O Lord, our weary, wilful eyes!
Help us to climb the mount of sacrifice,
Our Calvary, and grasp the glories there!
Give us for silken robes, for greed and pride,
Some mountain staff of labor at Thy side!

A silence followed, which Helen was the first to break. She turned to Father Lemoile and looked at him earnestly, like one making appeal. "There is something more in the mountains than their mere beauty, is there not?"

"Infinitely more, my child!" The answer came quickly. "The strength and help and inspiration they give are from Him, who was tempted thereon and came out victorious, 'able to succor them that are tempted;'—who was transfigured thereon, to show us the burning and shining of the Divine."

When the priest had gone, Marguerite remarked, in her quiet way, "I do wish Father Lemoile could help in the matter of Maisie. I told him but he made no answer. As Mr. Carew is a Protestant, I suppose it would be out of the question."

"We can pray, dear," said Mrs. Asquith, softly. "And lift up our eyes unto the hills, as Father Lemoile said. Maisie is one of God's own lambs, for whom Christ died. His love for her is stronger than ours! Let us leave it all with Him."

The next day, to our surprise, we again saw Father Lemoile coming up

the avenue, moreover, who should be with him, in full tide of conversation, but Mr. Carew. As they parted with a friendly adieu, Father Lemoile came into our little parlor with beaming face.

"I have made acquaintance with your Mr. Carew!" he announced. "And I find him not only urbane, but very frank,—though overburdened with business cares. Wealth is bought with a price, always; but I fear he is paying too dear for it. He does not seem stern; rather, tremendously harrassed."

"Like the wayfarer you saw walking in darkness, Aunt Grace, through Chopin's music-room," whispered Marguerite. "A man all by himself, bearing the burden and heat of the day."

"I have a great sympathy for him," continued Father Lemoile. "He has been misjudged, surely. I ventured to speak of his little daughter. She seems to be the great brightness of his life. He said he should be glad to have me give her holy Baptism. His views on that matter seem to have changed."

"But," said Mrs. Asquith, "how did you contrive to make friends with him so quickly, if I may ask?"

"He met our Miss Dormer in New York," replied the priest, with a smile, "and of course melted forthwith, as all the others do. His admiration of her and comprehension of her self-sacrificing work was a revelation of his own higher self. You can tell a man best by his enthusiasms. Miss Dormer had spoken to him of me; so I was introduced beforehand and not compelled to make my way. Yes, I was glad to get so much of his confidence." "I am called stern, I know," he pleaded, "but you—and these other people—do not understand. They are not to blame. How else could it be? Why, such a mill as my business life would simply grind you all to powder!"

"A strong statement," rejoined Mrs. Asquith, "but perhaps, near the truth, after all. Some souls do find life all a Nocturne, with few stars. No wonder they are grave!—But I must go now and have a talk with Mrs. Carew."

"It is all so delightful!" cried Helen, whose joy had become impatience. "I must go too!" And both disappeared down the long corridor.

They returned with a reflection of the mother's feeling on their subdued faces. Both were silent, as if awed by some impressive revelation.

"Maisie is so beautiful," cried Marguerite. "It will be a lovely christening." But Mrs. Asquith turned to Helen, instead of answering.

"Did you see the tears in that mother's eyes, Helen? And her great joy, like the sun, shining through them? Indeed, we *are* doing a little something with the darks of life. God bless and keep her!"

Helen stood abashed, then murmured with rueful face, "And I called her only a butterfly!"

Love, ever love! around one hearth
  Love forms but one fraternal ring—
One Mother to us all gave birth
  In Christ, our Brother and our King,
Ah, then, let all in heaven, on earth,
  One hymn of love to Mary sing!

—Kenelm Digby Best.

The Brown Badge.

By the Rev. Stephen J. McDonald, O. C. C.

ONE of the most beautiful features of the Church is her calendar of feasts. Following one another, each with its own associations, its own peculiar spirit, old, indeed, yet ever new, they seem to be trying to give our poor material minds a picture distantly suggestive of what might be the eternal sameness, yet eternal newness of heaven's joys. The ceremonies witnessed on all the great festal days are substantially the same; yet the feelings we have on one particular feast are different from those we experienced on any other during the year.

The feast that occurs on the sixteenth day of this month is by no means the greatest on the Church's calendar; it does not commemorate such deep mysteries as the Trinity and Incarnation which by their awful majesty overwhelm our poor weak minds. Yet, as with all feasts of the Blessed Virgin, there is something peculiar to this particular day which appeals to our hearts more directly, more forcibly, than feasts of a higher order. And, moreover, this peculiar feeling of joy is not confined to the members of Our Lady's Order; for this day has become a feast of the Universal Church. The devotion of the Scapular has spread wherever the Church has spread, and few indeed are those Catholics who do not wear the brown badge of Mary's Order, and who do not bear a special reverence for the Mother of Carmel. Catholics of every nation and every tongue, of every color, of every station in life, though differing in a thousand other respects, are one in Mary's ranks. Under the gaudy colors of the fashionable world, under the red of the cardinalate, under the purple of the episcopacy, may be found the Scapular of Carmel. Concealed beneath the uniform of his country the brave Catholic soldier wears the same badge, to him a talisman, to him a constant reminder of heaven's kindly interest, to him a treasure dearer than the flag he is pledged to defend.

But what is the meaning, we hear you ask, of this wide-spread devotion to Our Lady of Carmel? What is the meaning of the great spiritual favors which the Popes have conferred upon the Carmelite Order and wearers of the Scapular generally? Do they wish to make the whole world Carmelite? Do they not know that these numberless special devotions indulged in by pious Catholics are a stumbling-block to outsiders?

In the first place let it be understood that the wearing of the Scapular is not a special devotion; it is a sign that we have placed ourselves under the special protection of the Mother of God, a sign of our love and veneration for her. And who will dare say that devotion to the Mother of God is a special devotion indulged in only by a few hyper-pious Catholics? Has it not characterized the Church from the earliest ages? Has it not descended to us from the Apostles? People of every age and clime, of every race and tongue, have honored Mary and have sought her protection; and never has it been known that the prayers of a single one of these countless multitudes were left unheard.

How natural then that if Mary gives

with her own hand a distinctive dress which shall be to the wearer a sign of her special protection—how natural, I say, that her clients throughout the world should hasten to be invested with the same. They knew before that they were guarded by their kind heavenly Mother, but now they can wear over their hearts, and reverently press to their lips, a palpable pledge of that guardianship.

We are material. Although our souls are spiritual, we must remember that we have bodies. Our minds can understand things only when presented in a material form. The highest and most spiritual mysteries of our faith would be totally lost upon us if they were not presented in material words and pictured in material metaphor. For this reason the Sacraments have each a matter through which the sacramental grace flows to our souls; for this reason we have beautiful ceremonies, crucifixes, statues, rosaries and the like; for we are to understand the invisible things of God by the visible things around us. If poor human nature did not have these things which it can reach with the eye of the body, which it can grasp with the hand, it would soon lose sight of everything spiritual and gradually fall into idolatry.

To understand that this last assertion is not exaggerated, take the example of the Children of Israel lapsing into idolatry under Moses. They knew God and believed in Him. The religion that had been taught them was spiritual; but as yet they had not those elaborate rites and ceremonies which were calculated to keep their minds fastened on their faith and its teachings. To them the zealous and divinely inspired Moses was the only tangible evidence of the omnipotent Jehovah. As long as this wonderful man was among them they remembered their duty; but as soon as he left them, though only for a few days, they fell into the grossest idolatry, they worshipped the golden calf.

However, we need not go so far back in the history of the human race to exemplify our position; its truth can be established in the experience of every one of us. Before the eyes of a wondering world the great farce of Protestantism is being enacted, and not one of us but has witnessed some funny scenes. At their outset in the sixteenth century they interdicted everything that savored of ritualistic Rome. Like the Iconclasts of an earlier date, they demolished statues, coated with whitewash the great masterpieces of Christian painters, destroyed anything that looked like a graven image. They were to rise above the gross materialism of Rome and to "worship God in spirit and truth." The lamentable result of this great farce is known to all. It has developed, or, rather, unravelled itself into countless little side-shows, which called by an equal number of strangely qualifications, tax at once our imagination and our memory. Utilitarianism, Mormonism and the like, are pompous names, indeed, but their meanings would call a blush to the cheeks of an African savage. Even with those who still profess to be within the outlines of their first institution, the much-vaunted spirit and truth has long since been lost sight of. Politics and sensationalism of all kinds occupy their pulpits. *They* are worshipping the golden calf.

These examples of the inconstancy of the human mind show the wisdom of the Church in appealing, not to our senses, but through them to our higher nature. She does not degrade the noble mysteries of religion to bring them to a level with our minds, but rather elevates us to a height from which we may view these mysteries in all their spiritual beauty; and this, not violently, but by easy stages, using the visible things of this world, verifying Holy Scripture, which says that "the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." And these visible and ma-

terial things she uses without fear, just as her Divine Founder used them in His Sacraments.

In recommending, therefore, to the faithful, and in fostering by extraordinary favors the devotion of the Scapular, the Church is acting according to the spirit of her Founder, and acting according to the lessons she has learned during nineteen centuries of experience with human nature. Yes, indeed, the Church would like to see the whole world Carmelite, would be overjoyed to see each and every Catholic a uniformed champion of Mary ; for ever since the moment when first she sprang from the side of the crucified Saviour she has been constantly occupied in honoring Mary.

And as regards those who tell us that devotions of this kind are repulsive to outsiders, let them know that the Church has had to deal with outsiders ever since her first institution, and if she has not yet adopted the proper policy towards them, our modern reformers may give up her case as hopeless. If outsiders do not like the way that we insiders decorate ourselves, they had better remain outside ; but it is a fact of daily experience that when the human side of our Church proves repulsive to one, it is attractive to an hundred. We need not then grow anxious when we hear those shallow-minded sages reading the destinies of the world and telling us the wonderful things that a near and more progressive future will bring. The people of future times will be just like the people of to-day. Human nature has been the same ever since the days of Adam, and it is too old to change now.

We will, therefore, hold to and cherish our little Brown Scapular, for it is a chain, material, indeed, but with spiritual links binding us to the world unseen ; it is an anchor of hope fastening our confidence in Mary's maternal care for her children.

Our Lady's Gift.

WHEN gazing on the retrospect of ages
A glorious vision we in spirit see ;
Our Lady brings the Scapular of Carmel
That robed in " double garments " we may be.

Oh ! not the mystic mantle of a prophet
Does Mary send us from her throne above ;
But her own loving guidance and protection
Enfold us in her sweet maternal love.

It is a favor "*difficult*" and precious,
But still we ask it from God's love divine
That, in our souls, may rest her gentle spirit,
For Mary is Mount Carmel's fragrant vine.

" Come over " does she ever softly murmur,
" To me, O you who ardently desire
The fruits of grace—and to the restful kingdom
Of light, and peace, and blissfulness aspire ! "

O Mother ! I beseech thee hear our pleading
Obtain the double gift we ask of thee !
Blest union with thy Jesus in our exile,
And His bright vision in eternity.

E. De M.

Our Roman Letter.

Saint Albert's College,
Rome, Italy.
Whit Sunday, 1900.

DEAR EDITOR :—

Grand beyond description, were the magnificent ceremonies, which took place in the great Basilica of Saint Peter's, on the feast of the Ascension. These were the ceremonies attending the canonization of Blessed John Baptiste De La Salle, and Blessed Rita Da Cascia, and proved to be the culminating point in the series of grand events, that have occurred, so far, during the Anno Santo.

In anticipation of this great festival, the crowd of pilgrims in the Eternal City had increased to almost an incredible number.

On the memorable morning of the twenty-fourth, whilst the City was still in darkness, carriages, and people on foot, were to be seen wending their way up the long avenues, leading to Saint Peter's. But, when daylight dawned upon the City, a rolling sea of human beings poured into the large piazza in front of the Basilica. Five regiments of Carbonieri, the best Italian soldiers, were extended in two long files, across the piazza, to preserve order in the excited throng. At seven o'clock, the doors were thrown open, and ninety-thousand anxious people rushed into the church.

Those who were to take part in the procession assembled in the Vatican, before seven o'clock. The Holy Father left his private apartments at eight o'clock, and surrounded by his noble guard, entered the Sixtine Chapel, where the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals awaited him. Here he entoned the "Ave Maris Stella," which was taken up by the Sixtine choir; and immediately the procession was set in motion, descending by the Scala Regia, and entering the Basilica at half-past eight. The procession was composed of three principal groups, viz: The Regular clergy, the Secular clergy, and the Papal court. All carried lighted candles, and each division had its own standard.

The entrance of the Holy Father into the Basilica, was heralded by the loud ring of silver trumpets; and silent but very eloquent greetings were extended to him, as he was being borne, on the Sedia Gestatoria, up to the Papal throne. He appeared to be in excellent health, and his venerable countenance wore a pleasant smile, as he responded to the greetings, by repeatedly blessing the multitude. When he ascended the throne, all the Cardinals approached, and kissed his hand, the Bishops his knee, and the Abbots his foot.

The interior of Saint Peter's was gorgeously decorated; no description, however fine, could equal the reality. Twenty-thousand candles, held in large, beautiful candelabra, artistically arranged in various shapes and forms, filled the church with their brilliancy; and the sweet fragrance of Spring flowers mingled with frank incense, floated through the air.

Long streamers of silk and gold hung from the ceiling; and between the arches, along the centre of the church, were suspended beautiful pictures, representing various scenes in the lives of the two new Saints. The tribunes were likewise covered with red silk in gold trimmings. The Papal throne, erected before the throne of the

cathedra, in the front of the church, was very artistically designed. Variegated Brussels carpet was spread over the steps leading up to it. The chair (on the throne) was covered with white silk; and the background was all in gold. Above the throne, there was a large picture of the Holy Trinity, encircled by a halo of electric lights, arranged in the form of brilliant stars. The Pope attired in his splendid papal vestments, sat upon the throne. Near him were the two Cardinal Deacons, Macchi and Steinhuber, Cardinals Parochi, and Respighi, Monsigneur Riggi, Master of Ceremonies, and many other assistants. The other Cardinals, Bishops, Generals of Religious Orders, and Prelates, occupied places to the right and left of the throne. There were thirty-three Cardinals, and two-hundred and fifty Bishops present; all were vested in white copes and mitres. The effect thus produced was one grand harmonious scene, not easily to be forgotten by any one who beheld it.

The ceremony was begun by Cardinal Massela, Procurator of the Canonization, who approached the Papal throne, and petitioned his Holiness, to add to the catalogue of the Saints of our Lord Jesus Christ:—Blessed John Baptiste De La Salle, and Blessed Rita Da Cascia. After the Pope had pronounced the formula of Canonization, he entoned a solemn "Te Deum," which was continued by the Sixtine choir; and immediately the great bells of Saint Peter's rang out in joyful peals, that were re-echoed from the belfries of all the other churches in the City.

The "Te Deum" finished, Cardinal Oreglia, who is the oldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, ascended the papal altar, and began the Pontifical High Mass. A choir of two-hundred voices, under the direction of Professor Mustafà, admirably rendered Palestrina's Mass, "Hodie Christus Natus Est."

At the Offertory, the customary oblations prescribed by the rubrics of the Church, were made to the Pope. These were ten large wax candles; small loaves of bread, wrapped in a covering of gold and silver; a small cask of wine, and one of water; turtle doves, and little birds of different species, enclosed in cages of gold and silver. The ceremony of these oblations is very ancient and has a mystical signification. The candle represents Christ: the wax, being produced by virgin bees, signifies the humanity of Christ; and the cord, which runs through the wax, represents his Divinity. The bread signifies the spiritual nourishment which enabled the Saints to gain Heaven. The wine indicates Sanctifying Grace, with which the Saints were filled; and the water, regeneration to faith by Baptism, and perseverance in penance. The doves as symbols of peace, of charity, and of fidelity to God; and the little birds signify the flight of the Saints from the things of this world, to the contemplation of Heavenly things.

At the Elevation, a very edifying spectacle was presented. The soldiers of the Noble Guard marched up in front of the altar, and, at the command of their captain, dropped, as one man, upon their knees, presented arms, and remained in this posture during the whole of the Elevation. And when the Sacred Host was raised on high, the soft, and touching melody of Silveri, flowed gently from the silver trumpets, moving the hearts of all to acts of reverance and adoration.

When the Mass was finished, the Holy Father gave his Apostolic Benediction from the throne. Then, surrounded by the Noble Guard, he was borne down through the middle of the church, and into the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. There he was unvested, and assisted from the Sedia Gestatoria, into the sedan, in which he was carried to his private apartments in the Vatican.

In the evening all the front of Saint Peter's, the massive Colonnades and the piazza, were illuminated. Thousands of Chinese lanterns gleamed along the avenues leading up to the Basilica. There was a great display of fire-works. And the whole presented one grand scene, to be seen in no other place, but in Rome, the Capitol of Christendom.

FRA. SILVERIUS J. QUIGLEY, O.C.C.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"MY words were powerless," continued the General, "and these unhappy regiments went on retreating without my being able to understand what had caused their panic. I was thoroughly indignant, and threatened to blow out the brains of the soldiers before me. I cried again: 'You are cowards; you dishonour us; you are unworthy the name of Frenchmen. I will blast the number of your regiment!' The Spahis of my escort beat the men as they fled with the flat of their swords, to try and bring them back to their duty. They bore this last outrage, but without advancing a step. Then I exclaimed: "Well, if you do not know how to die for your country I will have the colors brought out. Try and follow them!' Upon which I galloped back to my Artillery reserve, where I had placed my Zouaves, and cried to Charette: 'Colonel, give me one of your battalions.' There were two. Then addressing those brave Zouaves, I said: 'There are some cowards down there who refuse to march, and who will lose the whole army. Try and bring them back to their duty! Forward! Follow me! Let us show them the worth of men of heart and Christians!' A cry of enthusiasm burst from those noble hearts. These brave fellows surrounded me, and all were ready to face death. I took three hundred of them, leaving the rest to guard the Artillery. The battalion started, accompanied by the Francs-tireurs of Tours and Blidah, the Mobiles of the Côtes-du-Nord, preceded by a line of skirmishes,—in all eight hundred men.

"It was half-past four, and the day was closing in. I said to Charette, 'This is the moment to show our banner of the Sacred Heart!' It was unfurled, and seen by the whole army. The effect was electric. We marched on confidently, filled with a strong sense of duty. I always hoped the 3rd division would follow us, and support our position, and I did not doubt that the brave handful of men who accompanied me would stop the troops who were retreating and bring them back to their duty. When we arrived opposite the 51st regiment, I exclaimed 'Soldiers, here are your colors! Follow them! Forward!' But not a man moved. Shaking my képi in my left hand, and brandishing my sword in my right, I cried: 'Have you no heart? March!' They did not stir, and our Zouaves went on. On my right was Colonel de Charette, to my left Commander de Troussures. This last, seizing my arm, exclaimed, 'My dear General, how good you are to lead us to such a fête!' Noble soul! They were his last words. At that moment there was such an enthusiasm among my little body of men that it shamed the regiments who had refused to move, and they began to march forward, which gave me some hope. Before the rapid firing of my Zouaves, the Germans retreated from the farm of Villours, which they had occupied all the morning. But when we were opposite a little wood, at two hundred mètres from the village, we were met by a furious musketry fire, which laid many of our poor fellows low, never to rise again. This was enough for the 51st, whom I had with such difficulty persuaded to follow us. They fled, and in a few moments disappeared altogether. I remained at the head of the brave Pontifical Zouaves, who made an heroic resistance. The 3rd division, which I had ordered to join us, never

appeared, and except the troops of Admiral Jauréguiberry, who still held Villepion, I had no news of the 16th corps. What was I to do? I could not do so dishonourable an act as to abandon those three hundred Zouaves who had so heroically followed me, and felt ready to sacrifice my life with theirs. They called themselves soldiers of the Pope, and I thought it would be worth while to die under our new colours. All together we cried 'Vive la France! Vive Pie IX.!' This was our last act of faith.

"I had, it was true, only intended to take these three hundred men in order to produce a moral effect on the demoralized regiments who had deserted us. Of three hundred, one hundred and ninety-eight fell by my side at Loigny, and among them ten out of the fourteen officers who commanded them! I was myself wounded by a ball in the thigh, and could no longer sit on my horse. I cried to my aide-de-camp, Captain de Bruyère, 'Take me in your arms. I am done for for to-day.' He laid me on the ground, helped by M. de Bruyère to leave me, and to tell the oldest commanding officer to take my place and direct the retreat. At that moment I had the consolation of hearing all my Artillery behind me; and I am happy, in winding up this report, to be able to bear witness that the 17th corps did not lose a single cannon during the time I had the honor of commanding it."

This is, indeed, the conclusion of de Sonis's official report before the Parliamentary committee, and to the War Minister. But the following additional notes, intended only for for his intimate friends, will reveal what he went through during that night of agony.

"I had insisted on M. de Bruyère and M. de Harcourt's leaving me, though they could not bear to do so, fearing that if they did not they would fall into the hands of the enemy, who were pursuing our troops. Having unsaddled my horse, who, poor beast, had been riddled with balls, these two officers placed my saddle under my head and then left me. I was there alone, incapable of movement, stretched on the snowy ground. All around me lay noble victims, who had given their lives freely for honor and for their country. Four or five steps from me one of those poor fellows stretched on the ground raised himself a little to lean on his arm. Was it an officer or a simple Zouave? I could not tell. The Prussian army soon after passed over our bodies in perfect order. I own I could not but admire the discipline and bearing of those troops. When they came to the dead and wounded, the soldiers stopped and took possession of whatever arms had any value. One of them came up to me, and, turning me over with great brutality, unclasped my sword-belt and stole my sword and my pistol. Other companies passed, drunk with success, which added to my suffering. Then, to my disgust, I saw one of the soldiers go up the wounded Zouave, of whom I have spoken, give him a kick, and, seeing he was still alive, knock him on the head with the butt-end of his rifle. It was the brave Commandant de Troussures! I felt that the same fate would be mine in a few moments, and placed my soul in the hands of God. I thought it still more when another soldier came up and looked at me. But this one was a good Samaritan, and seizing my hand, pressed it with real sympathy, exclaiming 'Comrade!' It was, perhaps, the only word he new in French; but he said it in a tone that went to my heart. Leaning over me, he gave me some drops of brandy which were in his gourd. I had had nothing for twenty-four hours. Then he took my head very carefully and replaced it on my saddle, covering me with a cloak which was lying near. I tried to express my gratitude; but finding that he did not understand me, I could only point to heaven and pray to Our Lord to reward him for his act of charity. After the troops had passed, the German doctors and infirmarians came to the battlefield to look for their wounded. They had large spherical red lanterns for that purpose. They carried off their own men, but took no notice of ours, and I would not ask a service of the enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—*July 26.*

IN our mystic diadem of twelve lovers of Mary, we may surely gaze with much admiration and love at one whose beauty is unique—one whose affections were maternal as well as saintly.

We all remember those happy childhood-years, when the arms of maternal love were folded round us. It was the light of home; and for many of us, that light has faded away from earth, but we know it shines undimmed "in Patria," "Can a mother forget her child?" How pure must it not have been in the heart of one whose Child was Immaculate, Queen of Angels and of men, "the fruit rather of grace than of nature and the Child more of God than of man?" As "the tree" is known by its fruits, we may faintly understand that St. Anne's holiness must have been wondrous in purity, because God selected her as Mother of Mary undefiled. Her life is veiled in its nearness to God, but we have at least a glimpse of the aged Saint ascending His Temple and offering her treasure to Him who had given it, and her death is also veiled, but most beautiful must have been that transit when her mission was over. She had given Mary to men and to God, and had then only to pass into the restful abode of souls waiting for Mary's Child. We cannot imitate her love in *kind* but she can obtain for that which we already have, a great increase during this month in which we have chosen her, and also great fidelity in following the calls, in making the sacrifices God demands. How can we love Mary without also loving St. Anne, or "look at the Star" without gratitude to her from whom it shone forth?"

Devotion to our Blessed Queen of Carmel is ever on the increase. It is a healthy sign of the times and a source of consolation to us who see our humble efforts to bring more glory to God and His Holy Mother bearing abundant fruit. More and more does the love of our glorious Queen of Carmel manifest itself at her Shrine. May she be propitious to all who honor her during this month!

The terrible descriptions of suffering in famine-stricken India should move the hardest heart. The letters, from the Lahore district, of the Carmelite Brothers Joachim and Desire are very pathetic. One of the writers declares that his "pen refuses to describe all the horrors." We advise those of our readers who wish to help the poor sufferers to give their offering to their parish priest, who will gladly send the same to some relief centre. Any money sent to us tor the same purpose will be promptly forwarded.

Referring to the two holy Carmelites, Frs. Dionysius and Redemptus, who were recently declared Blessed by holy Church, the Stimmen vom Berge Karmel of last month says that both of these Religious were martyred for the faith in the Island of Sumatra in 1638. Two more precious ornaments are they in the crown of Mary. May they be ever mindful of their brethren who still wander in the valley of tears!

Editorial Notes.

O beautiful flow'ret of Carmel !
O fragrant and clustering vine !
Round the hearts of thy loving children
Thy care and protection twine !

Retreats at the Hospice.

Two retreats are announced for this summer, viz :

1.—Retreat for the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Opens July 9th. Ends July 14th.

2.—Second Annual Retreat for Catholic Teachers. Opens Monday, August 27th, at 8 p. m. Ends September 1st, 7 a. m.

Applications should be sent to us in time. Terms sent to those who apply.

The Holy Pardon.

Wherever it is possible every client of Carmel will strive to gain the great indulgence—or "holy pardon" as it is called—on Monday July 16th. Most of the parishes in charge of the Carmelites in the United States and Canada will celebrate the feast, and gain the indulgences, on the following Sunday, July 22, but at the Shrine at Niagara Falls *we always celebrate the feast on July sixteenth*, be it Sunday or workday. Do not forget the conditions for gaining the indulgences which you ought to, and can, apply to the poor souls in this Holy Year. First make a good Confession and receive Holy Communion—in your own parish church if convenient. Secondly, make the visits to a Carmelite Church. At each visit say devoutly the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, five times, for the Pope's intentions, which are generally : for peace amongst Christian people, extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Church.

The Hospice Welcomes Guests !

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is now open for the accommodation of permanent or transient guests who should be known to us, or come recommended. No effort has been spared to make this institution an ideal one. The promotion of the health, comfort and convenience of our guests has been our constant study. The Hospice has all the advantages of urban establishments with none of their disadvantages. All who come here go home feeling better in soul and body. There is every aid for spiritual recollection, and Nature is most bounteous. Free from business and bustle, you are, nevertheless, able to be in immediate touch with all parts of the country, on account of the trunk lines centreing at Niagara. Moreover, the locality is of easy access to Canadians and Americans. It is just the place that all good Catholics dream of and wish for. The doors are now open, and to our friends, old and new, we extend a hearty welcome. For more detailed information and our terms, which are reasonable, address : The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Carmel's Commemoration.

During this month, dedicated to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, it is well to state the fact that the Popes have repeatedly opened the treasures of the Church on behalf of the members of the Scapular Confraternity by granting to them Indulgences, plenary and particular, the list of which would he too long for insertion here. Besides these Indulgences, which are reserved to those who wear the Scapular, there are a great many others attached to

Carmelite Churches—(for instance the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls), which can be gained by all the faithful, whether they be members of the confraternity or not. No Pope, however, has done so much in this respect as our present Holy Father, Leo XIII., who in a Brief given out on the feast of St. Simon Stock, 1892, took quite an unprecedented step, in order, to quote the Pontiff's words "that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel may increase more and more, whence flow the richest and most wholesome fruits for their souls." As is generally known to our readers, His Holiness has been pleased to grant to all the faithful a Plenary Indulgence, each year, applicable to the souls in purgatory, *as often as they visit a Carmelite Church*, from the first Vespers of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel until sunset of the day itself, that is to say, from about 3 p. m. on July 15 until about 8 p. m. July 16.

The Prophet of Prayer.

During this month let us invoke our Father and Founder, the great Prophet Elias. His intercession with God is powerful, for "He hath been chosen to appease the wrath of the Lord." Many saints and holy persons have received unusual favors from St. Elias, who is deserving of all veneration. We read in the Old Testament of his great influence. At his prayer copious showers blessed the parched earth; he more than once confounded the devil and his agents; virtue triumphed and God was glorified in His Prophet. The protection of Elias has been shown in many instances. Let one of many examples suffice. In the year 1779 there was such a drought in Rome that the Carmelite Fathers held in their four churches at Rome a Triduum of prayer in honor of their patriarch, St. Elias. The Cardinal-Vicar requested most earnestly the faithful to follow those holy exercises. The people crowded at the foot of the statue of the powerful Thaumaturgus. On the very first day rain began to fall and the drought had an end. Many similar cases are told regarding St. Elias.

The General Lives.

On the eighth day of May, at the meeting held in Rome for the purpose of chosing a successor to our much lamented Father General, Aloysius M. Galli, the lot fell on a worthy Carmelite, Very Reverend Father Simon Maria Bernardini, who will hold the office of Prior-General, Commissary and Apostolic Visitor of the whole Order of the Brothers of the ever Blessed Virgin-Mother Mary of Mount Carmel until the General Chapter. In his official note—happily dated on his namesday (St. Simon Stock) May 16—to the members of the whole Order, Father Bernardini pays high tribute to the great and good friar who preceded him. Particularly does he mention Father Galli's intense zeal and devotion in all things which enhanced the glory of the Queen of Carmel; his labor and enthusiasm in renovating and adorning our Mother-Church of the Transpontina in the Eternal City; the founding and erection of an International College where our students from every clime could drink in solid learning and, at the very fountain head, imbibe the spirit of the true Carmelite. Such achievements shall indeed remain immortal monuments to the memory of Father Galli. To carry on these great works and to unintermittingly uphold and increase the glory of our Mother, re-

quires superhuman aid, and we are sure all lovers of Carmel will unite with us in beseeching our dear Lady of Carmel to obtain long years of health, blessing and fruitful work for our newly chosen General Superior—Mary's gift and Carmel's captain—the good and worthy Father Bernardini.

Mount Carmel Day.

The children of Mary within a large radius of Niagara Falls without any great inconvenience or expense, again this year will have an opportunity of taking part in the annual pilgrimage to our Lady's Shrine, where they can assist at the great festival, gain a plentitude of graces and Indulgences and satisfy all their devout desires. Persons in and near Buffalo can leave that city for the Shrine at quarter past seven on the morning of the 16th by the Michigan Central trains. Ample time and opportunity will be afforded to the pilgrims to receive Holy Communion at the Shrine. Several low Masses will precede the Solemn High Mass. Every protection will be on the grounds, be there rain or shine. Sermons in English and German will be delivered by eminent preachers. Papal Benediction will be given in the afternoon. Confessions will be heard at the Shrine on the vigil of the feast. The Fathers will have on hand all books, articles of devotion, etc., which the pilgrims may require. Refreshments will be provided as last year.

Very Rev. P. McHale, C. M., President of Niagara University, will pronounce the panegyric at the Scapular Shrine—July 16th.

The Pilgrimage Train.

This train, as usual, will leave Exchange St. depot Buffalo—per Michigan Central R. R., "the Niagara Falls Route"—at 7.15 a. m. Pilgrims will be conveyed by this train to the grounds of the Hospice. Homeward bound, the train leaves our grounds at 6 p. m. You thus have ten and a half hours to spend at the Falls. After the exercises and ceremonies you will have time to inspect the beautiful new Hospice. Round trip tickets for adults can be had in Buffalo at the low price of fifty cents—for children twenty-five cents. Purchase your tickets beforehand at the M. C. R. offices, 219 Main street, Buffalo, or at the Catholic Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall, Buffalo. Be on time at the depot to avoid the rush. To all their friends, young and old, be they far or near, the Carmelite Fathers extend a cordial welcome.

Saints Real and Unreal.

This month's number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart prints an authentic and evidently true portrait of our great Carmelite, Saint Teresa. The editorial note in the same magazine is of such interest to the children of Carmel that we quote the same verbatim. Of this portrait, we are told, Cardinal Wiseman wrote the following in his preface to the "Life of St. John of the Cross":

"One day the conversation turned on a remark in that deep writer's 'Philosophy of Mysticism,' to the effect that saints most remarkable for their mystical learning and piety were far from exhibiting, in their features and expression, the characteristics usually attributed to them. They are popularly considered, and by artists represented, as soft, fainting, and perhaps hysterical persons; whereas their portraits present to us countenances of men, or women, of a practical, business-

like, working character. The author asked Görres if he had ever seen an original likeness of St. Teresa, in whom he thought these remarks were particularly exemplified. He replied that he never had; and the writer on returning from Rome fulfilled the promise which he had made the philosopher, by procuring the sketch of an authentic portrait of that saint preserved with great care in the monastery of St. Sylvester, near Tusculum. It was painted for Philip II. by a concealed artist, while he was conversing with her. This portrait confirms most strongly the theory of Görres, as the author wrote to him with the drawing; for while no saint has ever been more idealized by artists, or represented as living in a continual swoon, than St. Teresa, her true portraits all represent her with strong, firmly set, and almost masculine features, with forms and lines that denoted vigor, resolution and strong sense. Her handwriting perfectly suggests the same conclusion."

Now that he has gone to his reward, we are reminded of what the whole-souled Father Galli, our late Prior-General, wrote to the Editor of the Carmelite Review in 1893. Speaking of this magazine, he said that by means of it "will become better known in America what the Carmelite Order was in the Catholic Church, with all its glories and privileges, with the great work it has accomplished in the past, and is still doing in all parts of the world, for the greater glory of God and His holy Church."

In sending us applications for accommodations at the Hospice, kindly make allowance for the days of Retreat. So far two retreats are announced for 1900, viz: July 9th to 14th, and August 27th to September 1st.

"Our Lady of Mount Carmel, thus
Sometimes thy name is known;
It tells of the badge we wear,
To live or die thy own."

—Adelaide Proctor.

July Sixteenth should be a feast of Jubilee for the poor souls in purgatory. But to gain an indulgence for these souls you must be in the state of grace yourself. You cannot bring a soul from purgatory if your own feet are standing in hell.

The souls in purgatory will be very much benefited by your visits to the Scapular Shrine on July 16. Help them! The Jubilee restrictions may prevent the direct gaining of the plenary Indulgence for yourself, but by giving all to the poor souls you indirectly enrich yourself.

The conditions for gaining the "Holy Pardon" on Mount Carmel Day are the same as for all plenary Indulgences, viz: 1. Confession. 2. Communion. 3. Praying for the Holy Father's intentions.

The solemn novena in preparation for the Scapular Feast begins July 7th. We shall remember the expressed intentions of all our readers. We shall also include all the intentions which are formed when you read this notice. All our Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, Novices, Tertiaries, and every wearer of the holy Scapular are earnestly invited to join in this novena to our ever Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

If you, or yours, are not yet invested in the Brown Scapular, be sure to be enrolled by a Carmelite Father on the feast of Mount Carmel.

Last month the Reverend Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Indiana, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his priestly ordination. We trust it is yet timely for us to offer him our best wishes and humble prayers that he may celebrate his golden jubilee, long live as the able Editor of The Ave Maria and add to the countless number of souls already consoled, enlightened and saved by means of our Blessed Lady's magazine, so ably conducted by Father Hudson.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

There are several systems of shorthand. Most of them have their merits and demerits. There has just been published by Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street, Philadelphia, a "new American Stenography" adopted to self instruction by Rev. Nicholas Ward, C. P. Price 50 cents. This handy little volume contains all the essentials of a good shorthand system, namely: Completeness, legibility, brevity and simplicity.

Most of the books noticed in these pages can be had from, or ordered through the Catholic Union Store, Swan and Franklin streets, Buffalo, N. Y., and in Canada from Messrs Sadlier & Co., 123 Church Street, Toronto.

"May Blossoms," or "Spiritual Flowrets" in honor of the Blessed Virgin, by Father Palladino, S. J., contains some beautiful and practical suggestions told in language understood by the people. Price 40 cents, cloth and gold stamped. Paper 25 cents. Write H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Biblical Treasury of the Catechism, compiled and arranged by Rev. Thomas E. Cox, third edition. A handsome volume, large 12mo, over 400 pages, printed on a fine quality of egg-shell wove paper. Cloth. Price $1.25. This work has the *Imprimatur* of Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D.D., Archbishop of Chicago. The Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame University, has written the Introductory Letter. This book is divided into four hundred and twenty-one questions, numbered and ordered according to the questions of the Baltimore Catechism. The Biblical Treasury will be of very great service to priests in preparing their sermons. The seminarian will find in it abundant Scriptural proof for his theological theses. In the hand of the catechist it will suggest thoughts to enliven every lesson. The catechumen and convert will find here convincing testimony for the old truths of Catholic faith. In fine, this volume furnishes the choicest matter for spiritual reading and meditation for all classes of people. To be had from Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York City.

Two pretty stories are just from the Herder presses, namely, "Old Ire" A Reminiscence by Lawson Gray—price 75 cents, and "The Little Maid of Israel," by Emma Howard Wright, at 30 cents. Both books are well worth reading.

In "Christ the Man of God" Father J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., presents our Lord to us as He is known to be by Catholic tradition, Catholic teaching and theology. Very seasonable when we are approaching the dawn of a new century to be dedicated to the Redeemer of mankind. Price forty cents. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

There are over 500 pages of solid, edifying and interesting matter in "The History of the Passion," explained by Rev. James Groenings, S. J., which contains a vivid penpicture of the most interesting trial held before any court. With reverent hand is graphically explained the greatest drama ever enacted upon any stage. Price only $1.25. To be had from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The Reverend Francis X, McGowan, the esteemed and eminent Augustinian Father, who is not unknown to the readers of this magazine, and who, by the way, in these pages this month treats of a subject dear to us all, has already gained much prominence as a prolific and versatile writer. His works should form the nucleus of a neat and valuable Catholic library. Some books of this author brought to our notice are: A Book of Sermons, of great value to preachers during the Jubilee; The Month of the Sacred Heart, a pleasing Vade mecum containing the cream of the good things desired by the zealous associates of the League; The Story of St. Odile—the "Pearl of Alsace," which contains a chapter treating of the abbeys and nuns of the middle ages. This work should act as an antidote to any poison imbibed from the writings of Scott and other bigoted novelists, and, as the author says, "help to remove the false impressions given by ignorant, malicious or prejudiced writers on this theme of mediæval days." Any of these books can be had from Father McGowan's publisher, John J. McVey, 39 North 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the limited space at our command we can hardly do justice to the new illustrated "Life of Saint Mary Magdaline de Pazzi,"—the Florentine noble and Carmelite Sacred virgin—translated by the Reverend Father Antonio Isoleri, Missionary Apostolic, a zealous and good priest of Philadelphia, whose noble works of piety are a monument to his name. The same author had already published "A Tribute of Devotion to St. M. M. de Pazzi" which a pious American prelate pronounced a "treasury of spiritual reading." We often wished and prayed for the day when our great Carmelite saint

would be fully revealed to the world. It is a splendid work to be earnestly recommended to religious communities. It contains an inexhaustible source of matter for meditation, lectures, retreats and spiritual reading. In praising this work we can hardly do justice to it. On some future occasion we shall again bring it before our readers. In the meantime we urge all who have the means to write at once for it from Rev. Antonio Isoleri, Ap. Miss., Rector of St. M. M. de Pazzi's Church, (710 Montrose street,) Philadelphia, Pa., or H. L. Kilner, 824 Arch street. By reading a few pages you will find that as the first compiler says in his introduction :

" From the example of St. Mary Magdalen De-Pazzi, not only persons who, like her, live consecrated to God in the cloister, but all others, can derive benefit. Model of sanctity, she was a teacher of it, and by her example encouraged it in all states of life. Separated from the world, buried in her monastery, she teaches that Religion, having apparently in view the happiness of the life to come, promotes at the same time in the best way the happiness of the temporal life. As a sufficient proof of the efficacy of her example, it will suffice to point out the peculiar characteristic by which she is distinguished even among the most perfect souls—that of her most ardent desire to suffer, which made her so often repeat, "*Non mori, sed pati*"—" Let me suffer and not die." Our utmost care is to avoid the sufferings of our mortal career, but as they are inevitable, our distress and—in the sight of God—often our faults, too, are doubled by our being at permanent war with ourselves. Man is born to suffer, as birds to fly. His life on earth is a contrast, a combat, a struggle. As man gets strong and able to carry his cross, he advances equally in perfection. The cross is the seal of virtue. Thus, our Saint renounced every delight, not only of earth, but also of heaven. No adversity could trouble her; nay, the more the pain, the greater the joy of her heart; so that, having vanquished the world and conquered the flesh, she did not see nor know aught but her God crucified, for whom she became enraptured with love. In the second place, there were very many wonderful traits in St. M. M. De-P. She might be called, with good reason, the *Seraphic*, the *Ecstatic* of the Carmel, as her spirit was almost continually rapt in ecstasy and led to contemplate and enjoy the most sublime perfections of the Godhead. Now, Christian admiration for this must proceed from a state of the soul excited by lively faith in the all-powerful goodness of God, who operates in a supernatural manner on the nothingness of the human creature. From this will spring a greater fervor to adore, serve, and love so good a God. No one should doubt the truth of the marvellous things contained in this book, as I will relate neither fact nor saying which has not been examined in the processes of her beatification and canonization; and so the conscience of all believers may be at rest. The wonderful graces obtained afterwards, and herein narrated, have been examined and approved by learned theologians deputed to investigate by ecclesiastical superiors. This should be sufficient to secure the assent of every prudent man. It may be well to add here, that the Saint, being very near death, asserted that " all she had said in ecstasy or privately, or related to the Sisters under obedience, had been the pure action of the Holy Ghost, not interspersed with anything of her own interest." The truth of this assertion appears even on the strength of human reasoning alone. In fact, a maiden who knew no more than what was needed by simple nun, could not have explained the most sublime mysteries of our holy faith with such profound doctrine as she did, unless directed immediately by supernatural light.

OBITUARY.

" *Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job* xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following :

Rev. John J. Sheehan, a zealous and beloved priest of Buffalo, N. Y. Deceased was an old subscriber of this Review.

Very Rev. Augustine Fatcher, an English Carmelite, who died at Kensington, W. May 31.

Sister Mary Alphonse, of the Boston Carmel, whose twenty-two years as a professed nun were offered up with tireless love for God, and in her illness she offered her sufferings for the world, for sinners, for benefactors; and who, a model of patience, lay in almost unbroken silence, waiting her end in perfect peace and joy. Of her it could be said, and was said truthfully : " She served God faithfully all her life."

Mrs. Dorethea Borket, of Buffalo, a friend of the poor souls.

Caspar and Catherine Hoffmeyer.

Mrs Mary Keough.

Miss Mary O'Brien.

Mrs. Heimerle.

Mrs. Mary S. Lincoln, of Cincinnati, who died piously after a well-spent life.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

THANKSGIVINGS.

Wheeling, W. Va., June 14.

"Thanksgivings are due in two cases to the Blessed Lady of Carmel. One of them the recovery from a very serious case of brain fever, and the other for the recovery from a severe attack of bronchitis and prostration."

REV. P. A. O. M. CAP.

Springfield, Ill., June 7, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

I enclose herewith a small subscription for the Hospice in testimony—a small and feeble one, of my deep and heartfelt gratitude to our Queen, our Lady of Mt. Carmel, whose intercession, through you, her votaries, I sought last April for my recovery. Thanks to the Divine Healer and our Lady Health of the Sick! I am recovered, and now enjoying good health, all things considered. In the note I wrote you requesting your petition in my behalf, I promised, if restored to health, to publish it in the Review. I now respectfully request you will publish this communication from me, an unworthy wearer of her Scapular.

T. T. M.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10, 1900.

REV. FATHERS:

Please find———for the Hospice fund. I wish I could make the amount larger. I consider your work a most laudable one destined to be the means of much good.

C. F. M'G.

Medina, N. Y., June 4, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

I asked for success in my examinations. I was completely successful. M.

London, Ont., May 6th, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

Having made a promise to our Lady of Mount Carmel if I had a certain favor granted I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. I most humbly ask you to have it published, as I have been granted the favor. Thanks to our Blessed Lady!

L. T.

A Cleveland (Ohio) reader offers thanks to our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for the cure of a child.

Chicago, June 15, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

I asked the Blessed Virgin Mother of Carmel to obtain for me what was mine (in a contested will). I promised to mention it in the Review. It has been decided in my favor. I now thank the divine Mother. This is not the first favor received.

D. K.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Happy death 2; three brothers; intentions of novena 2; a family; employment 2; temporal; sick 2; conversions 2; temperance 1; all intentions sent by our readers to date or formed when they see this; all intentions placed at the Shrine; eight special requests; all intentions of the Holy Father, Leo XIII.; all intentions of Sacred Heart associates, and all intentions of the Editor. Readers are all earnestly requested to offer their labor, prayers, sufferings and good work in union with the intentions made in the novena to our Lady of Mt. Carmel commencing July 7th.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received for inscription at Falls View Monastery from Immaculate Conception Church, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont.

Names received and registered at New Baltimore, (Pa.) Monastery from: Dotyville, Wis.; Scranton, Pa.; Omaha, Neb.; Wilkesbarre, Pa. Centonius, Ill., and Cumberland, Md.

Names received at Leavenworth, Kansas, Priory from St. Ann's, Kansas City; Ceylon, Wis.; Streater, Ill; Pine Bluff, Arkansas; Orphan Asylum, Leavenworth; Cumberland, Iowa; Tipton, Kan.; Academy, Canon City, Colo.

Scapular names received at Falls View: St. Mary's church, London, Ont.; St. Mary's church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Lawrence church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Paul's church, Reading, Pa; St. Philip's church, Big Point, Ont.; Massena, Iowa; St. Paul, Minn.; Drayton, P. Q. E.; Liverpool, Ohio; St. Leo's College, St. Leo, Fla.; All Saints church, Gladstone, Mich.; St. Patrick's church, Nicholson, Pa.; Scranton, Pa.; St. Anthony's church, Stowell, Pa.; St. Francis, Cumisky, Pa.; St. Mary's church, Hagerstown, Md.; St. Mary's church, London, Ont.; Glace Bay, C. B.; Ruth, Mich.; St. Mary's church, London, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; St. John Evangelist, Johnville, N. B.; Sarnia, Ont.; Crysler, Ont.; St. Joseph's Novitiate, Notre Dame, Ind.; Bortwell, Ont.; Guysborough, N. S.; Galt, Ont.; Lucan, Ont.; St. Bernard's church, Saranac Lake, Ont; St. Mary's church, East Brantford, Ont.; St. Nicholas church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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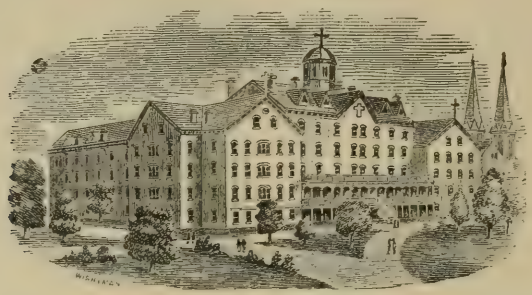
College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels,



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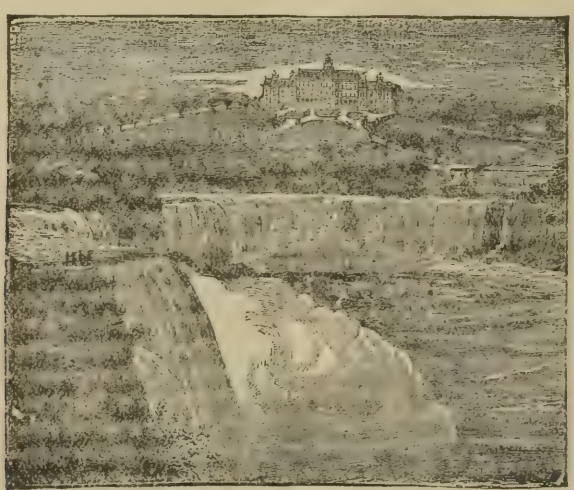

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St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., AUGUST, 1900. NO. 8

A Song of Dreamland.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

IN the silent, mystic dreamland,
Through deep shadows of the night,
Shone a soft and silvery radiance
From the far-off land of light,
O'er a spacious marble stairway
Where the dreamer stood below
Gazing upward at a lady
Robed in garb like Alpine snow.

O ! how beautiful and radiant
Was that sweet maternal face !
Queenly in its noble aspect,
Pure and virginal its grace !
Still more wonderous was the beauty
Of the lady's fair young Child ;
Son and Mother on the dreamer
Gently glanced, and sweetly smiled.

Yielding to their blest attraction
Fain would she ascend on high,
But the lady breathed in accents
Softer than the zephyr's sigh
When it steals o'er sleeping harp-strings
And awakes their melody ;
Then she whispered : "Be converted !
Else you cannot come to me."

And that night-time visitation,
And that low celestial strain,
Was repeated thrice e'er morning
Dawned o'er hill and dale again.
Anxious, troubled by that warning
That still echoed through the day,
Yet, as time flowed on, it's impress
From the dreamer passed away.

O ! Most Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Source of life, and love, and grace !
Thou didst shed their precious balsam
O'er her in Thy holy place,
Fragrant with the mystic incense
And the scent of flow'rets fair ;
Hark ! she hears the dreamland "Salve"
Stealing through soft music there !

"Hail ! O holy Queen and Mother !"
"Clement, loving, sweet thou art,"
Purer than the wintry snow-drifts,
Lily of the Sacred Heart !
Thou, with gentle guidance, led her
To that blessed peace and calm,
Where all anxious fears are resting
In the presence of the Lamb.

Yes ! for holy Church-God's city,
Needs no wavering earthly light,
Ever are its aisles illumined
With faith's star serenely bright,
May this favored soul be faithful
To her precious gift each day !
'Till she sees the Son and Mother
In their kingdom far away !

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

OUR Lady of Mount Carmel ! Lo ! to thee
Thy clients lift a ceaseless song of praise,
For them too short the still recurrent days,
The nights of workfulness, so they may be
Employed in serving thee continuously.
Yet long the journey over life's rough ways,
The endless time succession, that delays
The hour when thy blessed face may see.
Our Lady of Mount Carmel ! Let the cry
Of captive souls not rise to thee in vain ;
Look pityingly on all their bitter pain
For whom thy Son was well content to die.
Through thy blest intercession may they gain
A speedy entrance to their home on high.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

The Scapular Festival.

PANEGYRIC PREACHED ON JULY 16TH, TO THE PILGRIMS GATHERED AT THE HOSPICE, BY VERY REV. P. S. MCHALE, C. M., PRESIDENT OF NIAGARA UNIVERSITY.

"*And I brought you into the land of Carmel, to eat the fruit thereof, and the best things thereof.*"—Jer. II, 7.

THE name Carmel links the present with the far-distant past. This Carmelite Hospice on the verge of the rushing river, looking down upon the mighty cataract of the New World, can trace its origin back in direct line to a grotto on the lovely hill-side of Mt. Carmel, whose head is crowned with luxuriant verdure, mirrored by the blue Mediterranean at its foot.

The greatest of the ancient prophets, Elias, who stood alone for the Lord on Carmel about 3000 years ago, has transmitted his spirit to faithful disciples, who follow in his footsteps and revere his name. And, the cause for which Elias stood is essentially the same as that which these brown-robed friars represent in the world of to-day. For, they stand forth as champions of God's truth in an age encrusted with a new form of paganism. The weapons of their warfare are more silent even, and therefore more powerful, than those with which their fathers smote the prophets of Baal long centuries ago. The warning of the Prophet to the apostate Israelites: "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, follow him," resounds to-day from their lips with as great point and efficacy, as it did at first on Carmel in the dim historic past.

The Sons of Elias go forth to combat, armed with the penury of voluntary poverty, with the crucifixion of the flesh, and with the glad sacrifice of that which is most precious to man, his own will. But, thus destitute, they are best equipped; for, having nothing, they possess all things. They are thus clad in the panoply of Christian warfare; for the weak things of this world God chooses to confound the strong.

In that divine organism, the Church of God, there is a marvellous diversity of operation, but the same Spirit inspiring and breathing over all. The Spirit of God is ever active, a divine artist moulding and chiselling men into the likeness of Christ. From time to time He raises up men divinely endowed to combat some shape of error, to propagate some pregnant truth. All preach Christ crucified; all bear Him in their hearts; but their expression of Him varies according to their gifts and graces.

Of the mysteries which the Incarnation reveals, none perhaps more strongly appeals to men, than the place in it of the Virgin Mother of God. Through her the chasm between God and man was bridged over. She, absolutely stainless, gave to the Incarnate Word His Humanity. He in His Infancy nestled close to His human Mother, and took the law from her lips. The Virgin Mother is therefore an instrument of man's redemption, a factor in his sanctification. We cannot eliminate this factor without destroying the entire scheme. And, no more subtle device could be planned for alienating man from God, than the minimizing

and vilifying of Our Lady's part in the Incarnation; for thus the Divine economy is marred.

Divine Wisdom would attract to Him man's rebellious nature. How? "By the cords of Adam," by becoming man of a Virgin Mother, whom He had made a fit dwelling-place for His infinite purity and sanctity. And, forever must that Mother remain His, and ours, for He is the second Adam, and He has made us His brethren. To preach Mary then, is to proclaim the wonders of God in her. She is the most perfect mirror of Him, the brightest created ray from the Sun of Justice. To gaze upon her, to sit at her feet, to hear her words is to draw nearer to God, to be led to Him by the subtle, yet powerful threads of divinely—human love.

When we reflect upon the intimate relations set up between man and God by the Incarnation, even now, that the divine drama has been enacted, we somehow expect that a corner of the veil will now and then be lifted, to reveal to our mortal vision, a glimpse of the Mother who was given us on Calvary, at the foot of the Cross.

So indeed it is. Our Mother steps down to speak to her children still in exile, telling them of the Kingdom of Light, and stimulating them to renewed efforts against sin and worldliness, against passing enchantments, and cunning wiles, beckoning them upward along the thorny, stony path to Carmel on whose good things they may at length feast. She is still an instrument of Redemption to men, and through her hands graces flow.

A true supernatural instinct turns the heart of the Catholic towards his Mother, through whom Christ came, through whom we know Christ according to the flesh; through whom the unchangeable God became subject to the vicissitudes of time and space, through whom He began to have a history among men. Does her sweet relation of Mother continue? It continues in the Kingdom which her Son won by a bloody sacrifice; by His victory over Satan and sin; and, it continues here on earth where also her Son lives and reigns. What wonder if at sundry times this heavenly Mother should appear among her children, and leave traces of her gracious presence?

To the Friars of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, the Mother of God has shown very special favor.

Throughout all the centuries of the Christian era, the solitaries of Carmel in their caves on the hill-sides, and their successors scattered over the world, have borne our Lady's banner, and preached her to all generations. The first oratory dedicated to her was erected on Mt. Carmel, and since that day, but, more emphatically from the middle of the thirteenth century, the distinctive glory of the Carmelite Order has been the propagation of devotion to the Mother of God. It was theirs to ever hold up before the gaze of men the most spotless mirror of God's perfection; a mirror which reveals the Infinite with more truth and splendor than does even the assembly of blessed spirits in their glorious vesture of light. It is a truth oft told, but one which bears repetition, that God's ways are not man's ways; that the means which God employs to reach His ends are, humanly speaking, contemptible and inadequate. This fact is strikingly verified in the Scapular which our Lady chose to be the special badge of her Carmelite children, and of all those who would be associated with them.

The Scapular is a symbol and an in-

centive ; a symbol of Our Lady's protection ; an incentive to a Christian life ; for it is a reminder of her of whom we cannot even think without becoming better for the thought. This fact alone would give the Scapular especial value. And, we know, for we have abundant proof, that those who wear the Scapular, Our Lady deems herself in a measure bound to guard. She has promised, under conditions indeed, that those who wear her livery shall never see darkness. But who will dare say that she will not also at length bring back the poor wandering child, who amid his sorrows has still sacredly clung to his little brown Scapular? But, the greatest compliment we of the Confraternity of Mt. Carmel can pay our Mother, is the imitation of her virtues ; her modesty, humility, purity, charity ; her love of her Divine Son, her spirit of sacrifice. And, in an age when greed and selfishness, and irreligion taint the atmosphere, the children of Carmel should prove by their lives, that unselfishness and the loftiest spiritual ideals are still to be found on earth. If the earth was a waste, beauty and fertility should still exist on Carmel. We are privileged to-day, my dear friends, to take part in the commemoration of the favors shown by our Lady to the holy Order of the Carmelites, and of the giving of the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, General of that Order. The occasion has brought us nearer to our Lord, through his ever Blessed Mother. The memory of this Feast will not soon fade. It will be a sweet remembrance amid the bitter experiences of our exile, for we feel that our souls have been in sacred thoughts, have touched that which is best and holiest. We shall cherish all the more our little brown Scapular, as a badge of our filial affection for our Mother, and a pledge of her favor. We shall wear it, not mechanically, not as a charm, but as a humble garment suggestive of that garden of delights, that heavenly Carmel, the good things of which we hope to taste in that Kingdom where our Lady reigns as Queen.

Assumption.

The light of life has faded
From the Virgin's lovely eyes—
For the soul that gave them luster
Is with God in Paradise.

The hands are lightly folded
On the still and pulseless breast,
Ended are her years of waiting,
She has found eternal rest

Weeping—sad—her faithful children
Kneel and pray beside a bier,
Ah! their hearts are filled with anguish,
Ne'er was mother half so dear.

Loving, reverent hands have fashioned
Robe from finest Tyrian loom,
Rarest flowers massed about her—
Gladly yield their sweet perfume.

Golden censers lightly swinging
Waft sweet incense o'er her tomb
Precious lamps of rarest fashion
Lend their aid to banish gloom.

Those who watched around the Virgin
Felt but one intense desire—
One desire—to honor Mary—
Love like theirs can never tire.

List, O! list how angels' voices
Fill the place with music sweet,
Throngs of bright celestial spirits
Enter in and haste to greet

The Virgin's beauteous form—the casket
Where once her precious soul had dwelt
Entranced the watchers filled with rapture
Gave silent homage as they knelt.

Sing—rejoice—ye heavenly choirs,
Radiant, beautiful and bright,
To meet her soul they bear to heaven,
This lovely maid—O! glorious sight.

The choirs of heaven are lost in wonder
Their Queen is fair as when in youth,
St. Gabriel bore the mighty message
That came from the Eternal truth.

As Queen of heaven, the Lord of heaven,
Salutes her now—and see the crown!
O! fairest creature—mother—maiden!
Accept us too—thy very own!

—S. X. Blakely.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

VI.

At the foot of Mount Carmel nine carriages and covered spring wagons were in waiting, the latter, as the German conductor informed me, having been built at Buffalo, New York. Our way lay through Caiffa—a town which, according to the Franciscan writer Frére Liévin, was probably the ancient Helva of the tribe of Aser, and which in 1099 was given to Tancred together with the principality of Galilee by Godfrey of Bouillon. The road, thanks to Kaiser Wilhelm's recent visit to Palestine, was excellent, as indeed are all those over which he was expected to pass, they having been repaired, or newly made, expressly for him; but his imperial majesty, Herr Blaich averred, did not use it, he and the Empress having been so fatigued by their journey overland from Jaffa to Caiffa that they abandoned their projected trip to Nazareth, Tabor and Tiberiade. Leaving Caiffa behind us, we passed through a most varied tract of country, very thinly peopled throughout, in some parts fertile enough naturally, but showing signs of cultivation only at rare intervals, and in others wild, barren, and seemingly a mass of rock, without a sign either of vegetable or animal life. Occasionally, in less unfavored spots, clumps of stunted green oaks, which afforded partial protection from the rays of a burning sun, induced us to halt for a brief promenade beneath their branches. It was in one of these oases that we overtook the Assumptionist pilgrimage, which had stopped there to lunch. Their encampment resembled a vast picnic. Tents had been pitched, fires lighted, and culinary utensils brought into play, whilst their party—nearly four hundred strong—scattered through the road, was seated in groups on an apology for grass, discussing their repast and chatting merrily. From that point on, for the balance of the way to Nazareth, our respective convoys coalesced—a fact which enabled me to witness the disagreeable pranks of the Bedouin horse-boys, who followed on foot the sorry beasts bestridden by some sixty gentlemen among our new *compagnons de voyage*, including several of the Assumptionist Fathers. Some of these half naked, savage-looking nomads vigorously resisted any attempt on the part of the cavaliers to urge their rosinantés beyond a ridiculously moderate gait; and when some daring horseman succeeded in eluding their vigilance, the Bedouin more nearly concerned would scamper after him, and seizing his charger (!) by the bridle, bring it to a halt with such suddeness as in some instances to unhorse the rider. If the expedient was not feasible because of the start gained by the fugitive, in an instant the knotted and heavily-topped

club which every Bedouin carries, went flying ahead of the luckless victim, and, like the Australian boomerang, came back, causing the beast which carried him to rear and plunge in such a manner as to hasten his dismounting after any but the regulation fashion. In one case several of the Bedouins joined in the chase after a youth of some eighteen years whom an evil genius had prompted to exhibit his equestrianship, and overtaking his horse, so frightened it by their wild gestures, hideous yells and repeated blows, that it threw the hapless boy and nearly trampled him. He certainly was hurt, but he strove to conceal the fact; and mounting his steed once more, discreetly let it choose its own pace from that on.

With such uncouth hostelers as these there was no such thing as *reasoning;* but a *baksheesh* would purchase the right to trot or gallop to one's heart's content. Some of the party discovered this, and then there was no end to racing, caracoling and the like, the Bedouins, themselves, lately so solicitous lest their beasts be overdriven, enjoying the sport as much as ourselves, and endeavoring to induce others to join in it on similar terms. The horseflesh was, however, by no means Arabian, wherefore the pastime was modest in the extreme, and all the more amusing for that. (This may not sound very much like one of the exercises of a devout pilgrimage. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* as the French would say. The bow that is always bent soon loses its elasticity; and even *piety* is improved by a dash of humor in its proper time and place.)

Some seven hours after our departure from Mount Carmel we reached the hill dominating and facing Nazareth, the place in which the Holy Family passed the greater part of their lives. The carriages of the Assumptionist party and those we occupied, numbering forty-four in all, with our cavalcade in the lead, formed quite an imposing procession; whilst the banners of both pilgrimages, borne aloft by mounted ensigns, gave an indication of its character. The entire population of the city seemed to have turned out to meet us. The boys of the Salesian college, the orphans under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and the children of the various schools conducted by the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of St. Joseph and other communities were drawn up in line on either side of the road as a guard of honor, whilst the band of the first named institution greeted us with a blare of trumpets and struck up a march of welcome. Cheer upon cheer welled up from hundreds of throats, and the familiar cry of baksheesh, baksheesh in every imaginable cadence of voice, from the deep basso of the sturdy Moslem to the plaintive soprano of his numerous progeny, rent the air as crowds of Mohammedans rushed after us and beside us with outstretched hands and pleading eyes. A little within the outskirts of the city the Assumptionists halted and gave us the right of way, they remaining to adjust their camp in an open field, (for a great number of their party slept under canvas during the pilgrimage, heavy lumber wagons—an addition to our convoy not mentioned until now—having been laden from the commissary department of their ship "La Nef de Notre Dame de Salut," with tents and all necessary stores), whilst we passed on to "Casa Nova," or the "Hospice of our Lady of America," so called because it was erected by means of alms collected in the United States, as the following Latin inscription on a marble

tablet in the grand salon of the same declares :

HOC PEREGRINORUM HOSPITIUM
NAZARETH
ELEEMOSYNIS AMERICAE SEPTENT :
EXTRUCTUM EST.

It will interest you, doubtless, to learn some details of this edifice and its management, seeing that it owes its existence to the piety and generosity of our co-religionists at home. It is of dressed stone, simple in style and without exterior adornment; but its proportions, and particularly its great height, give it a gigantic appearance even when compared with several more pretentious structures around it. It is built into the hill, and consists of a basement and three stories ; the former having an elevation of thirty feet in front, and the latter of fifteen feet each. Besides several large reception rooms or parlors, dining-halls, smoking and reading-rooms, etc., there are seventy-three sleeping apartments, each fifteen feet in length by twelve in width, and fifteen in height. A corridor twenty feet wide runs through the middle of each story the entire length of the building, which is a hundred and twenty-one feet. The personnel of the house is entirely secular, save the "Guardian" and his assistant, who are respectively a priest and a lay-brother of the Franciscan Order. It is conducted on hotel principles, and the table, service, etc., are excellent.

On reaching the Hospice, each pilgrim was shown to his room, and after having performed our ablutions—a function which the heat and our long jaunt over dusty roads rendered at once pleasurable and necessary—we heard the bugle-call of our guide, Brother Benedict, summoning us to Devotions. *

Meeting in the spacious corridor on the first floor, we formed in double file, and, headed by our banner representing St. Louis, King of France, in his crusader's attire, proceeded to the Church of the Annunciation, singing the Magnificat as we went. In the sacred edifice we venerated, momentarily, the shrines for which it is famous, (I will describe them further on), and having assisted at Benediction, returned to the Hospice where, in company with a number of the Assumptionist pilgrims. who preferred a cosy bed to the perhaps more meritorious but certainly less comfortable shakedown of their bivouac, we seated ourselves at a well laden table, where we regaled the inner man in a two-fold sense—the sprightly conversation refreshing the mind at the same time that the appetizing viands regaled the body. I must not forget to mention, before going any further, that shortly after we had vacated the church, the hundreds composing the Assumptionist contingent passed in procession under our windows chanting hymns in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, who on its site was visited by the Archangel Gabriel, and, receiving from this celestial ambassador of the Most High the sublime salutation : "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee ; blessed art thou among women," (St. Luke I. 28.) learned through him of the incom-

*NOTE— It is the custom of the "Peres de Terre-Sainte," as the Franciscan Fathers in Palestine are called, to furnish a member of the Order, lay or clerical, according to circumstances, as guide for pilgrimages. The Brother just referred to, a man of herculean build and a host in himself, knowing perfectly the antics of the Bedouin jehus, and able to keep them in order, joined us in the above capacity at Beyrouth and accompanied us throughout. Thoroughly acquainted with the country through which we passed, and having at his fingers' ends the history, sacred and profane, of the localities we visited, as also being conversant with commercial affairs, colonization schemes and the like, he rendered invaluable service to our party. His accomplishments are numerous. Besides having a command of Flemish (he is a Belgian by birth), English, French, German, Italian and Arabic, he is quite an architect, having designed the "Hospice of our Lady of America," and superintended its erection.

parable dignity conferred on her as Mother of the Son of God, and there, by the power of the Holy Ghost, conceived the "Word made flesh." After a most enjoyable night's rest, I rose at an early hour and said Mass in the "Grotto of the Annunciation,"—the place in which, according to tradition, the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished. You can imagine with what feelings I uttered the words of the *Credo* during the Holy Sacrifice: "*Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem, descendit de cœlis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine.* ET HOMO FACTUS EST." (Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.—*Nicene Creed.*) And later when the bells rang out the "Angelus,"—that beautiful prayer consisting of the Archangel's greeting, (Luke, I. 28.), Our Lady's reply (ibid. v. 38) and the words of St. John's Gospel (I. 14.), the consciousness that I was on the spot where God gave the grandest proof of His love for man, moved me so deeply that I could scarcely keep back the tears that welled up to my eyes. It was in such moments as this, I verily believe, that one enjoys a foretaste of the delights of Paradise.

The feeling of which I speak was general. As the clergy of our party, together with those of the Assumptionist pilgrimage, numbered one hundred and ninety, notwithstanding the fact that the latter had set up several portable altars in the Church, the length of time which many had to wait in order to celebrate Mass was very considerable. Yet dozens of priests knelt in succession, and without any support on the stone floor of the sacred grotto, awaiting their turn, seemingly oblivious of the uncomfortableness of their position. Many of the laity, too, men as well as women, heard several Masses and approached the Holy Table, all absorbed in devout recollection, and not a few of them gave vent to their emotion in tears.

Towards ten o'clock our faithful guide called us together for the purpose of visiting anew the shrines and more noteworthy portions of Nazareth —now no longer in quality of pilgrims precisely, but as sight-seers. First we went to the church, where we inspected one by one the several grottoes which open into one another at the rear of the same, all hollowed out of the solid rock. Brother Benedict gave us the history of these—principally of that of the Annunciation; then showed us a portion of the foundations of the "Holy House of Nazareth," (piously believed to have been carried by angels to Loretto, Italy, where I visited it some five years ago in the company of our right reverend bishop,) * and finally directed our attention to whatever was of special interest in the Church itself. This is quite simple, and has three naves, which are separated by square pillars. Besides the crypt, there are two stories; the second of which, embracing the sanctuary and monastic choir, commences just above the entrance of the grotto of the Annunciation, and runs back to the rear wall. A flight of stairs on either side of the sanctuary leads up to it from the main floor, whilst from the latter to the grotto just named, there is a broad marble staircase of seventeen steps. There are five altars in the Church and four in the crypt. Immediately beneath the principal one in the latter, in letters of brass, are the words, *Hic Verbum caro factum est* (Here the Word was made flesh.)

* NOTE.—Your late Archbishop, Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, wrote and published a most interesting as well as learned dissertation of one hundred and ninety-two pages, called "The Holy House of Loretto, or, An Examination of the Historical Evidence of its Miraculous Translation."

From the church we proceeded to what is known as the "Workshop of St. Joseph." According to a most ancient local tradition, it is supposed to be the site on which the head of the Holy Family pursued his trade as carpenter, assisted by his divine foster-son, Jesus. The early Christians erected a large church upon it, which was afterwards destroyed by the Persians. Rebuilt by the crusaders and again destroyed, it was left in the ruined condition in which it is now seen. The small chapel which stands upon the spot at present, was raised in 1859. Over its high altar is one of the paintings of the Holy Family, entered at the salon of sacred art in the late Exposition of Turin (where I saw it and its companion pictures last summer) for the prize offered by His Holiness Leo XIII. to the artist who should produce the best work on this subject. It is singularly beautiful and full of pathos. The Child Jesus, clad in the self-same costume worn in Nazareth to-day, and represented as a boy of some twelve years, His countenance radiant with a divine light, stands at the carpenter's bench, where St. Joseph is explaining to Him the nature and the uses of the various tools, etc., upon it. Our Blessed Lady, her distaff forgotten for the moment, sits near by, gazing in a rapture of unutterable love mingled with sorrow upon the face of her darling Son. Few can look at this masterpiece without being deeply moved by its vivid portrayal of the humility, poverty and simplicity of the three persons dearest to God among men—the *earthly trinity*—faithful reflex of the Trinity on high.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Favor of Our Queen.

TO all who have a special devotion for the "Salve Regina," the following instance of recent occurrence will be of interest. In it we listen, as it were, to the sweet and plaintive exile-sighs, so often wafted from a "vale of tears" to "the far-off land," and its glorious Queen.

A Protestant lady dreamt, three times in one night, that she was at the foot of a magnificent white marble staircase, on the top of which a beautiful lady stood, holding by the hand a child still more beautiful, and this fair visitant sang in tones of celestial sweetness, a melody the dreamer could not understand.

Attracted by the gracious aspect of the Mother and Child, she tried to ascend, but was held back by an invisible force, and the white-robed lady said, "You must change your religion!" Next morning, troubled at what had occurred, the Protestant mentioned it to her husband, who advised her to pay no attention whatever to dreams. Time passed on, and the impressions were, to a great extent, effaced. One day, being on a visit to a Catholic friend, she accompanied her to Benediction, and the real Presence, as well as the "Salve Regina," completed her conversion. It recalled the dreamland music, and, in fact, she at once recognized it as the strain her lovely, gracious lady sang that memorable night.

Deeply affected, she went at once to a priest, and recounted all that occurred, was instructed, and, with the consent of her husband, received into the Church. Our Lady's favors ceased not here, for all the members of her family followed this example, and are now fervent Catholics. Jesus is the "Light of Life," and His Eucharistic Heart often sheds soft rays on those who, though over-shadowed by heresy, come into His holy place, and assist at the touching Benediction. It seems casual, but is not so, rather is it the result of His divine attraction, of His ardent thirst for souls. This beautiful occurrence has touched our heart-strings, and drawn forth a soft strain which may, we trust, gladden the "Dweller in the Tabernacle," and His ever Blessed Mother, our life, our sweetness, and our hope.

O that it might lead even one restless heart to Jesus and Mary, for it is only in their light and love we can find peace.—E. DE M.

His Better Self.

By Francis W. Grey.

SOMEONE, who knew him well, had once called Philip Oram "a spoiled child of Providence." The phrase had a certain sting of truth in it which was distinctly unpalatable to Philip's vanity; that is, it was accurate enough to contribute a "malicious libel." Though, indeed, there was no malice in it, only a dry humor, which was, perhaps, not without a tinge of sadness.

A spoiled child he certainly was, of others, as well as of Providence. His father, the Rector of Gauntsford, had brought up his numerous family of sons and daughters in much the same strict, evangelical discipline in which his father, General Oram, had brought him up, and in which his wife's father, Sir Peter Macgregor, had trained his offspring. But the Rev. John Oram's discipline, strict at first, and strictest, as is apt to be the case, with the older members of his family, had been gradually modified by time, and by his wife's gentle nature, with the result that, in Philip's case—he being the Benjamin of this Israel—there was, possibly, less discipline and more indulgence than was good for him.

Not that either father or mother consciously failed in the discharge of parental duty, according to their conception of it. The father, engrossed with the labors of a large manufacturing parish, in keeping his curates out of Ritualism and his parishioners, women as well as men, out of the public houses, had, naturally, no time to devote to the bringing up of his family, a task for which, as a matter of fact, his wife was better fitted than himself.

She, a saint of the simple, pious Puritan type, knowing her Bible literally by heart, strove, by prayer and by daily, hourly example, to instil into her children the faith, devotion and love to Christ which filled her heart and pervaded her life. It was no fault of hers, to use a homely phrase, that her eldest son should have taken to drink, and to evil courses, yet she, in all humility, and knowing not only what some of her forbears had been, but also her own shortcomings in God's sight, accepted as a judgment on herself no less than as a proof that the sins of the father are, in very truth, visited on the children. That her first born, her boy of boys—Philip not even excepted—strayed sheep though he was, would one day be found by the Good Shepherd and brought back to the fold, she never once doubted. Nay, more, that he, in spite of all his sins, might be one of the elect, and she herself, one of the reprobate, did not affect her faith in God, nor lessen her love to Him.

It was under such influence as this that Philip Oram grew up. He learned, as his brothers and sisters had learned before him, to know his Bible by note, if not by heart, and in many a dark hour of doubt and temptation such as he was to know, the memory of sacred words, the sound of his mother's voice, was to him the same as music heard in childhood, as an angel talisman to guard him from graver evil, graver sin, than those into which he fell. He was made familiar, too, with all the subtleties of evangelical theology; with justification by faith, with the doctrine of imputed righteousness, of

predestination and reprobation, in short, trained in a Calvinism to which modern evangelicals are bidding, or have bidden, a more or less regretful farewell, in favor of "National Catholicism," the "consent of universal Christendom," and the conclusions of the "higher criticism," what the change portends no man may presume to prophesy; it depends, methinks, on whether "Catholicism" or "criticism" shall preponderate. The one means an advance, slow and erratic it may be, but none the less sure, towards God's centre of Christian unity, the other, a descent easy, rapid, but in no sense graceful, into an abyss of "forethought."

This by the way; in fact, I must apologize for the digression, except in so far as it may be found to have reference to Philip Oram's spiritual experiences. His father, when he was old enough to be taught, undertook his education, a favor, if favor it was, which he had not shown to any other of his sons. But his other sons had, through school influences, more than any other cause, drifted away from the safe spiritual anchorage of that "pure faith" which father and mother had labored to instil into them, and the Rev. John Oram, urged thereto by his wife, determined to shield their Benjamin, the child of their declining years, from such contamination as long as possible.

There is an old saying to the effect that "homekeeping youths have ever homely 'wits,' which 'wise saw' has just as much—or just as little—truth, as many another catchword." Homekeeping youths, doubtless, lack some some of that smartness that comes from early contact with the microcosm of a big fool, but there is, proportionately, less risk of loss of purity and innocence. They are, or should be, simple concerning evil, a knowledge of which, experimental or theoretical, has, from Adam's day to our own, been considered "a necessary part of every gentleman's education."

Philip was, certainly, kept from this contamination as far as parental care could avail to shield him from it. But "in ourselves," as blessed Thomas à Kempis says, "is the root of all evil," who adds that "he that would be truly spiritual—ought to beware of no man more than of himself." For which, also, there is a homely phrase, whereby we should say that Philip Oram, like many another better man, was his own worst enemy.

But, if his parents, in their anxiety to keep him pure and innocent, spoiled him by letting him stay at home, Providence, if I may say so, certainly contributed to make the spoiling only too easy. He was a lovely child, a pretty boy, and bade fair to be a handsome man. So much for his exterior. He was delicate during the first ten or twelve years of his life, which made keeping him at home more excusable than it would otherwise have been. But he learned without difficulty, and remembered with remarkable accuracy, whatever tasks were set him; played beautifully, and sang like a cherub. All which accomplishments were, I fear, incentives to his chief failing, vanity; as also to a certain tendency to "take life easy," and shirk, if possible, all disagreeable tasks.

"Parson Oram," as his parishioners were wont to term him, had enough "worldliness" in his composition to be proud of his old family name and descent, a weakness from which his wife, saint as she was, but descended from Highland chieftains—robbers, warriors and jacobites—was by no

means wholly free. The Rector of Gauntsford—who should have been Bishop of Middlehampton, but for the "truckling of the government with Romanizing traitors—married to the daughter of Sir Peter Macgregor, late Governor of St. Kitts, gravitated, by a sort of social necessity, towards county society, rather than to that of the middle-class tradesmen who constituted the aristocracy of his parish. Not but that the Rector was kindly and courteous towards all men, and Mrs. Oram not less so, but they naturally felt more at home with people of their own class.

To which tendency it came as somewhat of an unpleasant shock to find Philip, by this time nearly eighteen, gravitating towards the society of "low class companions, grooms, shop-boys. and, I am afraid, shop-girls as well. Philip had, in fact, what must, I fear, be called a fatal facility for making friends, and of each new friend, in turn, he would make a bosom confidant. His "engagement" to the daughter of a prosperous pork butcher came to Mr. Oram's horrified ears through the treachery of a cognocious barber, in whom Philip had confided under strict promise of secrecy. The barber, however, to use his own expression, thought it "better business to stand in with the old man than with the youngster," and, with many obsequious professions of his respect for ths family, and his interest in the young gentleman's welfare, he imparted to his reverence the secret which was, in fact, already public property, but of which Philip's parents were, of course, the very last people to be made aware.

It was Philip's first lesson in "human possibilities," which are of more interest, not to say of greater value, than any of our other studies. That his fair lady, Lina Smith, should have been true to him, says more than a little for her strength of character, since her parents, who had sense enough to see the impossibility of a match between their daughter and a gentleman, urged her, in no very choice or gentle terms, to be "done wi' sich foolishness." But Lina, who was as good as she was pretty, and as firm of purpose as she was either, made up her mind that she would be true to Philip as long as Philip should be true to her. Longer, as it proved, and I have set out to tell you.

There was a parting of the nature that romances call "such sweet sorrow," and Philip to "out of harm's way" was sent to Oxford, where his brother, Parson Tom, was tutor at Lollard Hall, and curate in charge of a slum parish. Parson Tom, the flower of the flock, who had never caused father or mother a moment's anxiety, resembled the former rather than the latter, of his parents, that is, there seemed to be lacking in his composition that gentleness and sweetness of disposition which others of the family, and Philip most of all, had inherited from Mrs. Oram. But if there was less gentleness, there was more strength of character in him than in any one of his brothers and sisters, far more than in Philip, and, if less sweetness, a greater share of upright, unswerving honesty of purpose. If hard on others —as he seemed, at times—he was harder on himself. An "evangelical" of a type of no less distinct—if "antequated"—than his father, he was one of the few younger men of any weight or ability, and, as such, had, with much reluctance on his own part, been chosen senior tutor of Lollard Hall, a hall that is, with affiliation to the university, intended for the training of

future evangelical persons; a theological forcing-bed, in fact. But results, as is wont to happen, are not always of the kind intended.

It was to Parson Tom, with whom, it is to be feared, he had little enough —if at all, in common, that Philip was sent to be "kept out of harm's way," a continuation, that is, of the shielding process to which he had been hitherto subjected, not quite so successfully, as to its effects, as could have been hoped for. Personally—if I may be allowed to say so—I have grave doubts to the wisdom—to say nothing of the kindness or fairness—of delegating *quasi*-parental authority to an older brother over a younger one. Philip, I know, resented it, and Parson Tom, who, by many years of absence from home, was more out of touch with his brother than nature had made him, was, literally, the last man to whom authority over the lad should have been entrusted. Philip thought his senior hard, and was tempted to think him unjust, which he certainly was not, while Tom mistook Philip's gentleness for culpable weakness, and had scant patience with his romantic notions.

It was a hard school to which to send one of a disposition and temperament such as his, yet, had the discipline been tempered with a little of that sympathy which was the chief wont in Parson Tom's character, its effects would doubtless have been more beneficial. As it was, Philip, finding that he had no choice in the matter, submitted, not over-graciously, and studied hard much on the same principle that a convict endeavors to shorten his time by good conduct marks. There was just about as much good will in the one case as in the other.

Study, however, and the companionship of men, older in knowledge of life—that is, of evil—if not in years, served in shorter space than might have been expected, to cure Philip of his romantic notions. Whereby, he was hardly to be deemed a gainer, could he, or those in charge of him, have been brought to see it in its true light. He grew familiar with sin, with evil thoughts, and with words and phrases still more evil, since thoughts concern ourselves, and words our neighbors as well, and as he advanced in his sinister knowledge, two influences faded out of his life, his mother's, and that of Lina Smith.

Of each, there was an indication suited to itself. As he cast loose his mother's apron strings, the Bible which, hitherto, perfunctorily, no doubt, yet faithfully enough, all things considered, he had studied daily, remained unopened from week's end to week's end. There were too many favorite passages which spoke to him like the tearful remonstrances of his saintly mother, of these, not least the one that she had written on the fly-leaf, under her name and his: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto according to thy Word." To which the unswerving text brought to his mind that word "way" was: "There is a way which seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." And on that "broad way that leadeth to destruction," he was, as he knew, only too surely walking.

In the case of Lina Smith, the sign of her waning influence was different, yet none the less sure. His boyish love-letters grew first shorter, then fewer, then ceased, except for a hurried, indifferent scribble, at long intervals. Lina, who knew him, better, possibly, than anyone except his mother, had too much nobility of

character to complain to him of his evident neglect, still less to let others guess it. Finally, after a long interval of silence on his part, she wrote to tell him that finding her life at home not over happy—of what tears he had caused her, she gave no hint—she was going abroad as a travelling governess. Letters, she concluded, as if taking it for granted that he would be sure to write, would always be forwarded.

To Philip, her going abroad seemed like a second emancipation, the first of course, being that "cutting loose from his mother's apron strings," to which I have just alluded. So far, his acquirement of that knowledge of good and evil—evil largely preponderating—which is so necessary to our mental and moral development, had sufficed to change him, nor had his consequent godlikeness as yet grown terrible rather than attractive. That comes later, but none the less surely.

At the end of his three years at Oxford, Philip took his degree, with a fair, but by no means brilliant amount of honor. Then, being emancipated, and wholly above such petty superstitions as creeds of any kind, he took Holy Orders as his father's junior curate. Wherein, his facility for adapting himself to the persons and circumstances of the moment, served him only too well. It was a monotonous drudgery, of course, but no worse than any that he might have had to undergo; his consent saved him the trouble, and his parents the pain, of a scene; evangelical theology was neither more nor less ridiculous than that of any other "ism"; in fact its catchwords furnished matter enough for flowery discourses which he delivered with just sufficient semblance of conviction and earnestness to pass muster as a "pious minister of the Word."

The first shock to his complacency was his mother's sudden death, of heart disease. She passed away, peacefully, in her sleep, but her well-read, well-loved Bible was open on the little table at her bedside, and Philip saw the passage, lined, as one much pondered on: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The death of the righteous: of those who walk in the law of the Lord. So had his mother walked, and her last end was like this! And he? He put the thought from him, deliberately, because he did not follow it out.

John Oram did not long survive his wife, and dying, whispered words which she and he had often read together: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil"—adding still more faintly, "Thou art with me."

Philip, his brother not wishing to leave his work at Oxford, succeeded to his father's duties, his father's responsibilities. Then, feeling the need of rest and change needing, though as yet he knew it not, to fight it out with his worst enemy, himself, he went abroad on three months leave of absence.

Towards the end of that period, he found himself in Oberammergau, and, almost without conscious volition on his part, present at the Passion Play. Curious at first, and inclined to captious criticism, he gradually became affected by the atmosphere of the place and time, to a degree which he could not thitherto have believed possible. The "Gospel Story," familiar from childhood, had been merely a "story" and had grown—or so he persuaded himself—to be nothing more than a "myth." But here was the fact, in representation so vivid, so

realistic, so appalling, that all his mother's teachings, all her prayers, all those only too familiar passages of Holy Writ which speak of sin and its atonement came back, not simply on his memory, but seemed to surge into his heart, like pulses of passionate, throbbing life-blood, to pervade his whole being as by a power Divine and irresistible.

On leaving the theatre he felt that he could not go to his room, and, as it was raining, he could not stay out of doors. The door of the Church stood invitingly open, he entered and sat down. Over the altar he saw the Crucifix, the symbol of that stupendous Fact which, as it seemed to him, he had seen consummated that day—on his behalf. Yet, for all that his old creed, a habit, rather than a belief, had failed him, as he clearly recognized. The higher critics had made his evangelical acceptance of an infallible Bible a moral impossibility ; how could a Book be its own sole witness.

Yet, since the Fact of Calvary was true, for him, beyond all doubt or question, since every power of mind and heart and soul was swayed by it, changed by it, persuaded by it, as he knew, with a certainty till now beyond his comprehension, the revelation of which that Fact was the centre, must be true also. If true, Divine, and if Divine, infallible.

Where should he seek a witness? One, not of to-day, or yesterday, but of all time. Rome, he had often heard, claimed the right to answer : "Here am I." Rome? Yet why not? He could but ask the question—of a priest? Again, why not? He turned to go, and turning, came face to face with his lost love.

Why tell the rest in detail? Only this : "You have always been my better self," he said, humbly, when he had told her all, "will you be so still." "Yes," she answered, gently, "yet not I, but He who has grown to be my better self." "He?" Startled for a moment, Philip did not quite catch Lina's meaning. "I mean the dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," she returned, reverently, bending her head in reverence, towards the altar.

"Teach me!" was all he said, and she his better self, has brought him, with herself, nearer to Him of whom St. Paul has written, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

He, let us hope and pray, will live in each of us, and be to each a better self than the old one which He will nail to His Cross, that it may die, and never come to life again. And if, in Philip Oram's case, the love of a pure woman led to love of God, who shall say God nay? That way, at all events, led Philip Oram to his better self, as no other way could have led him.

There is a deeper, holier peace
Than the lulling of our pain,
And a sweeter calm than that which sleep
Sheds over heart and brain.
It is the soul's surrendered choice,
The settling of the will,
Lying down calmly on the cross,
God's purpose to fulfil.

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

ST. DOMINIC.—*August 4th.*

AUGUST has been called "the month of founder-Saints," and amongst these illustrious servants of God, now glorified eternally, we select, for this month, as patron, the Saint of Our Lady's holy Rosary. Our thoughts and affections are much occupied in August with her glorious Assumption and Coronation, as Queen of Angels and of men, so that there seems a beautiful coincidence in the fact that he who taught us to twine mystical chaplets of her joys, sorrows and glories, was himself, in this harvest-time, "crowned with honor and glory." In it, too, like a mystical star, he first shone in Calaroga, famous in all succeeding ages as the natal place of one whose radiance illumined the Church of God with a new Order. A childhood of angelic innocence, an early flight from the world, an apostolic zeal in preaching especially against heresy, all these prepared him for the grand work of forming to religious life, disciples whose watch-word "Veritas," was to be a distinctive one amongst the combatants of Holy Church.

Their Order by its purity, heroism, and the zeal for which it is so eminent, became, as it were, a beacon to souls in the shadows of error and doubt, and false reasonings. We know the traditions of our Lady appearing to St. Dominic in the Church of La Pronille, with the Rosary as a celestial weapon in the cause of truth, against spirits of falsehood. We know how the desert blossomed like the rose when watered by this mystical dew of prayer, and souls that had been obdurate, were touched by Mary's joys, sorrows and glories, twining round those of Jesus as no other means could reach them. *

Beautiful, indeed, are the favors recorded of Mary's tenderness for the new Order—how she visited the sleeping friars, and said to their holy father: "I am she whom you invoke every evening," (in the "Salve Regina.") Again, how he saw them in a vision, sheltered beneath her mantle, and how Blessed Reginald, one of his first disciples, received from our Blessed Mother's hands, the white scapular, and heard these consoling words: "Behold the habit of thy Order."

A holy and learned writer says: "All succeeded with Dominic, when he spoke of the Most Holy Virgin; this was the means to which God had attached graces to him."

With reason may all lovers of Mary, while invoking each glorious saint of August, (especially those clustering as it were round the Assumption), dwell with special love on this Saint of the Rosary, and beseech him to intercede with her in our behalf "now, and at the hour of our death." How blissfully did *he* not die, surrounded by his spiritual children, commending them to the Eternal Father, breathing forth his pure soul in aspirations of prayer to her whose mild light shone serenely over "the valley of death." Blessed Guala saw his glorious father received

* Wonder not that until now you have obtained so little fruit by your labors; you have spent them on a barren soil, not yet watered by the dew of Divine Grace. (Words of our Blessed Lady to St. Dominic.)

into Heaven, where his dying promise to be more helpful than on earth in regard to the Order is ever fulfilled.

The purity, zeal, love of Mary and of her Divine Son, which shine undimmed in the Dominican cloisters, and the mystic rose-fragrance ever lingering in these blessed abodes of St. Dominic's white-robed children, are some of the most beautiful adornments we admire in "the bride of the Lamb," as St. John styles holy Church. A learned writer exclaims: "God is nowhere as He is in the Church. She is the enunciation of His truth, the declaration of His Wisdom, the gift of His love. The Church is the repose of God," and His Spirit rests in the followers of our dear "Saint of the Rosary."

Vinea Carmeli.

By Enfant de Marie.

"*As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odor.*"—Eccl. XXIV.

IT is the golden harvest time, and as we have admired beautiful emblems of Mary in the fair flowers of Spring, and the glowing luxuriance of Summer, we now contemplate them in the richness of Autumnal fruitfulness, and the varied tints of woodland foliage.

Carmel, in Hebrew "Kierm-el," signifies "a vineyard of the Lord." How beautifully expressive then, are these words of Holy Scripture: "As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odor!" Truly it is a fruitful vineyard in which Mary sends forth the fragrance of her virtues to embalm the hearts of its children. St. Paul, speaking to the early Christians, exclaims: "You are the good odor of Christ," and to Carmelites we may address these words: "You are the good odor of Mary." But because of that intimate union which exists between the Son and the Mother, her odor is not different from His. At the last supper He calls Himself "the true vine," and tells us that if we abide in Him, we will bring forth much fruit, for "the branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine."

All in the state of grace participate in that life-giving Blood which was shed in the wine-press of His Passion, and circulates mystically through our souls especially in Holy Communion, but some there are in whom it circulates more freely, and embalms with a more "pleasant odor," sweet to God, most edifying to Holy Church. We find them not only in holy solitudes, but in all the paths of life, still we *now* seek for them like a holy prelate—Monsignor Dupanloup—and say, with him: "I was looking for great souls, upon the earth, and all at once I met them on Carmel." No rich tints of autumnal beauty, no graceful figures of poetic imagery, can depict the spiritual loveliness of Mary's "vineyard." How many doctors, martyrs, confessors, virgins, has it given to God! What sweet fruits of prayer, solitude, silence, reparation, zeal for souls, shall be revealed to us in Eternity! We may well call it an "enclosed garden," where God resides with His loved ones, and they listen

for His voice in the soft whisper of "gentle air," *Audiam quid loquatur in me Dominus Deus, quoniam loquatur pacem in plebem meam.* The Jesuit, Father Tyrrell, musing on these words, "*Levavi oculos meos in montes*, etc., tells us of various mountains to which we may lift up our eyes. To the Mount of Beatitudes for light and guidance; His word is a "lamp to our feet." To that of Tabor for hope of future glory; to Mount Olivet for strength, comfort, and resignation in temptation, trial, suffering; to Calvary for mercy and pardon. Finally, to the mystic Zion, where He is "ever living to make intercession for us," to obtain every grace we need. Following these beautiful thoughts, we will also "lift up our eyes" to Mount Carmel, at all times, in all vicissitudes of life, for it is ever illumined by the "Morning Star" of guidance, the "Consolatrix Afflictorum," the "Mater Dolorosa," "our life, our sweetness, our hope." Daily we pray to her, "*illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte*, and we may assure ourselves of her tender regard in life and death.

The learned and devout writer above quoted says: "But Mary's eyes are everlastingly riveted on the blessed face of God. It is in Him that she sees us, for we are in Him—in the centre of His unbroken thought, in the care of His undying love—the eyes she fixes upon us are eyes of mercy, the Mother's eyes that washed the bleeding Body of the crucified with a flood of tears." And after this, our exile, she will, in answer to the sweet melody of prayer ever echoing through the cloisters of Carmel: (*Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende,*) lead us to that restful "Patria," which needs not sun or moon," for "the Lamb is the lamp thereof."—Apoc. XXI. 23. How happy are those called to watch on "the mountain of myrrh, and the hill of frankincense," for the dawn of that glorious day!

The Star of Assisi.

By Enfant de Marie.

"FEAR not, thou shalt bring forth a light which shall illumine the whole world." These prophetic words of old, were gloriously fulfilled by that great saint whose advent was thus announced to her pious and noble mother. We have styled her "The Star of Assisi," and she humbly styles herself a "little plant of our holy father, St. Francis." A few simple thoughts, like soft rays of this spiritual star, may be acceptable to lovers of Carmel, for it was on the Feast of their Order, July 16th, St. Clare was born, and she resembles them in her spirit of prayer and "zeal for the Lord of Hosts."

A spiritual writer remarks:: "Without the practice of the monastic vows, the Church of God would still exist, and would bear her sorrows and win her triumphs—yet would she be shorn of much of her strength and much of her beauty, and the life we now merely glance at was of singular loveliness."

A childhood of angelic innocence, an early flight from the world while it

still offered every attraction, a devoted renunciation of earthly things when God revealed to her the "pearl of great price," enclosed in holy poverty —all these are familiar to those who are to any extent versed in the records of God's elect. How shall the light shine forth, now that "her life was hidden with Christ in God?"

His words cannot fail; and from the obscure convent, where she seemed like a sanctuary lamp in His Eucharistic presence, a celestial radiance was diffused far and wide, attracting many virgins to "follow the Lamb" in her path.

We know how indebted Assissi was to her prayers. We have seen the representation of this dear saint on the battlements with the Most Holy Sacrament in her hands, and the enemies of her country dispersed. We read of how often she left the presence of Jesus, to comfort, enlighten, and encourage those who visited her in their needs. All these details are beautiful, and still more so are the accounts of intimate union with God, heroic patience, humility, and every other virtue and most sweet maternal tenderness for her sisters in Religion.

There is another feature in which she is Carmelite in spirit—namely, devotion to the Holy Infancy of Jesus. He sometimes in Holy Communion appeared under the form of a little Infant, and even when coming to her for the last time, this was the case. As the morning of life was beaming with beauty, so was its close in a calm evening of August, for the Immaculate Virgin Mother and a procession of white-robed saints entered the poor cell, where she awaited the longed for announcement: "Behold the bridegroom cometh."

The earthly shining of this star faded, but only to rise more brilliantly above, and illumined to all time the Holy Church of God. How many glorious names we read in the Annals of St. Clare! St. Agnes, St. Catherine of Bologna, B. Baptista to whom Jesus unveiled the secrets of His Sacred Heart, and countless others. How many "enclosed gardens" of monastic beauty are watered by the dew of her prayers, and fragrant with the mystic odor of her spirit? The Green Isle is not an exception when we look for her Order. In its metropolis, in picturesque Kenmare, in busy Newry, and other places, her children have diffused the light of prayer, example teaching, for many years, and still emulate, not only that love which characterized their glorious Mother for Jesus on the altar, but also that zeal for the Lord of Hosts which burned so brightly in her life. Obedient to Holy Church, and adapting themselves to the needs of this age, they leave their sweet communication with Jesus, in order to lead souls to His eternal kingdom.

Humbly, and with little ostentation their noble work is carried out, and abundantly is it blessed by God, for, as a rule, those souls trained by St. Clare's children, are examples of piety in the world, and some have been called to Religion, and even to missionary labors in the New World, and thus, like their early teachers, merit the reward promised to those who "instruct others unto justice."

In one of the churches in Rome there is an elaborately painted ceiling which seems without beauty or harmony of design unless viewed from one particular point; so the perplexing mosaic of life can not be interpreted aright save from the standpoint of faith—faith in God and the hereafter.—C. P. Nettleton.

"Salve Regina"---In Memoriam.

VERY REVEREND ALOYSIUS MARIA GALLI, O. C. C.,
FATHER GENERAL.

DIED MAY 1st, 1900. R. I. P.

HAIL! O holy Queen of Carmel!
"Clement, loving, sweet thou art!"
And how soft, like silvery star-light,
Shines the love of thy pure heart!

Ah! there steals a plaintive cadence
Through this prayerful melody
Now, we sigh in mournful accents
Gentle "Advocate" to thee.

In the dawn of lovely May-time
With its scented blossoms white,
Calmly passed away our Father,
To the restful land of light.

Shadows gathered o'er the mountain,
And, from fair Italia's shore,
Wafted sadly to his children
Tidings that he is no more.

Gone! the patient, zealous watchman!
Gone! the Father tender, mild!
Gone! the holy, ardent lover
Of thy beauty undefiled!

Resting from his glorious labors
In that land where sorrows cease.
Blessed Queen of Carmel! hear us
Pleading now for light and peace.

O how oft he whispered "Salve!"
In this exile-time of grace.
Now, in radiant "light of glory,"
Shew to him the Saviour's Face.

Thou his dear and youthful patron, *
Angel-like in purity!
Chant thy virgin-song more gladly
Now—before the "crystal-sea."

Thus to greet his joyful entrance
Through the precious, pearly gate.
Pray that Carmel's favored children
May his virtues emulate.

He was here, a bright example,
He has gone to plead above,
With solicitude paternal
Now made perfect in God's love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* St. Aloysius.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

"I HEARD afterwards that some of our wounded had been taken by them to a barn in the village of Loigny.

"Soon a deep silence fell around us, only broken now and then by the cries of the dying, imploring help. Never shall I forget those heart-breaking entreaties for 'Doctor!' 'Water!' 'Ambulance!' Alas! none came. The night added to our agony, and very soon we were surrounded by a circle of fire. The Prussians burned all the villages in the neighborhood; and Loigny, which was only about two hundred métres from me, seemed one vast furnace. By the light of these incendiary fires, I could see the German soldiers warming themselves; while the sound of their conversation and their laughter came painfully to our ears. Towards nine o'clock I heard to the right a cry such as is heard at sea when you want to hail a ship. I hoped that some one was charitably coming to our aid. I was not mistaken; so I cried out with all my remaining strength, 'Help!' But the voice died away in the distance. Then I tried to drag myself along the ground in the direction of the voice which I had heard; but it was in vain. I was incapable of any movement. After that I gave up all human hope, and resigned myself to my fate.

"When MM. de Bruyère and de Harcourt had left me, I had charged them with my last good-bye to my family. The thought of the sorrow which my death would cause them filled my soul with sadness; but the image of Notre-Dame de Lourdes came vividly before me, and never again left me.

"Just before the war I had made a pilgrimage to her miraculous grotto, and I had brought back the most salutary impression from my visit. I can say that her presence was continually with me during that terrible night, and, thanks to our Lady of Lourdes, those hours, during which I expected death every moment, were not without consolation. She softened my sufferings to me so much that I may be said scarcely to have felt them. *

Nevertheless, I lost a great deal of blood. My leg, as was afterwards discovered, was broken in no less than twenty-five bits!

"Towards eleven o'clock, the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and the cries of the wounded ceased; death had done its work, while the cold froze everything, the snow carpeting the bodies as with a shroud. All of a sudden two human forms dragged them-

* The Carmelite, Father Augustine of Jesus Crucified, who knew all the secrets of M. de Sonis's hidden life, says: "During that night the Blessed Virgin showed him extraordinary favors and filled him with ineffable consolations. His crushed limb, the freezing of the other part, all the horrors of that fearful night, and his terrible sufferings, disappeared before that presence. 'I only began to suffer again,' he said, 'when men tried to help me.'"

selves close to me. They were two young Pontifical Zouaves, one being attached to the service of the Curé of St. Brieuc, and the other a Parisian shoemaker. The first was called Auger, the second Delaporte. These two brave young fellows, both wounded, whom a common faith had thrown among the first nobility of France, were fervent Christians, and came to implore me to speak to them of God. I talked to them of death with that frankness which the belief in immortality alone gives.

"We were on the threshold of those eternal hopes which form the prize of that great battle which we call life, and on this threshold the Church has placed Mary, to lead us to her Divine Son, and inspire confidence in those who are about to take the dreaded plunge. Our Blessed Mother was, then, one of the topics of our conversation that night.

"At the end of a short time, they found that their wounds would not prevent their walking. One had received a ball in his forehead which had taken off all the skin. He was covered with blood. Helping one another as best they could, they took leave of me and made their way to the village, but were seized as prisoners before they could reach it. Another young Zouave, who had seen me, dragged himself along the snow, and came and laid himself down by my side, leaning his head on my left shoulder. But he died soon after."

This young Zouave, who was recognized afterwards from the medal he wore round his neck, was Fernand de Ferron. M. de Sonis, writing to his father, says:

"He was not near me at the beginning of the night, but came about midnight, and at daybreak I was astonished to see him by my side. Yet I had never lost consciousness; only my eyes were shut, and I was praying as well as I could, so that my soul was away from my body. I thought at first he was one of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and I only found out he was a Pontifical Zouave, when some Prussian officer came near me, and, finding he was dead, carried off his sword, belt, and grey cap.

"The snow went on falling," continued de Sonis, "and my blood went on flowing, but without suffering. I was filled with peace and interior consolation. About five o'clock in the morning two Prussians, wrapped in great cloaks, came and looked at me; but, seeing my eyes open, they did not touch me. Only they stripped the young Zouave who had died at my side, not only taking his sword and his belt, but all the money he had in his pockets.

"At seven o'clock I heard some voices which sounded French, and called again for help; but they went away, and once more I abandoned myself to the will of God. It was ten o'clock in the morning when I heard other voices more distinctly and close to me. I lifted my right arm and called with all my might several times. At last, Abbé Batard, the almoner of the Mobiles of La Mayence, saw my movement, and hastened to my side. 'Monsier l'Abbé,' I exclaimed, 'you have come just in time, for I am going to die.' 'Oh no General, let us hope that your wound is not mortal!' he replied. 'I have my leg shattered,' I answered, 'and have been lying here ever since yesterday evening, without being able to move. What a terribly cold night it has been! I have done nothing but offer up my sufferings for the salvation of my poor country.'"

The chaplain, calling Major Babeau to help him, instantly set to work to try and move the wounded general, They caught a stray horse on the battlefield, and tried to get a cart from the farm at Villours ; but the Prussians refused them leave to take the harness. De Sonis, who was losing all his blood, asked for something to drink. They gave him something out of a saucepan, which they borrowed from two Bavarians, but which was only enough to moisten his lips. Not being able to get a carriage, they went to the village to see if they could find a litter, a mattress, a ladder, or anything. At last the Prussian ambulance consented to lend a stretcher, but only for a quarter of an hour, watch in hand, and under escort. All these preliminaries had taken two hours, and it was now twelve o'clock in the day. "They placed me on this bed of agony," wrote de Sonis, "and what I suffered when they attempted to move me is not to be described." At every shake which added to his tortures one heard him murmuring: "Oh my Divine Master! my good Master! Thou hast suffered more for me!" In this way they arrive at the presbytery of Loigny.

On that very night of heroic suffering and heavenly consolations, this is what passed in the Carmelite convent of Coutances, where his sister, Marie Therése de Jesus, was mistress of novices. She wrote to him as follows: "My beloved Gaston.

"The first word I must trace is one of thanksgiving to Jesus and Mary. My heart is so full that tears veil my sight. What can we render to the Lord for His goodness. And yet what terrible suffering! Such a strange thing happened. That cruel night which you passed on the battle-field, but which we ought to call also a blessed night, for it entitles you to the martyr's palm, I was suddenly roused by a hand which seemed to force me to rise. Very much surprised, I sat up and asked 'Who is there?' thinking that one of the novices was perhaps ill, and wanted something. Receiving no answer and seeing no one in my cell, I began to pray and think of you all, having a vivid impression that you were in some great danger. My idea was that it concerned one of your children, for I thought you, my dearest Gaston, were invulnerable. I trusted that the Sacred Heart of Jesus would cover you as with a buckler, against which balls and shells would fall harmless, and I hoped against hope that you would be successful in this campaign as you had been in so many others. The next morning I told Mother Prioress what had happened, adding, 'I am convinced that some great misfortune has happened to some one dear to me.' 'In these sad times she said,' 'one must expect everything. All we can do is to pray!' and we did pray, I assure you!

"Then came the fatal news, and then total silence for a whole long month. Ah! my dearest Gaston, what I have suffered I cannot express. At last I heard that you were at Loigny, wounded, mutilated, but tenderly cared for at last. I had wept for you for so long as one dead that this news was comparatively good, and brought me back to life. But then, hearing nothing more, and not having a line from any one, I fell into a fresh agony of anxiety and suspense. I went on repeating to Our Lord, 'My Jesus! may Thy holy will be done in spite of my resistance, Thou art all wisdom, all love, all mercy. Thou lovest this dear brother infinitely more

than I can do. Thou knowest how precious his life is to his family. All his children are Thine, and consecrated to thy holy Mother. My Jesus, thou knowest all. Thou canst save him. Thou lovest him. Remove this chalice from us, if it be possible, but not our will, but thine be done!"

CHAPTER XII.

M. de Sonis, describing his suffering after the operation, said:

"While they were cutting and sawing at me, I felt nothing; but afterwards for forty-five days I suffered enough to drive a man wild. I could not sleep for one moment during that time. Even the ticking of the clock had become an agony to me, so weak was my head. I must still bless God, who draws good even out of evil, for the bleeding consequent on the amputation cured me of an inflammation of the lungs which I had got in the snow, and which the doctor thought would have finished me off. He came to see me the next day, and then I told him that I could not feel my right foot at all. He examined it, then gave it a blow of bistoury (without chloroform this time), saying that it was frozen, and that gangrene had begun. He scraped away all that was necessary, which was a new and terrible torture, but it saved the foot, though I still suffer from it."

M. de Sonis had the consolation of finding several of his friends at Loigny; the young du Bourg, M. de Cazenove, M. de Verthamon, whose blood had stained the banner of the Sacred Heart, and many others. From them he learned the last events of that fatal day. After he had fallen, the enemy covered the whole plain with their projectiles. The heroic Zouaves and Volunteers advanced all the same, carrying the farm of Villours, and arriving at a little wood of lilac and acacias, which was called Bois-Bourgeon. The Zouaves made a dash for it, bayonet in hand, and drove the Prussians out of it. They were mowed down by grapeshot, which visibly thinned their ranks every moment. But nothing stopped them; their cry was always "Forward!" At last they reached Loigny, taking the first house by assault, and the standard of the Sacred Heart floated above the town. They hoped to become masters of the position, and to be able to rejoin the 37th, who were still defending themselves at the other end of the town, when the enemy, finding out how small were their numbers, redoubled their rage against the village and its heroic garrison. Their shells fell in every direction; the houses took fire; the brave Zouaves, who had not recoiled before the balls of the Germans, were forced to fly from the flames, and their last remaining troops had to retreat to Villepion, bearing their colors covered with blood. The 37th, who alone remained at Loigny, were determined to die like heroes and Christians. They gathered round the church, and their last battle-field was the cemetery. It was night; in the midst of the village in ruins, at the foot of the little steeple, sadly lit up by the surrounding flames, in the humble cemetery with its crosses and tombs, the valiant regiment fought on and on, exhausting even the ammunition of the wounded. The head of the 3rd battalion, M. Varlet, was killed; M. de Fauchier was badly wounded in the thigh. "Cease your fire!" exclaimed the Prussian General, Von Isowitz. "Sir, it is not my business to stop the firing of my men," replied the French officer, "but yours!" The firing went on, and at

seven o'clock in the evening the few survivors fired their last cartridges, and gave France the last drop of their blood.

Thus ended that terrible day. The soldiers were worthy of their chiefs. "All those who bore the banner of the Sacred Heart," wrote M. de Sonis, "fell; it was truly the banner of martyrs. At the end of this unequal struggle of 300 men against 2,000 Prussians, a Zouave seized the colors from the dying hands of him who bore them, and, hiding them in his breast, was able to save himself and carry them back to the regiment of the Volunteers of the West."

De Sonis's great anxiety now was to be able to return to active service. On the 6th of May he wrote that "his wounds at last were healed, and that he began to walk; that he could have used his wooden leg if the other foot had not been frozen." He added, "I have tried with some success to mount on horseback once more, so that I do not despair of re-appearing one day on the field of battle!" He wrote to the Abbé Batard as follows: "I want, now that I am so much better, to renew the thanks I addressed to you at the time of our separation in the presbytery of Loigny. By raising me from that battle-field, where, stretched for so many hours on the snow, I had lost the greater part of my blood, you saved my life; and it is in the name of my wife and children that I beg of you to accept once more this expression of our heartfelt gratitude."

Colonel de Charette, foreseeing that when peace was declared the Zouaves would be disbanded, thought that the hour was come to consecrate the whole regiment to the Sacred Heart. This solemnity was fixed for the 28th of May, Whit-Sunday, in the chapel of the Great Seminary of Rennes. It was a grave moment, being only four days after the martyrdom of the hostages and the re-taking of Paris from the assassins of the Commune; so that this consecration was to be likewise an act of reparation. Above all, every one wished for the presence of General de Sonis; but, as his mutilation rendered this impossible, he was implored to draw up the act of consecration himself, which, after some hesitation, he consented to do. Before Holy Communion at the foot of the altar, Mgr. Daniel, the chaplain of the regiment, spoke as follows:

"General de Sonis—he who led you on the battle-field, who chose a Zouave to carry the standard of the Sacred Heart, who exclaimed, 'Let them see what Christian soldiers can do!'—wished to-day to present you himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But, being prevented by his glorious wounds, he determined to associate himself with your consecration by writing the following words. We will not change one of them, for they are to us a sacred formula, in which we all heartily join."

In the midst of a touching silence, he then read the following beautiful prayer:

"O Jesus, Son of God, our King and our Brother, gathered together this day at the foot of Thy altar, we come to give ourselves entirely to Thee, and to consecrate ourselves to Thy Divine Heart. Thou knowest, O Lord, how we armed ourselves, at first, in defence of the most holy cause, even Thine, O Lord, for we are soldiers of Thy Vicar. Thou has permitted us to be associated with the sorrows of Pius IX., and having shared in his humiliations, we found ourselves violently separated from our Father. But, Lord, having been driven from that Roman soil, where we kept watch round the tomb of the holy Apostles, Thou didst prepare other duties for us, and didst permit that the soldiers of the Pope should become the soldiers of France.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Editorial Notes.

Carmel's Feast.

For the last time in this century has the multitude of worshippers paid public homage to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel on her great and solemn Commemoration—the sixteenth day of July.

Our annual pilgrimage of 1900 will be enshrined in grateful memory as an event of joy, hope and high inspiration. Heaven was propitious, and Nature beamed in bright effulgence. An edifying sight it was indeed, to behold such a mighty throng of Mary's devout clients uniting in holy rivalry to honor our Blessed Queen enthroned in her hallowed Shrine hard by the great Cataract. A thousand thanks and acts of love to Mary went forth from as many pious lips, and heaven will record many a precious and soul-saving grace dispensed on that happy day. And what joy reigned in purgatory where flowed so many favors wrung from heaven and granted to some poor soul by the supplication of a pious father or mother, brother or sister, or devout friend, who came to lay their petitions at our Lady's feet? Edifying and soul-lifting was it to see first and foremost amongst Mary's clients His Grace—the beloved Archbishop of Toronto—whose presence and example was an inspiration and incentive to piety. The Scapular Festival in this Holy Year was a feast to the eye, a joy to the heart, and to the souls of Mary's children a fount of grace and benediction. The day now lives but in memory, but its fruits shall remain in eternity.

The Shrine.

Everything at Niagara is interesting. But on July 16th two places attracted especial attention.

First of these was the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace, established as a beacon of rest to souls and to nations. There is an indescribable attraction hovering over this shrine. Devout souls feel drawn to it and are filled with consolation and spiritual sweetness when they enter it. And all this in spite of the fact that, materially speaking, this little house of prayer has nothing but the appearance of antiquity to attract the eye. It seems to invite one to handle carefully and deliver it over as a precious relic to the members of some historical society. Precious indeed it is—because in this sacred sanctuary petitions procure a propitious hearing, and again because two holy Pontiffs, Pius the IX and Leo XIII, have poured out holy Church's treasures on this chapel. By degrees this is becoming common knowledge, and the Western Hemisphere is sending its pilgrims hither to discover in peaceful nook this hidden treasure unseen by myriads of pleasure hunters.

Hence, no wonder that on the Scapular-feast all paths leading to our Lady's throne were black with the unbroken and well nigh endless files of worshippers.

Mass at the Shrine.

There was a Low Mass celebrated here. This may not appear significant. The same happens every day in the

year. But on July 16 it was worthy of special note. For the hands, today raised in supplication before Mary's throne, are those of a venerable prelate dear to us all, viz., His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor, most worthy successor of those great men of God, whose See was in the beautiful City of Toronto, but whose hearts were never for a moment, disattached from our Lady's abode at Niagara. It was a touching scene—silent, but to the soul solacing. All nations were there to call Mary Blessed. What thoughts filled the minds of the exile who now remembered the happy days of yore and the dear old *Wallfahrt's Kirche* in the Fatherland. But to-day they were again united. The Scapular cords bound us all—we felt as members of one family gathered *in patria*—in our Mother's house. And many will treasure the fact that in their Mother's house they were fed with the Bread of Angels—and received Holy Communion from the Archbishop's hands.

The Pilgrims.

From North and South, and East and West, came the thousands of pilgrims early on the morning of the lovely feast. It was an international gathering. The largest outpouring of devout pilgrims came from the Queen City of the Lakes. These Buffalonians came on the pilgrimage train over the Michigan Central road, and we are sure that the officials of that popular highway of swift and safe transportation never brought a more orderly class of patrons to this great Mecca of tourist and pilgrim. When the new century dawns, and with its advent is ushered in the great Pan-American Exposition, every friend of ours in Buffalo will feel it an obligation to inaugurate a Mt. Carmel day, and insist on their guests supplementing their itinerary by coming to pay homage to Our Lady's Shrine.

The immense gathering around our Lady's altar was a variegated one. There were persons of different tongues and different stations in life; some were blessed with goods of this world, others labored day and night to husband up the bread-money. Shoulder to shoulder knelt men of divers views. Master and servant sought their same favorite Shrine. Priest, physician, lawyer, and business man, stood on common but sacred ground. There were many people of many minds, but one idea dominated all and made them brothers—the desire to honor the common Mother, the Queen of us all—Mary of Carmel.

At the Hospice.

Passing from the Shrine to the Hospice one sees an immense contrast. The little church is a landmark in the march of time, and reminds us of the hard times, pioneer days and the labors of our forefathers. Turning one's eyes from the weather-worn plaster we gaze on the stately Hospice —a lasting monument to the charity, piety and zeal of the Catholics of this continent. This year the beautiful edifice more than ever showed to advantage. Its fine appearance is much enhanced by the substantial concrete pavements approaching the entrances. Many of the pilgrims made a tour of inspection and saw much to admire in the building. If past generosity is any criterion, we hope soon to see the day when the pilgrims can assist at the Holy Sacrifice offered in the new chapel, on which will be bestowed all the privileges of the present Shrine.

The Solemn High Mass.

On the Scapular Feast Holy Mass was celebrated on the porch of the Hospice, facing which ample canvas covering protected the devout worshippers from the rays of a hot July sun. The scene before the Hospice on July 16 was a pretty and striking one. Over the temporary altar was the beautiful Spanish representation of our Lady of Carmel inclining towards the priest as he raised the sacred chalice heavenwards. The occasion was honored by the presence of the representative of Christ's Vicar—our beloved Archbishop—at whose side stood two venerable ministers of God and ardent servants of Mary, both of whom have given to their sacred calling much piety and zeal. In the first of these the pious pilgrim will recognize Very Rev. Theodore J. MacDonald, Prior of our Canadian Carmel, a client of our Lady who has worked in and out of season to spread the cause of religion and the glory of Carmel. And of the second esteemed clergyman who stood near His Grace, can we say the same. For the beautiful church of Our Lady of the Rosary erected by him at Thorold, Ont., bears testimony to Father Sullivan's labor and love for Mary Immaculate. The service of Solemn High Mass was celebrated with all possible pomp and splendor. The celebrant was the Reverend Avertanus Denis Brennan, O.C.C., Rector of St. Vincent's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake Ont., who was assisted by the Rev. Philip Alban Best, O.C.C., and the Rev. George Williams of Thorold, as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The Reverend James Trayling, of Port Colborne, Ont., acted as a most efficient master of ceremonies. The singing of the Mass by the choir of Our Lady of Peace was beautiful and impressive. To quote a writer in the daily press who was present, "the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* and the *Credo* could be heard for a long distance mingling with the glorious cadence of Niagara's waters. The panegyric at the Solemn High Mass was most ably delivered by the scholarly President of Niagara University, Father McHale, whose most eloquent discourse was listened to with closest attention. A report of this sermon will be found elsewhere in these pages. With regret we are unable to print anything of the charming German discourse of our Father Provincial Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, but we are sure all his sparkling sayings will not be soon forgotten by the large and appreciative audience which eagerly drank in his words of unction.

Field for the Friars.

Archbishop Chapelle has been long enough amongst the Filipino people to make his own conclusions about things out there in general, and of the friars in particular. His Grace is lately quoted by a correspondent at Manila as saying in substance that "the Filipinos owe to the monastic brotherhoods all the education and civilization they possess; that it would be a great injustice to the friars to expel them from the fields wherein they have worked for centuries, or to deprive them of the estates which they have acquired honestly and have administered to the public good; that it would be impossible to replace them with other priests, because there is no other clerical force acquainted with the country and the languages of the people, and the Filipino priests are not competent to hold any but the subordinate positions in the Church; that the opposition to the friars is an artificial propaganda fostered by the insurgents."

More Martyrs.

China has already given many martyrs to the Church. During the present terrible uprising thousands of Catholics will doubtless obtain the martyr's crown. Some touching letters have been received from the missionaries. A Franciscan Father writing from Shangtung says: "Three hundred and fifty stations have been destroyed. The death of the Catechist Nan Kuen Sie, of the village of Mantchouan, subprefecture of Bou Pin, was edifying. Seized at Ma Kia Cha Wol, he was stripped of his clothes, beaten and bound. He was then questioned, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I am.' At this reply one ear was cut off. 'Are you still a Christian?' 'Yes, I am a follower of Christ.' The other ear was then severed. The victim's third declaration of his Christianity was his death sentence. A stroke of the sword severing his head from his body placed him among the rank of martyrs."

President Eliot, of Harvard, paid a high tribute to Cuban sobriety in a note to a temperance society whose members were anxious to invite the visiting Cuban teachers to a meeting. Prof. Eliot said he did not "think that the Cuban teachers would take any interest in regard to total abstinence. They have no tendency to drink to excess, and can not understand it in others. The vice against which you contend is not practised among them. Our people have much to learn from them on that subject; but they can get nothing but warning from us."

Half-hearted Catholics who so little esteem or support their own schools would do well to ponder these words warm from the pen of the editor of a secular paper—the Outlook, of McDonald, Pa.: "Recently," he says, "we have had an opportunity to see that some of the public schools of the great city are nests of crime. All classes go there. Poor little children that hear nothing but the most awful blasphemy and obscenity about where they live, (for they have no homes) crowd into those schools, and they pour into the ears of other children, better raised, language and tales that were never heard out of hell."

The St. Joseph's-Blatt learns from several private sources that in many cases, during the war in South Africa, it has been made manifest that our Blessed Mother protects her clients when exposed to danger. More than one instance is related, particularly in Mafeking, of soldiers who positively assert that they would not live to relate their experiences had they not worn Our Lady's Scapular.

St. Columbia's new church in Youngstown, Ohio, the corner stone of which was laid with grand and impressive ceremonial, will be a lasting monument to the good and zealous priest, Father Edward Mears, who has done so much in Western Ohio for religion and education that is solid and Christian.

God will not allow His chosen ones to see corruption. This month we celebrate and emphasize the fact that our glorious Mother, Mary Immaculate, was assumed body and soul into heaven. There are instances where the bodies of God's servants have remained intact and incorrupt long after death. Carmel glories in the fact that some of her children have not seen corruption. Especially can we point to that lovely Carmelite virgin, St. Mary

Magdalene de Pazzi, whose picture appears this month as our frontispiece—thanks to one of her great devotees, the good Father Isoleri, of Philadelphia.

Day by day the branches of Carmel's vine spread more and more, and its fruit is everlasting. The sacerdotal ranks of our Order are ever receiving recruits, and it is a matter of rejoicing when we can announce another ordination ceremony. The latest additions to the number of our priests are the Reverend Fathers Chrysostom Anderson and Adelbert Suwalski, who were ordained at St. Vincent's Abbey, Pa., on July 7, by the Right Reverend Bishop of Pittsburg. Ad multos annos!

The reverend clergy of the archdiocese of Toronto, Canada, have lately been in Retreat at the Hospice of Mount Carmel. The reverend retreatants were edified and encouraged by the example of their beloved Archbishop, the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor. All the visiting fathers expressed admiration and gratitude for the treatment received here, and went away with renewed spiritual helps to fight the battles of God. The exercises were ably conducted by the venerable Prior of the Monastery of Mt. Carmel, Very Rev. Theodore J. MacDonald, O.C.C.

On the fourth of September the Fathers of the Order of Mount Carmel in the United States and Canada will meet in triennial chapter at the Hospice at Niagara Falls. Elections will be held thereat for the office of Father Prior-Provincial, for Priorships and other positions of responsibility in our fast growing Province.

The beatification of two Carmelite priests took place lately. One, a Frenchman, Peter Berthelot, well known as the navigator of the China and Indian seas, was born at Monfleur; the other, a Portuguese soldier, named Rodriguez de Gogna. Both, being called from their worldly avocations to the service of the altar, joined the Carmelite Order and shed their blood for their faith at Sumatra in the year 1638.

The July issues of some of our Catholic contemporaries contained some beautiful tributes to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Editor of the Rosary Magazine reminded his readers that "on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel we honor our Blessed Mother in the capacity which claims closest kinship to that of the 'Queen of the Rosary.' We dare say that no devout client of the Rosary will fail to wear the Scapular, and wearing such, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will surely not pass without some special and strong manifestation of love and gratitude to her from whom so many blessings flow."

Every devout pilgrim to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace will we are sure fervently pray this month with the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart for "Peace among nations." At present nearly all the great Powers of the earth are in something like a state of war in China. In truth—to quote the current Messenger: "There is but one ground of hope for peace among nations, and that is the Church." Let us pray that all the world, pagan and Christian, hear the voice of Pope Leo XIII., the Vicar of the Prince of Peace.

On Thursday, August 9th, the first annual excursion under the auspices of the Carmelite Fathers, will leave Pittsburg, Pa., for Niagara Falls. The excursionists will be the guests of the Hospice, and will make a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace.

On the festival of the Most Pure Heart of Mary we celebrate the titular feast of the North American Province of the Carmelites.

One million three hundred and sixty thousand dollars was the amount contributed to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, according to the last report. Of this amount the Catholics of the United States magnanimously contributed *three and a half cents* per family in 1899. Canada's munificent share was *three-eights of one cent* per family in the same year. This charity should cover a multitude of sins.

THE REVEREND CLERGY

Who Visited and Officiated at the Ceremonies at the Hospice of Mount Carmel July 16, 1900.

Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto; Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Provincial of the Carmelites of North America; Very Rev. Theodore J. MacDonald, O.C.C., Prior of the Monastery of Mount Carmel at Falls View; Very Rev. Patrick S. McHale, C.M., President of Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Rev. M. J. Rosa, C.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Cyril J. Feehan, O.C.C.; Rev. Fidelis Oberholzer, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Avertanus D. Brennan, O. C. C., Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.; Rev. Padre Morino, C.M., Turin, Italy; Rev. Dionysius F. Best, O.C.C.; Rev. Fr. Reichenberg, Kansas; Rev. M. Riordan, Winona, Minn.; Rev. Francis Krebs, O.C.C.; Rev. T. J. Sullivan and Rev. George Williams, Thorold, Ont.; Rev. C. Bulger, Shenandoah, Iowa; Rev. A. Adolph, Williamsville, N. Y.; Rev. James C. Bubenheim, Rev. F. Wieser, Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, Toronto; Rev. James Trayling, Port Colborne, Ont.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Benziger Bros. have just published the Autobiography of St. Ignatius, edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. The life is the one dictated by the great Saint himself to Father Louis Gonzalez, S. J., and translated into Latin by Father Hannibal Codretto, S. J. Intimate and interesting accounts are given of the Saint's trials and travels, his visions, fasts, and spiritual sufferings and the great work which he begun. The work is excellently gotten up, is well bound in blue cloth, and printed on superfine paper. The illustrations are all good. Altogether the book is a very charming addition to the Catholic library and will be found of interest to all lovers of the great founder of the Jesuit Order. Price $1.25.

"Studies in Poetry," critical, analytical, interpretative by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., has been issued by Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. A good book to put in your valise when going on vacation. Price fifty cents.

One of America's most gifted writers—Christian Reid—has given us a beautiful and captivating story in her "Weighed in the Balance." This authoress has won her way into the hearts and minds of every reader of good literature who loves the beautiful and true in her earlier books, "Armine," "Carmeda," "A Woman of Fortune" and "The Land of the Sun." This latest volume is from the press of Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont street, Boston. The letter press is

in the highest form of the publisher's art. The price is $1.50. "Weighed in the Balance" is now on the counters of our reputable Catholic book stores. We bespeak for this publication a very large sale.

The Sunday Companion holds up to the view of boys a worthy model, one whose life is an inspiration and incentive to make the obstructions in life's pathway stepping stones to higher things. We are told that the subject under consideration—Henry Coyle, the poet, the editor of THE WEEKLY BOUQUET, one of the best known writers among the younger men of our country, left school when he was about eleven years old. He was born in Boston, June 7, 1870. After his school days, when he was only twelve years old, he began working for the Oriental Tea Company, but in a few months he was an office boy in the law office of Long & Allen. Here he remained for some time, using all his spare moments for study and even writing for publication at this early age. When he was only thirteen years old he sent a poem to THE CONTINENT, then edited by Judge Tourgee, and we can easily imagine the joy of the young boy when his youthful production was accepted. To-day he stands among the foremost writers of the country. Although his writings are accepted and sought after by many periodicals, he prefers to write for the Catholic press. His book of poems, "The Promise of Morning," is a book full of holy thought and inspiring sentiments. One of his admirers writing of him says: "He has passed through the school of adversity and suffered much from ill-health, but nothing like a complaint has ever been heard from him. He knows what struggle means and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to fellow toilers."

The last number of the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart contains a very edifying article on the Scapular. The writer adopts the word Scapularian. It is not new and appears very expressive. On some occasions we used the word to indicate a person enrolled in the Scapular, who, conforming to all the conditions of the confraternity, is devoted to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The word "Rosarian" is now familiar to many, and we see no reason why all lovers of Carmel should not be known as Scapularians.

That live and readable paper the Pittsburg Observer is making its influence felt. Its wide-a-wake editor is fostering everything that is good and fighting all that is bad. He is at present leaving nothing undone to bring about the union of Catholic societies. Many of the Bishops have praised and seconded these laudable efforts. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester wrote to the editor:

The proposed federation of Catholics, either as members of organized societies, or as individuals, is a step in the right direction. It may be a premature movement because Catholics are not yet educated up to the right point, and because they are so wedded to political parties that they can scarcely call their souls their own. Politicians known them thoroughly, and are satisfied that they prefer party to religion. It is a sad condition for Catholics to be in, but we are in it and through our own fault. We have not got out of our blood the fear and subserviency of the old days of bondage and persecution. Anything to be left alone. While I can take no part in your convention which, to have any power, should be a convention of laymen, you have my best wishes and prayers.

In a late number of the SACRED HEART REVIEW the eloquent Augustinian Father James T. O'Reilly makes a very strong plea for Catholic unity. His able paper ought to be put in pamphlet form and widely circulated. Father O'Reilly believes that every Catholic citizen, priest or layman, who fills a position of influence, has a responsibility towards his Church in general, and to the Catholics around him in particular, that is commensurate only with the extent of his influence, to say nothing of his obligation to keep the lamp of divine truth burning, as far as his life is concerned, before the non-Christian public.

A pious author says: "Satan has never seen one single Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in hell!"

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Mary Josephine Nokely a devout client of Mary who departed from this world at Quebec on the Feast of the Precious Blood, July 1st.

Sister Mary Vincent Carney, who died at Mt. St. Marys, Leavenworth, Kansas.

Catherine Raver who died June 1st at Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Anna M. McIsaac who died May 27.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from Villa Angela, Ohio; Arcadia, Iowa; Fulda, Indiana; St. Mary's College, St. Nazianz, Wis.; St. John's Church, Scottdale, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Freeport, Ill.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Joseph's, Devils Lake N. Dakota; St. Mary's, Altoona, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Cleveland, Ohio; St. John's, Laycock, Pa.; All Saints, Bridesburg, Pa.; St. Augustines, Amherst; S. Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Boniface Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Joseph's Church, Somerset, Ohio; St. Vincent's Church, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; St. Mary's Church, Hermann, Pa.; Sts. Peter and Paul, Kiel, Wis.

Names of enrolled persons since our last number have been received at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Kansas City, Kan.; Orphan Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa.; Kewackum, Wis.; Napoleon, Ind.; and Boston Mass.

Scipio, Kansas, Monastery, acknowledges names received from St. Joseph's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; and St. Marks, Kansas; Tiplon, Kan., and St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

An English reader prays for employment, for help and relief in a sore temporal difficulty; for health; most of all for needed graces.

Success in examinations: sisters 2; special 9; temporal 3; happy death 2; spiritual 1; absent brother 1; intemperate 2; sick 6; husband 1; employment 1; conversions 10; particular 4; health 7; a son; all our readers; for all petitions sent in since last issue.

THANKSGIVING.

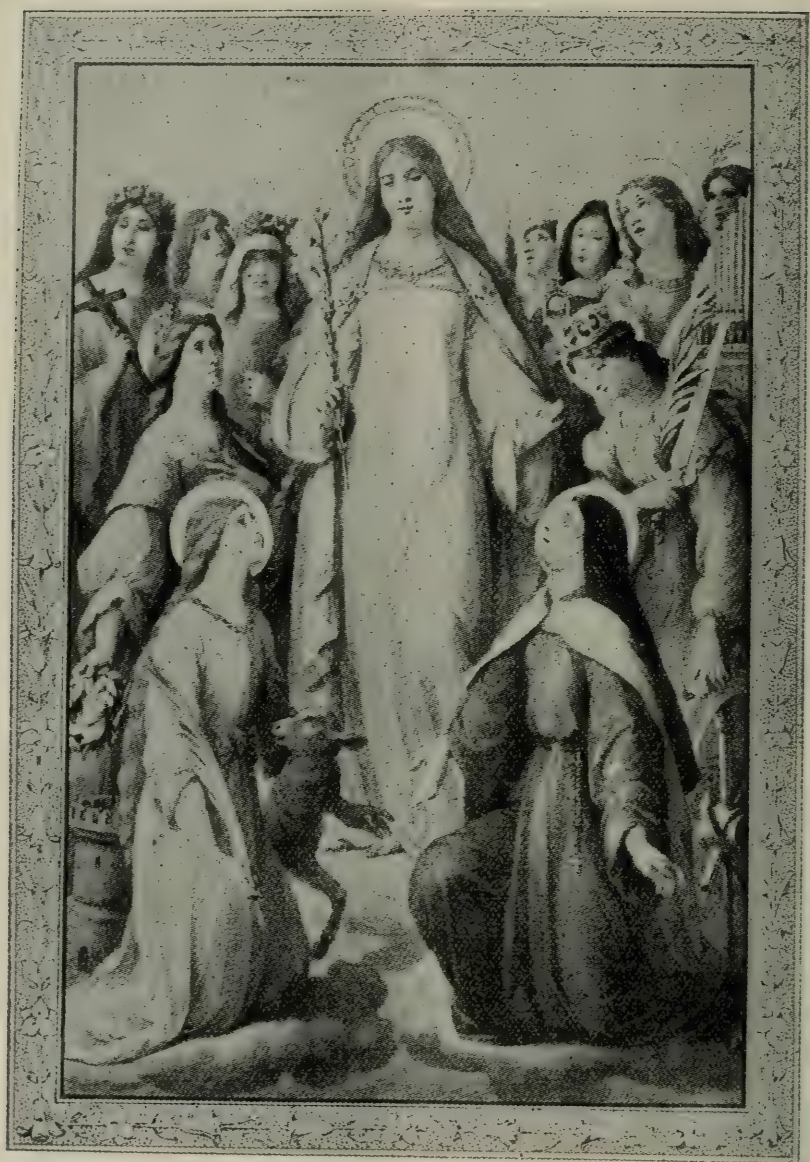
A reader in Independence, Kansas, thanks Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for a special favor.

We earnestly recommend to our readers a little manual worth its weight in gold, namely, "Through Mary to Jesus," according to the method of Bl. Grigon de Montfort—by Rev. F. H. Lavallee, (Bishop's Palace,) Sherbrooke, P. Que. Price in cloth, only twenty-five cents per copy. Of this incomparable treatise we shall speak later on.

A needful companion when travelling is "Eau des Carmes." See our advertising pages.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below,** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



Virgin of Virgins,
Pray for Us!

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1900. NO. 9

A Carmelite's Parting Blessing.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Were deepening into night;
They seemed to fold my spirit round
And veiled the inward light.

There was a struggle in my heart,
Too deep by far for tears;
A flood of anxious, saddening thoughts,
A restlessness of fears.

I knelt in that sweet summer-eve,
And told my pains to thee,
They found within thy priestly heart
Response of sympathy.

And words of benediction fell
To calm my spirit's pain,
"May God's own blessing on thee rest,
And with thee e'er remain." *

Scarce did the music of those words
In evening-silence cease,
Than o'er my spirit fell the dew
Of sweet celestial peace.

E'er to remain! in trial's hour,
In struggles day by day,
To be a source of grace and strength
And ne'er to pass away.

I felt so glad to bear the cross,
My Father, blessed by thee,
To drink the chalice of my Lord
So sweetened now to me.

Oh, may His blessing from on high
Forever with thee rest!
This is the grateful prayer of one,
My Father, thou hast blessed.

* "Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super te et meneat semper." Amen.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

By Enfant de Marie.

O FAIREST blossom! in the golden month
Of harvest, softly springing.
O spotless lily, with the gifts of grace
Like dew-drops to thee clinging!
We greet, with joy, thy blessed natal-day,
As pearly dawn when night has passed away.

What types of Holy Scripture cluster round
Thy cradle! what sweet singing
Of psalms prophetic, from the royal heart
That gladly saw thee bringing
"Good tidings of great joy," and "peace on earth,"
Thou harbinger of Jesus' sacred birth?

O "Morning Star!" dispel the darksome shades
So often o'er us stealing.
O Mary! listen to our prayerful sighs
To thy sweet Heart appealing.
And may thy birthday in the Autumn sheen,
Bring gladness to our souls, fair Infant-Queen.

Mary's Farewell to Jesus.

AND must we part Beloved? Through long years
I lived upon the beauty of Thy Face,
And heard the melody of words divine
More sweet than Angel-songs—though oft at eve
These came and lulled me sweetly to my rest.
And when the fair beams of each early dawn
Illumined white cloudlets with a fringe of gold,
They seemed reflections from thy lustrous eyes
That shone more radiantly each coming day.
The hopeful Springtime and the Summer's glow,
The gold autumnal tints, the snowy garb
Of Winter, came and went like ebb and tide
That murmured plaintively their monotone,
How swiftly came the time when we must part
Behold the palm-tree 'neath whose leafy shade
We rested; and thou didst to me unfold
The longings of thy Heart to bleed and die
For love of each dear soul—and for my own,
Goest thou at last Beloved? O my Lord!
I may not now detain thee in my arms
But kneel for Thy own blessing. When alone
I will stay me up with fortitude divine
Go forth—it is thy Father's blessed will.
Once more, as in a far off midnight hour,
I say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

VII.

NEXT we bent our steps to the Greek Catholic church, which is said to stand on the ground occupied some two thousand years ago by the synagogue in which, on the occasion mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel (IV. 14 to 31.), our Saviour expounded one of the prophecies of Isaias and declared that it had been fulfilled in His person. His hearers, as we read in the 23rd verse, "All gave testimony to Him, and they wondered at the words of grace that proceeded from His mouth, and they said: Is not this the son of Joseph?" But their admiration was changed into fury (verse 28th) when Jesus went on to reprove them for their want of correspondence with His divine teachings, exclaiming: "Amen I say to you that no prophet is accepted in his own country," and reminded them of facts which hurt their pride. (Verses 25 to 27). "And," continues the Evangelist, "they rose up and thrust Him out of the city; and they brought Him to the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong. But He, passing through the midst of them, went His way." (Verses 29 and 30).

Leaving the Greek uniate church, we visited the "Fountain of the Virgin," from which our Blessed Mother was wont to carry water for domestic purposes to her humble dwelling, and we saw women in the garb of her day, (for costumes have not changed in the East since then), bearing on their shoulders, and in some instances upon their heads, the ancient water-jar—all vividly recalling the "Lily of Israel," who ten centuries ago disdained not to perform the work of a menial, though she was the Mistress of Heaven, the Mother of God, and the Queen of Angels and Saints.

Next, the bazars of the city with their odd stalls and narrow thoroughfares, frequent blockades of vehicles, horses, donkeys and camels, crying children, whose ears were being continually boxed for getting into the venders' and buyers' way, and fakirs yelling their wares, claimed our attention. Finally, we called on several religious communities, of whom, as you could infer from my description of our entry into Nazareth, there are quite a number. We then returned to the Hospice, where with appetites sharpened by our outing, we dined, the band of the Salesian college discoursing different musical compositions during the meal. At the conclusion of the latter, we began preparations for our drive to Tiberiade, and were soon on our way thither in the same conveyances that had brought us from Caiffa to Nazareth. Presently we came to what is called the *Mensa Christi*, i. e. Table of Christ—a huge, irregularly-shaped block of stone about nine feet

in length, six in width and three in height, with a flat surface—at which it is said, our Lord ate with His disciples on one of His appearances to them after His resurrection. During the first ages of Christianity a chapel was built over it. This was used by the Turks as a mosque for centuries after their occupation of Palestine, but when it finally fell into the ruinous condition in which the Franciscan Fathers found it, they bought the site and erected over the venerable relics just described, the pretty oratory which now covers it.

Our next descent was at "Cana in Galilee." Do not visions of a flourishing burgh inhabited by a joyous people rise up before your eyes as this name meets them? Almost midway between Nazareth and the fifteen cities which encircled the "Lake of Genesareth" in the distant past, its commerce rendered extensive by reason of its exceptional fertility (consequent upon an abundant supply of water and a well-regulated system of irrigation), it was a place of no mean importance when Jesus wrought His first miracle there in response to His beloved Mother's petition, gently voiced in the compassionate words: "Son, they have no wine." But if your fancy has conjured up any such vista as this, as now existing, it has deceived you sadly; for, a miserable little hamlet indeed, is the Cana of to-day—silent, sombre and solitary, as are all the grand cities and fertile plains of ancient Judea and Galilee. Its glory has departed! True, it is still comparatively productive—fig, olive and pomegranate trees, as also the magnificent cactus plant (which in some parts of Palestine reaches the height of twelve feet, and bears a luscious fruit resembling in taste a delicious marmalade) abounding there. But an air of wildness and an absence of intelligent cultivation pervades everywhere, and points to a malediction not yet removed. And—it seems sad, does it not?—no scion of its ancient people remains, for there are no Jews in Cana or Nazareth. The inhabitants number six hundred, latest statistics apportioning them as follows: Catholics, ninety; Schismatic Greeks, two hundred and five; Protestants, fifteen; Mussulmans, three hundred. We visited the spring whence according to tradition the water changed into wine by our Lord was drawn. This, too, is in a lamentable condition, being now nothing more than an unsightly puddle, from which ill-looking shepherds were taking an unrecognizable liquid for the thirsty flocks that stood impatiently around. Thence we went to the "house of Simon the Cananean," in which the miracle just referred to took place. Of course, not even a vestige of this structure remains; but on the site it once occupied is a neat chapel, adjoining a small Hospice under the charge of the Franciscans. We were invited into the latter, and the good Fathers offered us wine and water in memory of our Redeemer's first public manifestation of His divine power. Needless to say, our thoughts went back to that happy wedding, held on this favored spot, and whose most honored guests were Jesus and Mary. St. Helena, mother of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great, built a beautiful church on this site A. D. 326, which was still standing in the eighth century. This was succeeded by one erected by the crusaders and called "Domus Architriclinii" or House of the Master of the Feast, in honor of the Steward" (St. John II. 9) who was the first to discover the wonder which Jesus had wrought.

But this church also was destroyed when the valiant defenders of the Holy Land were forced to retire from Palestine by the Moslems, and no place of worship replaced it until the chapel mentioned above was built in 1880. We next visited the site where, as tradition says, stood the house of Nathaniel, afterwards the Apostle Bartholomew, who was led to Jesus by Philip, and of whom the Divine Master exclaimed, seeing him from afar: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." (St. John I. 47). There was a chapel here ages ago. It, too, was converted into a mosque; but being abandoned, and falling into decay, the "Pères de Terre-Sainte" purchased the property and raised the present oratory upon it.

This completed our sight-seeing in Cana, and we re-entered our carriages to pursue our way to Tiberiade—the only one remaining of the fifteen "cities" which, in the time of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius, in whose honor it was named, formed a rich setting encasing that lovely pearl, the Sea of Galilee.

As we went forward, the corn-field was pointed out to us in which Jesus and His disciples assuaged their hunger in a measure, rubbing the ears between their hands and eating the grains (St. Matthew, XI). This field is cultivated to-day as then, and is very fertile. Perhaps a special benediction rests upon it for having "fed the hungry" (St. Matthew, XXV. 35) in the august person of the God-man and His Apostles. Saphet next came in view—a settlement mentioned in the Book of Tobias (I. 1), and included by the Jews among their "holy cities," being according to them the burial place of the Prophet Osee and of many rabbis held by them in great veneration. The crusaders took possession of Saphet in 1140, and Foulques, King of Jerusalem, fortified it. In 1189 "Salah-ed-Deen" (Saladin) besieged and overcame it. Thirty years later it was dismantled by Conradin. In 1240 it again fell into the hands of the Christians. Finally Bibars Bendokar, Sultan of Babylon (Cairo), entered it at the head of his army, and put all to the sword who refused to abjure Christianity. Six hundred persons, with two Franciscan Fathers and the Prior of the Templars, shed their blood rather than renounce the faith. To-day Saphet contains forty odd thousand inhabitants, of whom thirty thousand are Jews, ten thousand Mussulmans, and seven hundred Christians. The "Mountain of the Beatitudes"—the scene of the admirable "Sermon on the Mount" (Matthew V. VI. and VII.), as also that of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes (St. Matthew, XIV. 15 to 21) were shown us in the distance. The former is quite large, and from afar appears spherical in shape; whereas the latter is comparatively small. A little farther on, Mount Tabor was distinguished, as also the "Great Hermon." Lastly, in the valley at our feet we beheld Tiberiade, and the "Lake of Genesareth." The sun was near its setting, and a flood of golden light cast a halo over these hallowed waters, sanctified and immortalized by some of our Saviour's greatest miracles and most remarkable prophecies. From the brow of the hill overlooking Tiberiade the descent is long and tortuous, the road being serpentine in shape owing to the steepness of the declivity. But at last, towards the close of a beautiful summer's day, we entered the city, proceeding direct to the Franciscan Hospice of St. Peter, where we were to spend the

night. Aware that we had but a few hours in which to look about us, we lost no time in doing so; visiting first the most interesting among the ruins which abound in and around Tiberiade, and apart from which there is little worthy of note within its ruined walls. These sombre relics of by-gone ages are massive and imposing in spite of their decadence, and give an excellent idea of the fortified town of the ancient Romans no less than of later times. They were restored in 1833 by Ibrahim Pacha, though one would scarcely credit the fact, so completely were they wrecked by the terrible earthquake of four years later. Nevertheless, some portions of the walls, flanked by large circular towers, still remain, appearing to the eye as though in their primitive strength. After this excursion, some of our party went to the natural vapor or "hot" baths near the city; but I, with several others, preferring a plunge in the cool waters of the lake, hired a large fishing smack manned by four rowers and a steersman, and we were soon speeding towards Magdala—one of the cities that anciently studded its shores, and the country seat of Mary Magdalen. There we debarked—our sturdy crew carrying us on their shoulders by turns from the boat to land, the water at that point being too shallow to admit of our craft being beached. In a few moments I was enjoying a delightful swim, most refreshing, as you may imagine, after the long drive of the day with its frequent interruptions for sight-seeing, which is generally as fatiguing to the body as it is instructive to the mind. From Magdala, with the aid of a strong field-glass that I had taken the precaution to carry with me from Rustchuk, I had a most satisfactory view of the sites of Bethsada, Capharnaum, Corozain, and other cities of the lake, as also of the locality where the Jordan enters the latter. What memories cluster about this vista! Bethsaida, about an hour's walk from Magdala, was the native place of five of the Apostles, namely, Peter, Philip, Andrew, James and John. One need but read the twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel to understand the cause of the complete destruction of this once prosperous burgh. Capharnaum, which means "the village of consolation," and which has been surnamed by some writers the second father-land of Jesus (Matthew, IV. 13) was, like Bethsaida and Corozain, indifferent to His preaching and miracles, among which were the healing of the man "sick of the palsy," who was let down through the roof of the house in which Jesus was (St. Mark, II. 3 and 4.); the restoration to health of the paralytic-servant of the centurion (St. Matthew VIII. 5 to 13.); the deliverance of Peter's mother-in-law from a fever (ibid., 14 and 15); the freeing of many who were possessed by demons, and the curing of all the sick, etc., etc. (ibid., 16 and 17). It was here also that our Saviour taught the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist (St. John, VI. *the entire chapter*, but especially verses 32, 33, 35 and 48 to 60 inclusive. The Evangelist concludes his narrative on this subject by saying: These things He [Jesus] said teaching in the synagogue in Capharnaum). The subsequent annihilation of this unfortunate city is rendered intelligible by the following words of Christ: "And thou, Capharnaum, shalt thou be exalted up to heaven? *Thou shalt go down even unto hell!* for if in Sodom had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in

thee, perhaps it had remained unto this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee." (St. Matthew, XI. 23 and 24). Some remains of ancient buildings of Roman origin are still to be seen on the places where these cities once stood ; yet they only serve to render the air of desolation that surrounds them the more complete.

But my musings were broken in upon by the boatmen reminding us that it was growing late. So we re-entered our bark in the same fantastic manner in which we had left it, and, the wind being in our favor this time, we hoisted sail and reached Tiberiade in one-fourth of the time it had taken us to go from thence to Magdala. On arriving there, we found our fellow-pilgrims awaiting us in the church, where they had assembled for night-prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The director, Monsieur l'Abbé Potard, invited me to perform this solemn function, which I did, assisted by the Superior of the Hospice and a priest of the local Franciscan community. At its close, the former delivered an address full of unction and fervor, in which he reminded us of the principal mysteries connected with the life and labors of our Saviour in the vicinity, exhorting us in conclusion to resume with renewed zeal the work of our ministry—a perpetuation of Christ's—on returning to our various fields of labor.

Devotions ended, supper was served in the spacious dining-hall of the guest-house, one of the courses being fresh fish from the lake on which several of the Apostles had plied their trade as fishermen, and on whose shore, *at that very Tiberiade where we now were*, our Divine Lord said to Peter and Andrew : "Come ye after me, and I will make you to be fishers of men." (St. Matthew, IV. 19). Over the high altar of the pretty church there is a painting representing Christ giving to the former disciple the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, symbolical of that supreme power which He therewith transmitted to this first visible head of the Church, and through him to his successors unto the end of time. (Matthew, XVI. 19).

The same week in which we visited Tiberiade a conflict occurred between the Jews and the Christians there, in which a Greek priest was killed and several persons injured. The trouble arose from the fact that the "Israelites" (who number eight thousand, whilst of Christians all told, i. e., Catholics—Latins, Greek-uniates together with Armenian ditto comprised —and Protestants, there are but one hundred and seventy-five) refused to abandon the custom of depositing in the lake, close to the shore, the interior parts of their dead after the process of embalming, peculiar to their race. The Christians had repeatedly protested against this practice for obvious reasons, but in vain ; the Turkish "vali," or governor, siding with the children of Abraham. (*Baksheesh* understood !). Hence the conflict mentioned, in which, as can easily be divined, the Christian side was worsted. The feeling between both classes is exceedingly bitter, and liable to provoke fresh outbreaks at any moment. But Turkish justice (!) will, in such an eventuality, turn the scales in favor of might against right, the bribes of the majority being the more powerful advocate and an irresistible argument.

In connection with the above, a priest informed us that while passing through the bazars a little after the emeute just described, a Jew exclaimed

triumphantly: "Our forefathers spat in the face of your Christ, and we will do the same."

Fortunately, the fish are caught far out in the lake, otherwise—but, I will spare you further comment.

It must not be imagined that the present Israelite population of Tiberiade is of ancient Palestine origin. In fact, it is surprising that there should be any Jews there at all, for Herod Antipas, who founded the city (A. D. 17.), built it in a locality occupied by graveyards—a circumstance which rendered it unlawful for a Jew to dwell there, all contact with the dead constituting a legal defilement, and being to them an object of horror. But its wily ruler overcame their scruples by liberal donations of lands and houses, and thus succeeded in colonizing his capital with descendants of the "Chosen People" no less than with adventurers from all quarters. Now, however, the Jews who have succeeded to those pioneers of their race in the city called after Claudius Nero, are for the most part *emigrants* from all parts of the world—wayfarers in the land which was once given to them by the Most High, but which, soon after the crucifixion of the Son of God, passed out of their hands and has remained in the grasp of the stranger during a period of well-nigh two thousand years. *

When we reached the summit of the hill from which on the previous evening we had seen the sun gradually sinking in the heavens, we beheld the "orb of day" casting his first rays athwart the tranquil waters of Genesareth. Long did we gaze upon this scene, enchanting not only in itself, but because of the association of ideas connected with it. The thought that the Saviour of men had walked upon those waters; that at the anguished cry of His Apostles, "Lord, save us, we perish," He stilled the tempest which had lashed them into fury; as also the remembrance of the many miracles He wrought in the cities around about them, together with the awe-inspiring accomplishment of His menaces against the latter—"Woe to thee, Corozain; woe to thee, Bethsaida! And thou, Capharnaum, thou shalt go down even unto hell!" (Matthew, XI. 21 and 22.), caused a reverent hush to come upon us, and for some moments we were busied with the solemn thoughts suggested by these reflections.

It was Friday, 8th inst., Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Nativity; and our course to the holy mountain, though not without an unusual share of fatigue, was at once novel and diverting. For some three hours we proceeded rather slowly, owing to the continual rise in the grade; and at the end of that time we reached a cross-road leading to the base of Tabor. Here we left the carriages, (they proceeding on to Nazareth direct) and the reverend director of the pilgrimage told us to choose for ourselves among the fifty-odd horses and donkeys which, with their Bedouin attendants, were awaiting us; for from that point on to our destination, the road is impassable to vehicles. It was amusing to see some of our party, who had seldom or never been in the saddle, making their selection. Deceived by appearances, a number of them took what seemed to be gentle or even spiritless animals, only to learn to their sorrow later on that the cunning brutes were (like the "Heathen Chinee,

* NOTE—Different Jewish organizations, not to mention wealthy individuals of the race throughout the world, contribute largely to the maintenance of their needy brethren in Tiberiade and throughout Palestine generally; otherwise their lot would be deplorable indeed.

childlike and bland") full of mischief and deceit. The donkeys were foremost in this category; and the result was, in more instances than one, that their luckless patrons had to "foot it" a good portion of the way under a burning sun, and—from the base of the mountain on—up one of the steepest inclines I have ever encountered. It was my good fortune to pick out a first-rate bucephalus, which, though evidently in reduced circumstances at the time, was doubtless the scion of an illustrious race and of noble lineage. If his personal merits had not appealed to me, however—as far as I could judge of them on a cursory examination—I should have been tempted to look elsewhere for a mount, so loud was his Bedouin groom in his praises. But, I am glad to say, my most sanguine expectations were fully realized, my courser being always in the van and even leading the same betimes; so that I had frequent opportunities of practising my native tongue with our guide, Frère Benoit, as also of getting an amount of information which my less favored companions could not have access to for the reason already intimated. Let me say at this juncture that the respect (perhaps *wholesome fear* would be the more correct expression) entertained by our nomadic horse-boys for Brother Benedict, with whom previous contact had made them acquainted, was such as to effectually restrain them from any grotesque antics or disagreeable capers—the piercing glance of his eye and the thundering tones of his voice sufficing to quell instantly any tendency to mischief. Hence they did not molest us in any way, going even to the length of mastering their ruling passion—that of soliciting baksheesh—an effort certainly heroic if not meritorious on their part. After a ride of a little less than an hour, we came to the base of the mountain, where we stopped, as much for the purpose of resting our animals before beginning the ascent, as to enjoy the shade of the trees which abound there. To our surprise, some of our jockeys produced from the saddle-bags of their donkeys divers bottles of beer and lemonade, which they offered us at the somewhat exorbitant figure of three francs each, assuring us meanwhile in bad French that it was "quite cold." Buyers were few; but those who allowed themselves to be duped had the melancholy diversion of seeing two-thirds of the liquid follow the corks skyward, whilst their wiser companions enjoyed the ludicrous grimaces which an attempt to swallow the remainder occasioned the would-be drinkers. "Mon Dieu, c'est bien fraiche," exclaimed a young medical student who had been our mascot from the outstart; and his look of chagrin at the thought that he had thrown away sixty cents for half a pint of rubbish that had been stewing in the sun for hours—to say nothing of its close contact with the sides of the steaming donkeys—was so natural that we almost sympathized with him. From that on, the cry of "Fresh Beer," "Cold Lemonade," repeated at every halt, fell on deaf ears. * Many of our party suffered greatly from thirst on this expedition, there being no springs or wells along the route. I do not recollect seeing a house or even a hovel during the five hours it took us to reach the summit of the mountain from Tiberiade. This fact may convey some idea of the desolation that prevails in Palestine, whole tracts of country being uninhabited. It is difficult, indeed, to realize that this is the "land flowing with milk and honey" (Exodus, XIII. 5.) which God gave to His once chosen people. One is moved to exclaim on beholding a blight so widespread and enduring, "This is the finger of God!" (Exodus, VIII. 19).

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* NOTE—As I had on several occasions observed the "doctor"—bon enfant!—poking his pocket-thermometer under his tongue to see whether there were any indications of the much dreaded fever which he seemed to imagine threatened him particularly, though there was not a healthier man among us, I suggested that he *take the temperature* of the empty flask, which he held pensively between his hands for some moments subsequent to the aerostatic performance of its contents. But an imploring look and a muttered "Et tu, Brute!" was his only reply.

Luther's Discovery of The Bible.

By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.

THE Bible has been the source of a deep-lying and constant contention between Catholics and Protestants since the days of the so-called Reformation. The Catholic Church teaches that she is the guardian of the sacred deposit of Revelation, and that she alone, in her infallible character as the Divine Teacher, has the right to interpret its meaning. The Protestant sects, adhering to Luther's principle of private judgment, claim that every individual is at liberty to interpret the Bible as he chooses. On the Catholic side there is unanimity as regards the import of the Biblical text, because obedience of mind and will is manifested towards authority; on the Protestant side, there is wide divergence, and the varied interpretation of the Bible has given rise to the numberless sects which, though essentially differing from one another, form what we call Protestantism. If we were to believe Protestant writers, their sects have a perpetual copyright on the Bible; Luther discovered the Bible; before he came into the world it was *chained*, as men chain dogs; it was an "unknown book." Because Luther said this, it must necessarily be the truth, though we all know that Luther was accustomed on occasion to say something more than his prayers. The constant use of that favorite word *chain* by Protestant writers is only a delusion and a snare; it is a device to hoodwink their readers. The fact of the matter is that the Bible was *chained* in churches and convents to prevent its being stolen; the sacred Book was extremely valuable in days before the invention of printing; many years were spent by the monks in transcribing even one copy, and prudent measures were taken against its sudden disappearance. The monks, therefore, attached chains to their precious Bibles, just as men today *chain* city directories in public places, or cautious housewives chain their mats on open porches or stoops of houses, merely to place them in security from thieves or badly-disposed neighbors. Chaining the Bible is then capable of two meanings; the one adopted by Protestant writers is intended to delude the ignorant; the other, the true meaning of the act, signifies simply a means used to prevent stealing.

The circumstances in which Protestant authors allege that Luther discovered the Bible are as follows: One day Luther, after he had resided for two years at Erfurth, and had reached his twentieth year, was opening some books in the library of the University, to look at their titles, and he accidentally happened on a large Bible. "He had not seen anything like it," says one of his historical admirers, "till that hour,' and after scanning the title of this rare discovery, he was astonished, for, as the same writer continues, it was "unknown at that time." His curiosity was aroused, and after perusing some pages of the sacred volume, he was surprised to find in it something more than the mere extracts which the people hear in their churches on Sundays. If we are to believe these Protestant historians, Luther believed that the Bible consisted entirely of the selections of the Epistles and Gospels

which the priest reads in the Mass. How delighted he was to stumble so unconsciously on such a large book, filled with so many chapters, so many pages, so many divisions of books, of which hitherto he had not the slightest conception! The first page on which his eye chanced tells the history of Anna and the young Samuel. Then to give all the necessary touches to this highly-dramatic plot, Luther, after reading the edifying story of Samuel, is determined to imitate his devotedness. The future Reformer returns again and again to the University library and reads and re-reads the sacred book. Here Luther has discovered the Bible which he will translate for the benefit of the people; that precious volume which lay hidden on the gloomy shelves of a dark room will, by the heavenly-sent grace that dawned on the young student's soul, become the book of life to the German nation. This, however, was not the only Bible he found, for when he entered the religious life, he found in the convent at Erfurth "another Bible fastened by a chain." This story taken out of the whole cloth is as false as it is ridiculous. Luther had studied at Mansfeld, Eisenach and Magdeburg, was a bright, talented scholar, and then until he was twenty years of age, he piously believed that the entire Scriptures consisted of the beautiful selection of Epistles and Gospels which the Church reads on Sundays and festivals in her service. The Protestant writer who expects us to believe this improbable story must be as stupid as he makes Luther to be, in not knowing of the existence of the Bible till he had reached his twentieth year. Even in the sixteenth century, the Germans, though not as far advanced in culture as the people of some other nations, were, nevertheless, not so stolid or un-Christian as to be ignorant of the existence of revelation.

For fifteen hundred years the Church preserved the Bible, and guarded it faithfully amidst all the changes of dynasties and all the dangers of barbarian incursion. Conflagrations swept over cities and towns; blood flowed freely in all quarters of the habitable world, yet, amidst all conditions of life, the Church kept guard over the Bible and handed it down from generation to generation, from age to age, to her faithful children. Before the invention of printing, her monks transcribed it over and over, and no religious establishment was without a Bible which was read, explained, meditated and commented on by her monks, and in many instances even by her nuns. How could the Bible have been an "unknown book?" And if it were such, how came it that it did not perish with thousands of other books, sacred and profane, of which we now hardly know the titles?

Prejudiced writers are bound to find fault with the Church that Luther endeavored to reform without reforming himself, and they accuse her of publishing the Bible only in the Latin tongue in order that it might not be circulated among the people. Now, this is a most unwarranted charge, and history refutes such an unfounded claim. We must remember that the Latin language was the general language of Europe, both written and spoken down to the days of Charlemagne, in fact, to a great extent for several centuries after that monarch's reign. It was during these later centuries that the modern European languages were in a state of formation, and it took many centuries to give them a systematic and even gram-

matical construction. Latin was so generally known that the Word of God was preached in that language, even in the very days of the Reformation, and it certainly would not have been employed for such an important function as preaching, if it were not understood by the people who listened to it. In the sixteenth century, Latin was the language of literature, science, medicine and law. Most of the modern tongues were evolved from the Latin, and though it may seem strange to us to-day, the people of Spain, Portugal, and even France, understood the Latin language perfectly, and the same was true of the people of other, more remote nations, as for instance of the Hungarian nation. In publishing the Bible in the Latin tongue the Church certainly did not have in view to conceal the Sacred Text from the eyes and intelligence of the people. Furthermore, the Church not only did not desire in any way to hide the Bible from her children, but she sanctioned its translation into the vernacular of almost every European country. Here, while dealing with this beneficent action on the part of the Church, we find the boastful, romancing Protestant writer fairly hoist on his own petard. We cannot also help remarking what a blessing it has been to the Church in the nineteenth century, to have had such learned, industrious, painstaking writers as Cardinal Wiseman in England, and Archbishop Spaulding in America, both of whom have placed the fanatical, falsifying authors of books on this Bible question in such an ignominious position, that the lesson ought to be a salutary one to all like-minded and evil-disposed bigots. Like the cat whose paw was burned, romancers who claim to write church-history, should shun the fire of Catholic criticism and the light of Catholic, that is, true history. The Church then approved of the translation of the Bible into the vernacular tongues of European countries.

In Germany, this was particularly the fact. Cardinal Wiseman (*Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church* Vol. I, p 55) writes: "In the first place, there is a copy (of the Bible) yet extant of a printed version so old as to have no date; for the first printed books had neither a date nor name of place. In the second place, a Catholic version was printed by Fust in 1472, nearly sixty years before the completion of Luther's version. Another had appeared as early as 1467; a fourth was published in 1472; and a fifth in 1473. At Nuremberg there was a version published in 1477 and re-published *three times more* before Luther's appeared. There appeared at Augsburg another in the same year, which went through eight editions before that of Luther. At Nuremberg one was published by Koburg in 1483 and in 1488; and at Augsburg one appeared in 1518, which was re-published in 1524, about the same time that Luther was going on with his, and down to the present time, the editions of this version have been almost countless." The oldest version among the Germans was that made by Ulphilas, Bishop of the Maeso-Goths (now Wallachians) which appeared as early as the middle of the fourth century. This ancient version was used for several centuries by the older Gothic or Germanic Christians. The second version was that which had been rendered in the vernacular at the beginning of the ninth century, and was ascribed to Charlemagne. Besides these, there was a rythmical paraphrase of the four

Gospels which acquired a general circulation in Germany from the time of the first Emperor Louis. History informs us that the Bible had been already reprinted in the German language *twenty-one times* before Luther issued his unfaithful translation. In 1534 there appeared at Mayence a translation from the Latin Vulgate, published by John Dietemberg with the approbation of the Archbishop, the Elector Albert, and though his version, as would be of necessity expected of the times, was somewhat rude in language, it was withal a faithful translation, and passed through more than *twenty* editions in the lapse of a century. Emser and Eck, Luther's implacable foes, also edited a translation in 1537, which was republished several times. They had mastered the great Reformer in controversy on doctrinal matters; they now surpassed him in giving to the people the pure, unalloyed text of Scripture. We see how rich Germany, the home of the miscalled Reformation, was in vernacular versions of the Bible, and we may smile with pity, if not contempt, at the efforts of Protestant writers to calumniate the Church by endeavoring to prove against all historical fact that she concealed the holy Book from the people, and that Luther was providentially the medium through whom the Bible was discovered. Not only did the Church promote the reading of the Bible for the good and edification of her children, but she safeguarded the sacred volume also, so that not every loose fisherman, tinker, tailor and cobbler might presume to give the meaning that was beyond his grasp of intellect, to tamper with the text, and raise, as unfortunately happened in Luther's days, tumult and even bloody insurrection by his foolish and hysterical impositions.

We find the same solicitude manifested as regards the Bible and its perusal in other European countries. In Spain, the most Catholic of all European countries, a translation of the Bible appeared in 1478 before Luther was born. According to the testimony of Mariana, the historian, the Bible was translated into Castilian by order of Alphonso the Wise. The Bible was translated in its entirety into the Valencian dialect in the year 1405 by Boniface Ferrer, the brother of the illustrious Dominican saint, Vincent Ferrer. It was printed in 1478 and reprinted in 1515 *with the formal consent of the Spanish Inquisition.* Ambrosio de Montesma rendered in 1512 the Epistles and the Gospels into Spanish, and this work was republished at Antwerp in 1544, at Barcelona in 1601 and 1608, and at Madrid in 1603 and 1615. We mention these latter dates only to show that there was no lessening of desire among the people to read the Scriptures, and no desire also on the part of the Church to disapprove of such a pious thought or to withhold the books of revelation from them. The Bible, read with proper intentions and for worthy purposes by the Spanish people, did not excite the wild revolution in thought and life that its perusal produced in Germany, and the reason of the difference is that every man, sane or insane, in Germany was permitted to give his own individual interpretation to important passages of the sacred volume, while in Spain the people accepted the sense as taught by God's infallible Church. Heresy never gained a footing in the Spanish peninsula, though there may have been a few, very few apostates from the faith, and that Catholic country was consequently spared the national insurrections and consequent bloodshed which devastated

the life of other European nations. If Spain to-day has descended in the scale of the nations, the cause cannot be assigned to her loyalty to the Catholic faith, for when her Catholicity was most pure and active, and her missionaries peopled the forests and plains of America, she was the Mistress of Europe, on land and sea, and her rule extended to the opposite extremities of the known world.

In Italy, "the country most peculiarly under the sway of Papal dominion," the Bible was published in the vernacular by Malermi at Venice in 1471, and it met with such a hearty reception that it was republished *seventeen* times before the close of the fifteenth century, and all this happened twenty-three years before Luther brought "into light" the sacred volume. Malermi's edition of the Bible appeared *eight* several times before 1567 with the express approval of the Congregation of the Holy Office. A second version of parts of the Bible appeared in 1472; a third at Rome in 1471; a fourth by Bruccioli at Venice in 1523, and a revised edition by Marmochini in 1538, two years before Luther had completed his translation.

In France, the oldest version of the Bible was that by Des Moulins, which appeared, according to Usher, about the year 1478. This translation was revised and corrected by Rely, Bishop of Angers, and issued in 1487; it was reprinted *sixteen* times before 1546; four of these editions appeared at Lyons and twelve at Paris. Le Fevre made a new translation in 1512, and this also passed through several editions. The Louvain theologians revised this version in 1550, and it was reprinted in France and Flanders *thirty-nine* times before the year 1700. Many fine versions have been published in France since the eighteenth century.

In Belgium, many editions of the Bible in the vernacular were published. Usher admits that a Flemish Bible was issued before 1210, and in 1475 another version was printed at Cologne; it ran through three editions before 1488. A second translation was published in 1518. The Antwerp edition was republished *eight* times in the short space of seventeen years. We ought to call attention to the fact that within thirty years there were published at Antwerp alone, no less than *ten* editions of the New Testament translated by Cornelius Kendrick in 1528. A Sclavonian version of the Bible was published in Cracow in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the Bible was translated into the Swedish tongue in the fourteenth century by order of St. Bridget, Queen of Sweden. A version of the Bible appeared, acoording to the testimony of Jonas Armagrimus, a disciple of the Protestant astronomer Tycho Brahe, in Iceland, in 1279. A Bohemian Bible was published in Prague in 1488, and passed through three different editions, at Cutna in 1498, and at Venice in 1506 and 1511. In England, there were versions long before Luther's translation, or before those of Tyndal or Wycliffe. Blessed Thomas More has written that "the hole Byble was long before his (Wycliffe's) dayes, by vertuous and wel learned men, translated into the English tong, and by good and godly people, with devotion and soberness, wel and reverently red."

We just make mention of the many editions of the Bible published in the Oriental languages: The Syriac, Arabic, Armenian and even Ethiopian. An Ethiopic Bible was published in Rome in 1548. We also refrain from comment on the famous Polyglot Bibles, the most celebrated of which

was the one published by Cardinal Ximines at Alcala in Spain in 1515, two years before the Reformation dawned on the world.

The Church did her duty in giving the Bible to the laity, and Luther never discovered it. It was an open book long before Luther was even thought of. To protect its integrity, the Church did not suffer every self-pretended prophet to interpret its meaning, and it was not till she saw the fearful ravages made by the so-called Reformers that she used any restriction as to its reading. In the Council of Trent, she gave her reason for this prudent action: "Experience had made it manifest that the permission to read the Bible indiscriminately in the vulgar tongues had, *from the rashness of men*, done more harm than good."

Luther translated the Bible into the German language, and as a literary performance, his work stands high for its strong pure Saxon. When we praise it for its purity of diction, we have said all that can be said in its favor. In this respect it is the same as the English Bible, known as the "King James" version.

When Luther issued his translation, Emser, his learned opponent, carefully analyzed the work. "It is a wretched work," wrote Emser, "in which the text is falsified in every page, and in which we can reckon more than a thousand alterations." Luther's answer to Emser was as usual a tissue of impertinent epithets. Seckendorf, however, tells us that Luther gladly availed himself of Emser's corrections in his later work. Bucer, another Reformer, speaks of Luther's translation as "one in which Luther falls at every step." After examining the effort of Luther, Zwinglius called it a corruption of the Word of God. To-day it is not regarded as a correct version in Germany. Luther tampered with the sacred text, changed it to suit his peculiar doctrines, and gave unfaithful readings. Ever since the revolt of Luther, his followers have corrupted Biblical literature, until to-day they have robbed it of its divine and authentic character. They have not left even the skeleton of the Bible, and in these days of "Higher Criticism" they are doing fatal work to the Holy Book.

"We now reject each mystic creed,
To common sense a scandal;
We're more enlightened—yes indeed,
The devil holds the candle!"

Causa Nostrae Lætitiae.

CAUSE of our joy! The Word, of thee made Flesh,
Brings joy unspeakable to all mankind:
On those that sat in darkness now hath shined
The Day Star from on high: who, from the mesh
Of Satan disentangled, formed afresh
In likeness of Thy Son, shall henceforth find
Their strength in Him, for heart and soul and mind:
Whose tribulations do but serve to thresh
Good grain from husks of self, from whence shall flow,
Joy that outweighs our heaviest weight of woe:
To Thee in this our banishment we turn,
In Thee the fullness of such joy to know,
Of Whom our Joy had birth; because we yearn
Of Thee the secrets of true bliss to learn.

—Francis W. Grey.

Leaves From Marguerite's Note Book.

By Caroline D. Swan.

JACK HAMILTON was in a brown study. He felt happy, all things considered; the day's hunting had given him venison, which his camp cook had evolved into a delicious meal, and, having duly discussed it, he was now enjoying the equally delicious fragrance of the pines in a forest nook, of the kind that enchant the visitor throughout the wilds of Maine. Rest seemed marvellously sweet after the fatigues of the day, the sun was glimmering red on the pine needles carpeting his nook, and yet his thoughts took on a very slight tinge of worry. Had he not been sent out as a special correspondent of a sporting paper? He was getting the sport splendidly; but the paper—there was the rub—it was very doubtful whether it had gained, proportionately.

"What can I write them, I wonder?" he murmured lazily. "To-day's sport was just like all other sport! Hunting deer is nothing; but hunting ideas—why, it's the very mischief of a chase."

Then he thought of his friend Dick, who was editing, or trying to edit, an outing magazine in New York—to which he had also promised contribution—and could imagine him smoking, sweltering in the heat, and wondering with big loss of temper why Hamilton sent no copy.

Just then, his eye chanced to fall on something at his right that looked to him like the traces of a camp fire. "Hello," he cried, "this is not my own nook, after all! Some one has been here before me." And he rose for further exploration. A pile of brushwood lay near the devastated camp—for such it plainly was—and as he bent to gather up an armful of it for his own fire, he spied, among some rubbish and broken glass beneath the boughs, a little note-book. He opened it with some curiosity, read a page or two, then burst into a shout of delight. "Blessed Saint Anthony! What could be better? I wanted ideas, and behold here they are!"

He examined the name on the cover, Marguerite E. Brown. But it told him nothing—Smiths and Browns are innumerable, and there was no address. The handwriting was delicate, yet plain as print. A grave smile appeared on the young man's face as he resumed reading, in a calmer mood. The smile itself soon died away, and a deep seriousness seemed to fill the silence. "This is indeed treasure trove! Of some souls at least, the world is not worthy!" And, with these words, he began to read aloud from the manuscript, in a softened voice. Its opening pages ran as follows:

"Life is indeed beautiful, in this silence of the woods. Her sounds of worry, of toil and stress, lost in violet films of distance, seem to have been stilled by some benign power. I fancy I can feel its touch, its quiet voice, saying 'Peace! Be still!'"

Its intensity, however, has no resemblance to other tranquillities. The calm of marble, the calm of death—it is far other than these. The woodland is beautifully alive, with intense energy of growing things; vitality throbs in the constant ebb and flow of sap, the budding and fading of the leaf, the unseen yet irresistible unfolding of the

blossom. It is alive with the tenderness of nestling birds, and rings with their full chorus at daybreak—alive with the stir of frightened fox or rabbit, athrill with the shivering gleam of the pool where the deer comes down to drink. It is not lonely and never depressing. The red sunlight peeps in through the tree-boles to cheer you; the rustle of its fallen leaves is companionable; the pines overhead sing of eternal joy. It is because they are nearer heaven than the rest! They aspire and are rewarded.

For these pines are like no other trees that grow. Their cones differ from all other seed-vessels; their thin needle-clusters have strange ways of folding together under sleet and snow; then, they expand beneath the sun-rays so quickly that they seem first cousins of the sensitive-plant; the sound of the wind swinging through them is like an Eolian harp, their aromatic fragrance, also, being *sui generis;* their color dark, yet soft, like none else, taking on a wondrous glow of obscure scarlet-orange when they have died their death. I saw a poem about them once, which I admired for its delicacy of feeling. I think I must copy it, here.

A SKY PATH.

From the depths of a dream I am drawn
To the inner depth of a pine,
That near my window keeps the dawn—
A dawn that is wholly mine.
Dream-rest and pine-rest,
And a cool gray path between—
A cool, gray path from the night's breast
To the heart of the living green.

To the depths of dreams I go
On the sounds of the falling rain,
That in the night-time gently flow
In a stream on my window-pane.
Stream-rest and dream-rest,
And a cool dark path between—
A cool, dark path from the rain's breast
To the heart of the soft unseen.

Yesterday I went out into the early purple of morning. In a misty hollow, over yonder, I discovered a baby pine, the merest seedling, its trembling tossel just incurling to the light! It was so nearly smothered by crowding ferns that it knew only a glimmer of curtains, a shaded brilliancy of golden-green. Dear little new-comer! he was living a life of perfume and cool dim shadow, and dewy touches of tenderness. Who could help loving him? Yet he was not a fern, but a pine! He knew it—and felt it—for he was growing straight upwards. A pine—nowise of kin to the lady-ferns with their graces, whose frouds twined about his tossel—rather, a prince of the woodlands!

I can imagine how, when September has yellowed the ferns or withered them to rusty orange, he will look up to the blue and find his kindred!

Then the great towering pines overhead will smile on the little prince and sing to him. They will sing sagas and hymns of battle and songs of eternal life. They will strive to wake his courage, that he too, like themselves, may aspire to the stars. Blessed is the beauty of youth, when it yearns to the blue!—when its growth and power and strength reach out for the Divine!

I tried to learn a lesson from that baby tree—a lesson of patient waiting. How many years must come and go, how many gales, how many winters, how many snows must be faced before that little prince can attain his full height and enter into his kingdom. But what are we also striving for? The measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. May the good Lord pity our weakness, our impatient failures!

Indeed, we lack faith, which "is the substance of things hoped for," says Holy Writ. And yet we know, if we stop to think, that the upright soul, like the upright tree, growing in grace, at last attains the point where nothing intervenes between itself and the blue. It is bathed in light. There, it can blossom like the white pine, whose minute, delicate-red, cone-like flowers Thoreau discovered only by climbing to its extreme apex.

Here came a break in the manuscript. Jack Hamilton had to turn over several blank pages in the little note-book. Then a smile dispelled his look of vexation. "Ah!" he cried. "Here she is again!" And he went on reading.

"To-day there is a light chill in the air, a touch of September. August feels a hand on her shoulder—it is cool and white, but it trembles. A few elms show a light bough here and there, glinting pure gold in the sunshine. An autumn breeze arrives, express from the North Pole, with its little thrill of sharpness. Maine catches it first. You know they call her the refrigerator of the Union, the ice-box of Uncle Sam!"

"Good!" cried Jack. "That is just what she is!" And he heaped fresh fuel on his fire. Presently, however, he went on reading.

"Yes, it has come, the call of autumn, the distant blast of her hunting-horn! Let us meet it bravely, as it rings silver-clear through the haze! Fling down the faded blossoms of May! And the roses, too, let them go without regret! Life has given us their joys, and the power to store them up, a pot-pourri of rose-leaves, in endless memory. Now, leave the past; let her thorn-pricks heal! She is bringing a greater gift—"The gladness of great calm, the autumn rest."

The Peace, of human joys the latest and the best. September's aromatic air means strength and courage. She proffers us the hooded herbs, square-stemmed and autumn-tinted, mint and sage and horehound, balm, marjoram and thyme. Sweet, homely, domestic odors and savors, all these, medicinal and kindly! I remember seeing a saucy squib some years ago, flung out, I think, by a witty New York actress, to the effect that you could tell people by their choice of sugar-plums! That those who liked checker-berry sassafras and peppermint had not taken on city ways, since these rural flavors mean country simplicities; while, on the other hand, those who prefer caramels, pistache and the like, are growing Parisian and becoming men and women of the world in manners and morals. The notion was very absurd! Think of saying that "in bon-bons there is an individual and personal morality!" And that "strictly religious people always eat ice-cream with the flavor of lemon!" Hnd yet perhaps the spicy woodland flavors may be connected in our minds, subtly and unconsciously, with the sanctities of nature and the purities of childhood.

The tone of life in September is subdued, but rich, and pleases the thoughtful observer, as the rich brown tones of Couture delight the experienced eye more than the vivid reds of Horace Vernet. It has running through it and surrounding it like an atmosphere, a grave poetic calm. It is sober-vestured, like a beautiful nun wrapped in religious peace. It sets us thinking of the future, the coming winter, the chill of old age, yet all in sunny, kindly fashion. Nature has her own ways of leading us to the stars.

The chill of early autumn makes us long for warmth. We linger gladly in

the noon sunshine, and in the glow of yellowing sedges. A few orange-tinted boughs mellow the rich green, and we greet them with the joy of the colorist, for they bring into sharp opposition the eternal dark of the evergreens. Some one suggests a little fire for the cool evenings when the fog drifts in from the sea. And behold, again our pines! Nothing kindles quicker than their soft, crackling wood or darts up into the ruddier intensities of flame. It burns with balsamic odors—then, like many another brilliant thing in life, dies quickly into ashes. A camp fire in the woods of Maine! What so effective? What so rich in color-splendor?

"Nothing else that I knew!" asseverated Jack, casting an appreciative eye on his own scarlet blaze flashing against a sombre mass of fir-forest. Then he returned to his book. "Where is she, now? Oh! yes." And he re-commenced.

"Speaking of the rapidity of thought and the way in which some topics seem to branch out instantaneously in a thousand directions and are lost out of our consciousness as soon—did you ever see a branch of fir thrown in the fire sparkle and blaze up into a tree of flame? And then, before you can take in its beauty, crumble away into white ashes? It is a question whether this swiftness of thought is a common experience or only the distinguishing characteristic of a poetic imagination. Writers of verse, at all events, find it a frequent experience. An interruption, a chance word, a new thought introduced from without, disperses the whole vision with all its clearness and beauty, as a dream vanishes before a sudden awakening. I often wonder about it all!

Possibly this also accounts for a certain hesitancy in the conversation of some intellectual people. Charles Lamb, they say, always stammered out his most brilliant sayings. May it not be so with many? The thought comes in a sudden, illuminating flash, and is gone before the mind can clothe it in fitting language, or even decide which one of its many sides should be presented first. The man has so much to say that he says little or nothing.

In a beautiful paper entitled "The Undertime of the Year," in the Atlantic Monthly, Edith M. Thomas thus discusses. "Up comes the September full moon, red-faced, flushed with the feasting and wine of the season. A glow precedes her in the smoky east, a hint of dull carmine—the dark flush of a swarthy cheek—for the moon, as well as the sun, would have us recognize the dawn. On the burning leafage of October the moon sprinkles 'cool patience;' throws the deep reds into indistinguishable shadow and transforms the orange and yellow of other foliage into a pale, illuminating light, making the trees thus tinted, stand forth in dim and misty beauty—the sainthood or apotheosis of a tree. We seem looking forth upon the full tide of this splendor, to be dwelling in the inside of a silver sphere; so does the moon's light wrap us round with the shining sky filled with her presence." "The language of the moon to the earth might be, "Lend me your shadow and I will lend you my light. Be dark and humbly ignorant, and I will throw divine illumination in upon you!"

To say the truth, each moon of the year has its own individuality, from the pale primrose orb of Easter to these richer, warmer glows of autumn. The hunter's moon, dear to our North American Indians, and our harvest

moon, full of tender associations for our own lads and lasses, have a peculiar radiance, a yellow fire, which reminds one of Italy. Moonrise in Venice—why, it is a poem, a wondrous blossoming of the skies. Its first shimmer of approaching light, on the emerald waters of the lagoons, touches them to a blue, misty, almost silvery illumination; then, to a soft Nile green, finally warming into pale gold. It is an exquisite sequence, like some rare passages in music. The full glory of the great golden circle, high in the heavens, poured in warm floods upon the decaying palaces, transmutes them into the earthly semblance of that eternal "City, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And the chiming joy of bells, rolled skyward, seem voices calling us thither.

I can not write about Venice without a great longing to see it once more! To some minds, I am sure the desire for travel is one of the greatest worldly temptations! Only being centred in God and filled with the peace that comes from Him, can quiet the soul attacked by this craving.

There is a Maine poem, by E. Cavazza, that deals with the fact itself, rather than with the yearning for it; putting the problem, yet vouchsafing no answer. Here it is:

TWO FIR TREES.

Two fir-cones fallen together in the wood
Struck root, hung tassels, grew up hardy trees.
The forester gave orders: "One of these
Shall be cut down." Untouched the other stood.

The first, made mainmast of a vessel good,
Carried its banner to far distant seas;
Crowned with St. Elmo's flaming prodigies
The battle of the tempest it withstood.

The other fir-tree kept among its kin;
A tower of branches, green throughout the year,
Its leafage quivered, all with wings astir,
For birds had shelter constantly therein.
Since trees are mute, it has not been made clear
Of these two firs which was the happier.

But, though trees are mute, the human heart can answer, and it says, "Both may be equally, and infinitely, happy." An old proverb avers, "Home is where the heart is," and, though travelling great distances amid great distractions, we still remain home-bound, centred on our earth-loves and the great heaven-love, which these image. Thus we bear home in the heart, wherever we journey.

The quiet home-stayer, on the other side, sends out heart's love to him who travels, follows him from afar, and in imagination circles the globe. All the while, himself, harvesting a beautiful growth of home love—which the other perforce loses—in the tender affection that always encircles those who make their own country, their own village, their own firesides, centres of life.

For love is the essence of permanence, the one thing eternal. An earnest love is not a matter of to-day, to-morrow or yesterday. It is immutable and infinite—undying, like the soul it animates. And if, as we all believe, there are such things as heaven, eternity and immortality, then is such love the bliss of that heaven, the glory of that eternity, the spirit of that immortality."

Jack closed the book with a kind of reverence. "This is all too beautiful to lose!" he murmured, after a moment's thought. "And it would be lost—worse than wasted!—on the average editor and his general public. I will write something, myself, for Dick, and send this to the Carmelite Review."

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

SAINTS OF THE DOLORS.—*September.*

BEAUTIFUL September! Calm evening of the year, when the woodland trees seem tinged with the gold and crimson of their sunset, ere they fade and drift away in cold winds of October! Pensive month, when the shadow of Mary's Dolors steal over our spirits, and yet give celestial light, for we never should have known and loved her as we now do, if her grief had not been "great as the sea."

What glorious patron shall we choose as our guide along the shores of these mystical waves in her most pure heart? It seems a beautiful thought, (one which she herself perhaps has suggested,) to glance lovingly at those who were present in each. Holy Simeon who clasped the Divine Infant so tenderly, and in the light of prophetic knowledge, saw the impending sword about to transpierce His Mother's soul. St, Joseph, who fled with her into Egypt, and also shared with her in the three days' anguish of His loss. St. John, Mary Magdalene, and the holy women who compassionated her, in the "Via Crucis," in the the three agonizing hours on Calvary; and, when all was consummated, saw the piercing of Jesus' Sacred Heart. Then we see Joseph and Nicodemus, as we go in spirit to the sepulchre, and try to comfort our desolate Mother. In all these scenes we remember how God's holy angels hovered round their Queen, and, if not permitted to remove the chalice of sorrow, at least we may well believe it was their privilege to minister that strength with which God so wonderfully sustained the Immaculate Virgin.

In all succeeding ages, Mary's Dolors have been as it were, a world of light and beauty and heroic virtue to some of God's saints more than others—though to all most dear. How St. Bernard and many holy doctors eloquently extol this incomparable "Mater Dolorosa!" How, in later times, St. Paul of the Cross wept for his "poor Mother," and St. Alphonsus surpasses himself in her praise! Then we have the seven founders of her holy Servites Order, and shortly after its establishment St. Philip Beniti, St. Juliana Falconeri, and many saintly souls came to drink of these fountains of grace, and mould their spiritual life on the heart pierced with seven swords of love and sorrow.

Let us implore them all, or any one of them to whom we may feel attracted, to obtain for us new light, new love, greather sympathy for our beloved Mother.

Let us try to imitate her compassionate love for the crucified Jesus, and all who by suffering resemble Him. We need fortitude and patience; we need silence and self-forgetfulness, and many other dispositions of holy suffering, and next to the Heart crowned with thorns, where can we find them but in hers?

"*Virgo Virginum praeclara,*
Mihi ?am non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere." *
(*Stabat Mater.*)

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* Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request,
Let me share thy grief divine.

A Carmelite Victim of the French Revolution.

THE year 1759 brought great happiness to a tiny cottage in Amiens, and filled with the deepest gratitude the hearts of the father and mother who welcomed their first born child. It was a pretty winsome boy, that, as the years flew rapidly by, the young mother taught to lisp his infantine prayers to his Mother in heaven, and to the Divine Babe, telling many sweet legends of both to her wondering child. The older he grew the more intense became his love of prayer, and his devotion to Mary, the object of his unbounded affection. The place in which he loved best to manifest these sentiments was the church of the Carmelites at Amiens, for therein was a most exquisite painting of the dear Queen of Carmel, one of the most cherished possessions of the church.

At every possible opportunity he might be seen upon his knees before the picture, whilst from his innocent heart, like the lily's sweetest fragrance, prayers and praise of the Virgin of Virgins were wafted to her throne in her heavenly home.

All the boy's longings were for the priesthood, but the poverty of his parents bade him reject the idea, for young as he then was, his hands were already enlisted in contributing to the support of his parents. During his hours of work, however, the youthful Firmin's heart was always united to his Saviour, and to the Mother most amiable. The Prior of the monastery had not failed to observe the youth, who daily attended Mass so devoutly, and afterwards prayed, with such extraordinary fervor at Mary's altar. The ardent love of his soul was so visible in the liquid depths of his clear blue eyes as they gazed so longingly at his beloved picture, that the Prior justly discerning this hidden treasure, called him to his presence one day, and asked him if he would not like to be a Carmelite.

A Carmelite! Ah! it was the dearest wish of his heart, but one which he had not dared to whisper, even to himself—"To be a Carmelite." That had always appeared to him as the bliss of heaven whilst yet on earth, and now that happiness was placed within his reach! In the ecstacy of his joy and gratitude he could scarcely give a coherent answer, then involuntarily from his lips came forth the words, "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum!*"

Seldom had the Queen of Carmel a more devoted client than the youthful Firmin. When the deep tones of the monastery bell woke the silent echoes of the night calling the monks to arise and pray, he was the first to leave his hard bed, in obedience to the summons, and when the last gorgeous tints of the setting sun had given place to the silvery moon sailing peacefully in the deep blue sky, the praises of the Lord still lingered on his lips.

The burning zeal he manifested in his sacred vocation, and his extraordinary talents enabled him to complete his studies successfully, and in due time to become a priest of the Most High.

Behold now the ardent desire of his heart was fulfilled. The scarcely contemplated aim of his youth was attained, and from the inmost depths of his soul he poured forth thanks to the Giver of all things.

But alas! not long was the young

levite destined to enjoy the tranquil peace of Carmel, to inhale the pure atmosphere of this blooming garden of our Lord. Already came the distant echoes, distant but ever coming nearer, of the mad, frantic achievements perpetrated in the name of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

From Paris went all through unhappy France the fatal watchword, and like to a terrible whirlwind, peace and happiness succumbed to its irresistible force.

Thus far Ameins had not been molested, but the pious inmates of the cloister did not attempt to conceal from themselves that sooner or later they too would be ruthlessly forced to leave the sweet solitude of their cells, and go forth as wanderers through the desert of the world.

And their expectation was realized. On the eighteenth of August, 1792, was promulgated the decree that placed "all those who wore a religious habit and endangered the public safety" under the most stringent restrictions. Then the doors of the monasteries were thrown open. The monks—those constant toilers in the vineyard of the Lord, and the pure virgins who, like fragrant lilies adorned His garden, were banished from the dear homes which had sheltered them so long.

Without justice—without pity they were sent, unprotected, into the raging tempest which now threatened to submerge all France in its merciless depths.

* * * * * *

It was midnight, and the intense darkness of the forest was not relieved by even the faint glimmer of the moon's pale light, or the fitful glitter of the distant stars. The fierce storm which raged bent and swayed the branches of the woodland trees. A thousand voices seemed to mingle with every gust of wind in warning tones, and even the withered autumn leaves as they were caught up, only to be whirled around and dashed to earth, had vengeance and hatred in every turn for those who had so ruthlessly devastated their lovely sylvan home. Yes, there was sedition in the very air—murder followed the slightest provocation, and men appeared to have entirely forgotten their God.

And now low rumblings of thunder were heard, and, in the dark path, partially illumined by the fitful flash of the lightning, might be seen a solitary traveler pursuing his rugged way.

His tall form was enveloped in a long dark manttle, and as he hastened onward one might almost think he had arisen with the darkness and the storm.

It was a dangerous passage, for now he was drawing near to the marshes, and a grey mist arose ever before him in huge shapeless masses, whilst he was perforce compelled to inhale its cold, foul and poisonous breath. A solitary wayfarer! With breathless haste onward he went, never heeding the long branches which fain would have impeded his way, nor the gnarled roots so abundant in his path. Who was he? Perhaps a fugitive from justice seeking a place of concealment, perhaps a revolutionist charged with some secret mission. Who is he who thus flees like a hunted deer in the silence of the night? A malefactor striving to evade the penalty of his deeds? No! No! As a light shines over a little hillock, for the first time the wayfarer pauses, clasps his hands and fervently but softly breathes forth a heartfelt "Deo Gratias!" then hastens on.

A few more steps brought him to a little cottage, almost hidden in the

forest. He knocked at the door and was instantly admitted. O! what a welcome he received! They kissed his hands, as they knelt for his blessing, and then, with fast falling tears led him silently to the bed side of the dying.

Yes, the father of the household lay stricken with death, and the priest of the Lord had braved many a peril to come and minister to his soul. The invalid was overjoyed to see the priest, who, full of love and compassion, knelt and fervently offered up a prayer. The others then left the room, and the priest performed the duties of his holy office. The dying man was strengthened and prepared for the supreme moment of death, the living received some loving words of sympathy and exhortation to be resigned. Then the long dark mantle, which in some degree served as a disguise, was resumed, and the father hastened away to minister to others who longed for his aid. Thus it was in the time of the French Revolution when wickedness reigned throughout, and the duties of religion had to be practiced in the darkness of midnight. Again we find the same fervent priest silently wending his way through the darkness of an early and intensely cold winter morning to an isolated house on the outskirts of the forest to give the scattered members of his flock, assembled there in secret, the happiness of assisting at the Sacrifice of the Mass. Again, when the shades of evening had fallen, we find him in Amiens going from one poor tenement to another, finding bread for the hungry, comfort for the sorrowful, help for the abandoned. Now we find him in the midst of a noble family who, deprived of all their possessions, are preparing to leave their dear home, thankful to escape with their lives, yet dreading the judicial mandate which will tear them asunder. He strives to sustain their faltering courage, places before them again the well arranged plan for their escape, and blesses them once more as he turns away. Finally behold him with burning words of fervent eloquence trying to wrest from Satan the soul of an obdurate sinner—who at last, listening to the voice of divine grace, falls at his feet, makes a penitent confession, and through the priest's absolution, casts the offences of years from his soul.

And this man, whom all Amiens honored as a saint, whom a thousand little orphans called "father," a thousand poor creatures their savior, a thousand forsaken ones their consoler, this priest, who in his lovely boyhood was so willingly yielded to God by his parents, we behold upon the morning of April 3rd, 1794, led, bound by sacreligious hands, through the city's gates, under the convoy of a revolutionary escort.

Yes! It was Father Firmin, the devoted client of Our Lady of the Scapular, and the city which knew him only as a faithful priest, and one who was ever ready to aid his fellow creatures, the city which now beheld him led through the gates as a criminal to the guillotine, was Amiens. the city of his birth! Did not the very walls cry out!—(*From Stimmen Vom Berge Karmel, by* S. X. Blakely.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

"WE came to the battlefield armed for the fight; Thy adorable Heart on our standovershadowed our battalions. Lord, the soil of France has drunk our blood, and Thou knowest how we have sacrificed our lives for our country. Many of our comrades have died; Thou hast called them to Thyself, for they were ripe for Heaven. But we remain, and we know not the fate which is reserved for us. Grant, O Lord, that the lives Thou hast preserved may be henceforth entirely consecrated to Thy service. We bear on our breasts the image of Thy Sacred Heart. Grant that our own hearts may be a still more faithful image of Thee, and make us worthy of the title of Christian soldiers. Grant that we may be submissive to our leaders, charitable to our neighbors, severe towards ourselves, devoted to our duties, and ready for every sacrifice. Make us pure in body and in soul; and, however eager we may be in the fight, grant that we may be tender and compassionate towards the wounded. O Jesus, in all all our dangers and sufferings, it is from Thy Divine Heart that we seek our most powerful help. Thou wilt be our refuge, when all human aids fail us, and our last sigh will be an act of hope in Thy Divine mercy. And you, O blessed Mary, whom we have chosen for our Mother, to you also we must bear witness. Our battlefields have seen the long procession of mourning wives, mothers and sisters, seeking for their dear ones who had fallen, and recognizing your sons by their Scapulars. Be our protectress, and obtain for us the grace to be tenderly united to you in the Sacred Heart of your Divine Son, for life and death, in time and in eternity. Amen."

Having thus prayed, the priest addressed him whose words he had just been repeating:

"Noble General, we wish to follow you everywhere, and we are proud of feeling that you are so near to us this day!"

After which M. de Charette, ratifying this form of consecration in a few energetic words, asked the regiment to repeat after him, "*Heart of Jesus, save France!*"—a cry which was taken up enthusiastically by the men and every one present.

It was less difficult for M. de Sonis to take his thanksgivings to Notre-Dame de Lourdes, who had helped him so tenderly during his night of agony. He went there, and laid at her feet his cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor, which he had just received; and found the whole place in a state of excitement at the sudden cure of a young man who had been paralyzed, and had entirely recovered the use of his limbs.

CHAPTER XIII.

RENNES.—1871-1874.

It was in the month of November, 1871, that General de Sonis arrived at Rennes, and took possession of his new post as Commander of the 16th mili-

tary division of the French army. He entered then into a new period of his existence, less brilliant, perhaps, in the eyes of men, but even nobler and more meritorious in the sight of God. In a military point of view, it was a time of incessant and energetic work, consecrated entirely to the reorganization of the French army. The new General appeared in time of peace as he had done in time of war, always in his proper position. His house was arranged according to his rank, yet with great simplicity. Seconded by his family, he did the honors of his home with the dignity of a gentleman, and yet the modesty of a Christian. "Nothing worldly or luxurious was seen in it," wrote one of his habitual guests, "but an exquisite courtesy and a consideration for everybody, which pervaded the whole tone of the house."

In spite of his continual state of suffering, de Sonis would never relax the old regularity of his life. Rising every morning at five in summer and six in winter, he insisted on dressing himself alone, in spite of the difficulties caused by his mutilation. After his prayers and mediation, he used to go the parish church of St. Germain, which was close to his house. His recollection edified everybody," wrote the Curé. "The good people who came to the daily Mass declared that the General's presence was a sermon in itself; and that, when he went to Holy Communion, though he could no longer kneel, his devout and respectful manner made every one strive to emulate hls fervor." After Mass came work. Then he received the chief officer of his staff, General Boussenard, who became his devoted friend. Then he went out on horseback, till the twelve o'clock breakfast, though not without some danger, as we find by his letter to M. de Réals: "I have persevered in riding, which is necessary for my inspections. Yesterday I got on a horse of Rothviller's; my wooden leg broke, and remained sticking in the stirrup. I was galloping at the time, and the broken wood dangling against the legs of my horse might easily have caused a bad accident. But, thank God, I was able to stop him, and to reach home afterwards in safety, though very tired by the efforts I had to make to keep my balance, as we were further off than Cesson."

After two o'clock the General remained in his study, writing, studying, and giving lessons to his children. He rejoiced in his near neighborhood to the church, which enabled him to make his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. As he had been inscribed among the Associates of Perpetual Adoration, he never failed to present himself on the day fixed, which was Saturday, from seven to eight in the morning, and there, among the poorest people in the parish, he occupied his place as adorer.

The time after dinner was given to recreation and conversation with his family and friends, and the evening was closed with night prayers said together.

We have mentioned that he had been received by Mgr. Gay, in 1859, into the Third Order of the Carmelites, and had made his profession at Bordeaux. He now put himself under the direction of a Carmelite religious, the Père Daniel, who was Superior of that Order at Rennes. The Third Order was directed by Father Augustine of Jesus Crucified, who soon after succeeded him. General de Sonis's soul under the direction of these two holy men received a fresh impulse towards perfection.

As the first step in our duty towards God consists in the accomplishment of the duties of our daily life, General de Sonis considered it a primary duty to study the theories and military regulations which ought to be known accurately by the commander of any large body of troops, and he studied these so effectually as to astonish the officers during his inspections, which were frequently renewed during the year 1872. The division under his command was scattered over four or five Departments ; and these journeys were very painful to him from his inexperience in managing the apparatus by which his wooden leg was fastened. After every manœuvre he would come back to camp with the stump all bleeding, and was obliged to put himself in a bath to stop the consequent inflammation. Yet the torture was repeated on the morrow. One of his aides-de-camp wrote :

" It seemed to us every evening as if it would be impossible for him to mount his horse again the next day. Yet he always did, and not a complaint ever escaped him. He said he had a firm belief that Providence would give him enough strength to carry on the inspection thoroughly to the end ; and it seems that his confidence was not misplaced ; for he was better towards the last than during the first days. On his return home the General took the most scrupulous and delicate care in drawing up his report regarding the merits of each officer. No personal like or dislike ever affected the justice of his remarks, and no one could find one word to say in this respect.

" On the other hand, he was vigorous as to the maintenance of discipline, believing that the whole reorganization of the army depended upon that. Comparing the French with the German armies, he was obliged sadly to declare that the spirit of order and obedience and of self-denial and sacrifice was infinitely stronger in the latter than in the former. ' And yet,' he would add, ' the true value of an army consists in those virtues. We may build fortresses, employ the newest and most perfect arms, drag our troops by forced marches, employ clever tactics, and all the rest ; but the moral force of discipline is of the first importance.' "

" Under his gentle exterior," wrote another of his staff, " and his invariable courtesy, his soul was inflexible as regarded duty, and made him often appear severe in his inspections. His great height and his dignified manner inspired respect and a certain amount of fear in those who saw him for the first time. But, in reality, this apparent austerity was assumed to conceal his natural kindness. His personal integrity and disinterestedness were well known. In answer to an application to use his interest and influence to obtain some post for a man, he replied : ' You must excuse me ; I have never asked for anything either for myself or for any one belonging to me.' "

As a Christian and a man of sense and honor, he did his best to repress duels in the army. We read of his having put an officer under arrest for eight days for having ordered a private soldier to fight. But this same soldier was likewise punished for having yielded to fear when the moment came. On another occasion, when a duel had been ordered by the Inspector General, M. de Sonis forbade it, at the same time sending a report of his reasons to the War Minister. The latter was very much embarrassed by this conflict of opinion, and sent an ambiguous answer. Finally the Christian triumphed, and the law of God with him. The son of one of his best friends in another corps had fought a duel, out of which he came with great honor, according to his world's view of the matter ; and his father received many warm congratulations on the incident. M. de Sonis wrote in a very different sense :

" My poor friend, I am very much distressed at this affair of Pierre's. I have no doubt that it has brought him many hearty expressions of approval. But it is better to bear an affront for

the love of Jesus Christ. I know very well that many men do not hold this language; but there are not two religions of the Cross!"

In the month of March, 1872, the President of the Republic, more than ever anxious at the rumors of the intended descent of the Emperor on the shores of Brittany, sent for General de Sonis to give him certain verbal instructions in case of the attempt being made. M. Thiers had also been most favorably disposed towards de Sonis by MacMahon, who had told him of the great moral and military worth of his old Algerian officer. Consequently he received de Sonis at Versailles with the most extreme courtesy and consideration. The interview being over, he asked him to luncheon. It was a Friday in Lent, and was then one o'clock, and the General was fasting. But M. Thiers did not seem to have had an idea that it was even a day of abstinence, and the luncheon was purely *gras*. Seeing that the General did not eat anything, he began expressing his regret; and then, suddenly guessing the cause, roundly scolded Madame Thiers, who hastened to order something *maigre* for her distinguished guest. The General was very much amused at the despair of the old politician, who was inconsolable at having so forgotten what was due to one whom he was most anxious to conciliate and please.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

SUNRISE OVER LAKE LUCERNE—A REMINISCENCE.

POETIC souls, especially when elevated to the gift of knowledge to discern the beauty of God in His creatures, the invisible things by those that are visible, find treasures of grace in fair scenes of nature, and hear sweet whispers in its silence.

An instance of this—a "reminiscence," long treasured in my heart, has often wafted over my spirit when longing for Jesus' coming in Holy Communion—wafted with fragrance like the incense of the sanctuary, —whispered like the plaintive "O Salutaris!" and I trust, through His grace, it may also whisper in some far-off heart, watching, perhaps in the sleepless hours, for the morning-dawn and the Eucharistic drama. A priest whose soul was gifted as I have described, on one occasion during a tour in Switzerland, rose at a very early hour to see the sun rise over the beautiful Lake of Lucerne. In eloquent words he described at his return, the never to be forgotten scene, as the light rose over hill and vale, and tinged the rippling waters with gold. Then he compared it to our Lord the true Sun, coming in the early morn to flood the soul with Eucharistic light and beauty. "How dark," he exclaimed, "is the earth! But when the King of the World," (that is the orb of light) "rises, he floods it with golden radiance," and the earth lowers itself, as it were before the sun, thus causing its elevation. In like manner the soul lowering itself by humility—"Lord I am not worthy!" moves our Lord to elevate Himself over her.

How many sweet thoughts were suggested by words whose beauty I cannot well express, though their lesson was never forgotten! How dark, and cold, and unworthy we are until He rises over us and within us, to flood our souls with light, and robe them in beauty, and grace! How we ought to long for His morning-dawn, and humble ourselves before Him, and like the Royal Psalmist sigh "Deus, Deus meus, ad te de luce vigilo."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Editorial Notes.

The Virgin Train.

The world, with its followers, looks with contempt on the young man, or woman, who from supernatural motives does not marry. It says "Let them get married or enter a convent. There is no third state." The world is wrong and knows nothing of supernatural motives. The most painful thing is to see half-instructed Catholics frowning on those pure and heroic souls who, living in the world, observe chastity for God's sake. Such have chosen the better part. The Council of Trent says it is better and more blessed to remain in virginity or in celibacy than to be united in matrimony. To deny this would be heresy. God has chosen some few chosen souls to serve Him in the cloister, but most persons are called to the married state. Outside of these there are earnest souls who, finding themselves called to neither of these last mentioned states, nevertheless wish to please God by a life of purity. For such there is in store a great reward, for besides fighting the world, the the flesh and the devil—they must meet the ridicule of those towards whom they have a right to look for encouragement. Such heroic souls have before them the example of Mary, the "Virgin of Virgins," and like an Agnes, a Teresia, a Clara and an Ursula, they flock around her throne imbibing new strength to guard the most delicate and lovely of the virtues. Let these chaste souls give no heed to the sayings or opinions of a sensual world —let them rather remember that chastity is an angelic virtue; by it men become like angels. Superior to the angels, are they since they have the flesh to combat, which the angels have not. The devil knows too well that through chastity man recovers the angelic dignity which he lost, hence he strives by all means to rob him of it. Moreover, those who observe chastity are extremely pleasing to God, who calls the pure soul by the endearing title of friend, sister or spouse. The The pure of heart are happy in this world and easily acquire the other virtues. Chastity possesses an indescribable attraction and sweetness. Virginal souls will be near to the throne of God and sing a new canticle that no man can say, that is to say they will enjoy a singular and special glory. Finally their portion in heaven will be with the "Virgin of Virgins."

The Age of Mary Come!

At all times we feel it our duty to aid every effort made to spread devotion to our Blessed Mother. Of the many pious means of bringing souls to Our Lady's throne experience teaches that the works of Blessed Grignon De Montfort have worked wonders. We are pleased to know that a pious and zealous priest has put the original treatise into a simple little handbook, so that the contents can be grasped by even a child's mind. This hand-book, containing the substance of Blessed De Montfort's "True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother," is entitled "Through Mary to Jesus." We feel obliged to make mention of this work editorially, for we are convinced that it will bring glory to our Queen and salvation to her clients. We do not write this at the solicitation of any publisher, neither are we financially interested. We

simply give up these pages to that for which they were dedicated, namely, the spread of devotion to Mary, and we are sure that the little work we speak of is an instrument for great good. Recently the author, the Reverend Felix F. H. Lavallée, wrote to the Editor of the Carmelite Review, saying amongst other things: "After ten years I repeat, more convinced than ever, with His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan: "In our humble judgment no one can do better than spread the knowledge of this golden treatise on devotion to our Blessed Mother." In less than two years more than twenty thousand copies of De Montfort's work were distributed among the clergy and religious communities in Canada. May God hasten the time that the age of Mary come! We conclude these remarks by quoting from a letter sent to his clergy by Right Rev. Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke, P. Q. His Lordship says:

"The learned and saintly Father Faber, whose numerous ascetic works are so widely known, wished to bequeath to his beloved country, the English translation of De Montfort's Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In his magnificent preface to that translation, he clearly shows the necessity of the manual *Through Mary to Jesus.* "I would venture to warn the reader, he writes, "that one perusal will be very far from making him master of it. If I may dare to say so, there is a growing feeling of something inspired and supernatural about it, as we go on studying it."

It is not astonishing, then, that the Blessed De Montfort's doctrine, presented to us in a style so elevated, should fail to be understood and relished by the ordinary class of Christians, especially by the young. I, therefore, recommend you to spread this little manual, as widely as possible, throughout your parishes. You will thereby contribute most efficaciously, to establish the kingdom of Christ, by making His Blessed Mother better loved, and more honored than she has ever been."

By Way of Contrast.

The Christian Guardian (Methodist) last month reviews a new work on "Luther and the German Reformation" by Dr. T. M. Lindsay. We call attention to this because this month a well-known Augustinian Father talks entertainingly in this magazine of Luther and his "discovery" of the Bible. By way of contrast it will amuse our readers to get a sample of what non-Catholics have prepared for them in sectarian journals. Dr. Lindsay tells his good Methodist readers that "Luther learned much from the sturdy old monks, who, in those days, had much of the truth still abiding with them. Yet it was a long time before he derived much soul comfort, even from the study of the Word. The thought of God, as a jealous God, had so entered into his soul, and so distressed him, that by constant penance and suffering, he was ever seeking to ease his troubled spirit. Fortunately the Prior of these Augustinian monks still had the root of evangelical faith in him. So Luther found the peace he had so long sought in the old, old way, which is always new—by simply taking God at His word, by trusting in His promise. He had not needed to come to the convent to find his new life; but his going there had not hindered him from finding it."

Our Lady in Spain.

The Spanish correspondent of the Boston Pilot thus beautifully writes of the Spaniard's love for Our Lady of Carmel:

"Among the many endearing titles,

as numerous as the many classes of vines in their sunny vineyards, by which our Sinless Mother is honored in Spain, that of devotion to her as the Queen of Carmel is the most widely spread, as it is at the same time positively the most popular; and if proof were needed, the crowded congregations that fill to overflowing every sanctuary and every church of the peninsula to-day will triumphantly proclaim it. Particularly is Our Lady of Carmel honored by those mothers who have prudently and piously selected her as the advocate and protector of their children, that heavenly intercession that will acquire in life and death for them a value for their sorrows and a heavenly significance for their joys. Truly may it be said that Spaniards are born devoted to Mary—born sons and daughters of the Virgin Mother of Carmel. The love of Mary is the first love that sprouts in their hearts after the blessed water of Baptism has been poured on their heads, and in after years that love lives in their hearts, and amid all the pleasures and bitterness of life shows itself in the life of the saint and sinner, for when the latter becomes, amid the vicissitudes of the world's life, a stray sheep from God, and his conscience becomes deaf to the promptings of grace, and with him the future looks dark and gloomy, oh, it is then Mary's powerful influence softens the heart of the most hardened. But it may be said that all these generalities are but pious rhetoric. Thank God! no; the daily life of the minister of God proves conclusively that, multitudinous as are the sins of mankind, yet the abundance of Mary's mercy is never exhausted."

From Rome we learn that Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli has been installed in his see of Palestrina amid a scene of great rejoicing. The ancient city was decorated in the brightest colors, bunting and flags, as well as old tapestries, tending to change and make festive the appearance of the narrow streets. The ceremony of installation was gone through in the presence of almost all the inhabitants, with whom the new Cardinal-Bishop is most popular. Indeed, he may be almost considered a son of the soil, as he was born within six miles of his cathedral city. His brother, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, is Cardinal-Bishop of Frascati, and both brothers are held in the highest estimation by His Holiness, as well as by the members of the Sacred College. Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli is the Cardinal-Protector in Rome of the Carmelite Order.

Catholic Cuba.

The Havana correspondent of the Catholic Columbian tells us of doings in Cuba which are of much interest to American readers. We are informed that the pages of the new Catholic weekly—the Cuba Catholica, are filled with news items, editorials, stories and poems, and its make-up is much the same as that of Catholic papers in the United States. The large number of religious poems it contains is especially noticeable. The Havanese are much given to the writing of poetry, and much of it is well written. The proportion among the educated who write passable verse is much larger than it is in the United States. The whole tone of Cuba Catholica is that of loyalty to the Church and a deep interest in the welfare of the Cuban people. The same interesting correspondent reports the fact that the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Havana was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Philip, which is in charge of the Carmelite Fathers. The Confraternity of the Brown Scapular there is in a most flourishing condition.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Dear Lady of Carmel, enshrined in my heart
When I see thee to leave thy bright throne far above,
How the tenderest throbs in my bosom will start,
How it fires my breast with emotions of love!

Thou callest the poor, and invit'st to thy breast
The captives of sin that are toiling in chains,
Let them come from their toil to comfort and rest,
For 'tis with thee that all my mercy peacefully reigns.

Oh! Mary, how oft to my eye does the tear
Start warm from my heart as I joyfully gaze
On thy Cloth of Redemption for mortal to wear,
While the sceptres of Paradise over thee blaze.

Dear Lady of Carmel! Thou star from bright Heaven!
May the comfort and joy thy presence has given,
Be the foretaste of far richer ones yet to come,
When we rest in the light of an eternal home.

Francis A. Reynolds in The Weekly Bouquet.

Spain and the Scapular.

The leading part cannot be denied Spain in the propagation and preservation of the Scapular devotion. For, says Juan Pedro in the Boston Pilot, "one has only to open the pages of its ecclesiastical history and see there engraved in letters of gold the hearty and cordial reception given to the Fathers of the Order, when in the twelfth century, after it was elevated by the Church into a religious order, and the Solitaries of Carmel went forth from their Asiatic home and scattered themselves over the Christian world, Spain was then one of the first nations visited, one of the first blessed by their presence; and subsequently was not the work of Carmelite reform exclusively Spain's? Spain's children were its founders. The burning heart of Teresia of Jesus whose seraphic transports she herself has painted in her verses—imperishable enchantment for loving souls—while St. John of the Cross, the mystic chanter of the joys, sorrows and sufferings of souls enamored of their Creator, and whose feeling complaints always produced new emotions. Spain gladly received their sons and daughters, the fragrant odor of whose virtues sweetens with their fragrance its air and converted it into a delicious Garden of Mary.

But, alas, Spain has not been always—to her dishonor be it written—faithful to the sons and daughters of Carmel. The poison of French infidelity has penetrated even through its nigh invincible barrier and natural bulwark, the snow-capped Pyrenees, and poisoned the wells of the Peninsula, for afterwards there were found men, aye, women, too, who became the Viragos and Communists of '35, when the torch of the incendiary and the crowbar of the ruthless destroyer were applied to these once happy homes of peace and heavenly joy that once dotted every hillside of Spain and enriched and beautified every city in the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Oh, the sons and daughters of Carmel of that day merit from us, who live in an era ripe with victories of the Church and its progress, the tenderest love, the liveliest sympathy. Then the enemies of the Church and of Carmel thought only of the martyrdom and ostracism of its children, coffining the one and the other, and carrying both out to burial; but to-day there is a glorious resurrection. Thanks to God! Thanks to Mary!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The "Magnificat, by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.,, is a beautiful echo of our Blessed Mother's inspired canticle—her "sweet summer-psalm." It has been eloquently reviewed in "The Irish Rosary," and we gladly quote from, and comment on a few lines of its graceful praise. "It is impossible to read this paraphrase of the "Magnificat" without admiring its depth of impassioned feeling, the wealth of imagery, the oriental brilliancy of its coloring." Yes! the "depth of impassioned feeling," for it seems to unveil that mystic and poetic intercourse of a priestly soul with God, (in union with her who rejoiced in Him) which, as it were, found vent in the strains of this glorious song. "Magnificat!" murmured through the spirit—aisles; and God's Holy Spirit touched the silvery chords of his heart and drew forth sweet variations ot Mary's ecstatic theme, first wafted o'er the hills of Judea. "The wealth of imagery." Rich, indeed, are the metaphors, enchased in this casket of exquisitely chosen expressions:—brilliant the tints of one who, with artistic enthusiasm exclaims:

"No artist yet has struck the faultless grace,
The rapt inspirement of thy childlike face,
On that fair mount, on that fair Summer eve;
And I, the least of all thy bardic train,
To consecrate my one poor gift, would fain
Thy picture fair on this frail canvass leave."

Most beautiful the gifted writer shows how all generations, while, in fulfilment of her propheey, they call her "Blessed" at the same time murmur their varied feelings in the tones of her canticle. Sometimes those of humility—again, confidence, gratitude, praise—thus emulating, even afar, the sentiments of Mary's Immaculate Heart, the melody of her voice, the gladness of her spirit. It is true there are conceptions which, like the dreams of another poet-priest are "Too lofty for language to reach," but this only enables us to see how sublime is this holy canticle, and we exclaim in admiration: "Benedicite sancti et humiles corde Domino!" "Bless the Lord, O ye holy and humble of heart."

Many sweet songs had ascended to God in the Temple of old, and those of the "Royal Psalmist were especially pleasing to Him, not only because of their intrinsic holiness and beauty, but because they were prophetic of Jesus and Mary, and were destined to echo in the aisles of Holy Church to all time. But Mary, the "Child Prophetess," was still more "according" to God's heart than David, and he thus addresses her: "Let thy voice sound in my ears, for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely." Fr. A. Ryan. The bard of Erin, in his plaintive farewell to the "dear harp" of our country exclaims:

"Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers!"

Now, in the light of Father Sheehan's retrospect, as he contemplates Mary, rising like a "song-bird from its mossy nest," soaring in golden Summer-time over the hills of Judea, Erin's harp-strings have again vibrated in melodious numbers, worthy of being listened to by all who love her in this land, "land of song," and even in all nations where she is called "Blessed."

Enfant de Marie.

Those of our readers who wish to get a copy of the incomparable little work entitled "Through Mary to Jesus," can obtain the same from Rev. F. H. Lavallee, Bishop's Palace, Sherbrooke, P. Q. The prices (exclusive of postage or expressage) are: Cloth bound, red edge 25 cents per copy, or one dozen copies at $2.40; leather bound per copy fifty cents, or $5.40 per dozen copies. Special rates to booksellers. When ordering kindly mention the Carmelite Review.

B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., has issued new editions of Dean Book's invaluable little works which have been put at the small price of fifteen cents. A hundred copies for ten dollars. Mollie's Mistake—or Mixed Marriages," covers all the ground indicated by the title. In a "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church," every objection to Catholic doctrine is ably answered, and the treatise on "Secret Societies" should do much good. Such cheap and good literature should be welcomed by all who love to spread the truth.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Mrs. Mary Sleeper, who died piously on March 29.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Falls View Monastery from Sacred Heart Church, Chicago.

FAVORS.

We acknowledge $2 received from J. M., Lonsdale, Ont., for India famine sufferers.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sick, 1; peace in family, 2; temperance, 1: prevention of scandal; a parish. All intentions sent to us since last month.

THANKSGIVING.

From Ottawa, Ontario: A child of Mary writes on Aug. 16th, saying she "wishes to return thanks for the recovery of a beloved parent, after praying earnestly to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, and promising to publish thanks in the Carmelite Review."

Cleveland, O., Aug. 7, 1900.

Rev. Father—

Some time ago I prayed to our Blessed Mother of Mt. Carmel, and promised her if my request was granted I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. Thanks to Our Blessed Lady my request was granted far beyond my expectation and I entreat everyone in trouble to have recourse to the Help of the Sick and Comforter of the Afflicted. A CHILD OF MARY.

A hidden danger to our American youth is the so-called "boys'" paper. Many of these publications are brought out by enterprising frauds who know too well the weakness of our youth. Parents should be upon their guard. Let them scan the carefully worded and attractive little half-inch advertisement therein which is warranted to coax every stray dime from their boy's (or girl's ?) pockets. One paper coming to our notice is organizing a "secret" society for boys which that journal says is "fascinating to a boy"—and "one that does not interfere with a boy's religious training." The devil's weapons are legion. Parents should not be caught sleeping.

Religious statues of every design and size—artistically gilded and painted in oil colors—can be had at maker's price by addressing A. Pellegrini, 328 Pine street, Buffalo, N. Y,

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The publishers of the Carmelite Review are not responsible for money received by any persons claiming to represent the Carmelite Fathers unless the same persons can show credentials signed and sealed by one of the Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below**, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions,

The Guardian Angel.

"For He hath given His angels charge over thee; to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

—PSALM XC.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., OCTOBER, 1900. NO. 10

"Old Mary With the Necklace."

(A True Story)

FATHER JOHN, the Benedictine,
From Saint Gregory's at Downside,
—Downside, on the Hills of Mendip—
Went one day, to Shepton Mallet:
As he drove, the village jehu
Spoke about the crops, the weather,
Spoke about the coming harvest,
Spoke, no doubt, of friends and neighbors:
Sudden asked, "Do you know Holcombe?"
Answered Father John, not knowing
Why the question, "I have been there,
"Once, on business for the Prior."
"Saw you 'Mary with the necklace'?"
"Mary who?" "Why, sure, I know not,
"But from morning, Sir, till evening,
"Sitting at her cottage doorstep
"You may see her, twisting, turning,
"Something in her fingers, whispering
"Ever to herself: the neighbors
"Call her 'Mary with the necklace.'"
Pondered much the Benedictine,
Spoke, that night, to Father Prior,
Went, next day, on foot, to Holcombe,
Asked for 'Mary with the necklace.'
Sitting by her cottage doorstep
With a 'necklace' in her fingers,
Sat an ancient woman, 'twisting'
Ever 'twisting' it, and whispering
Something to herself, and smiling.
Smiling still, as well contented,
Bade she Father John his welcome:
"Have you come at last, then, Father?"
"Come at last? Did you expect me?"
"Thirty years," she answered, "daily
"Have I told my Beads, beginning
"'I believe' and ending rightly
"As my mother taught me, telling
"Bead by bead, and ever asking,
"Begging, of the Blessed Mother,
"Asking, for the sake of Jesus,

"'Send a priest, oh! Blessed Virgin,
"'Send a priest, oh! Gentle Jesu,
"'Send a priest, that he may bless me,
"'Give me absolution, bring me
"'Thee, Thy Blessed Self, to feed me,
"'Ere I start upon my journey,
"'Through the Valley of the Shadow.'"
Father John, the Benedictine,
Listened, wondered, then made answer;
"See, our Blessed Lady heard you,
"As she always hears, and sent me,
"After all these years, to bless you,
"Give you absolution, feed you
"With the Bread of Life, to stay you
"Through the Valley of the Shadow."
"When?" she asked; no more. "To-morrow,"
Said the monk, and, on the morrow
Brought to 'Mary with the necklace'
Jesus, Son of Mary Blessed:
Spoke the words of absolution,
Words of peace, of benediction;
Fed her with The Bread of Angels.
Yet once more the Benedictine
Went along the road to Holcombe,
Asked for 'Mary with the necklace.'
"Dead, Sir," was the awe-struck answer,
"Died last night;" and then they told him
All her story, as they knew it:
How she came from Ireland, married
Robert Smith, a collier, lost him,
After many years of wedlock:
How the parson could not get her
Into church, nor yet the preacher
Into chapel, yet how kindly,
Neighborly and Christian "were she;"
How she used to sit in summer
By her doorstep, and, in winter
By her "bit o' fire," and, sitting,
"Twist" her "necklace" through her fingers,
Whispering to herself, and smiling,
Seemed like one who waited, looking
For a dear one, "long in coming."
Father John the Benedictine,
Sang the dirge, the Mass, the blessing
Over "Mary with the necklace."
Calm she lay, and in her fingers
—Stilled at last—she clasped her "necklace,"
"Twisted" now no more, yet clung to
As in life—but still, I doubt not,
Whispering, now, in Heaven, her "Aves,"
Which the Blessed Queen had answered
After thirty years of waiting.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

Stratton on the Fosse, Bath, England.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

VIII.

THE narrow foot-path leading to the place where the Son of God made man was gloriously transfigured in the presence of His favored Apostles, Peter, James and John—Moses and Elias standing on either side of Him, they typifying respectively the Law and the Prophets, and He the Gospel,—winds in sinuous folds about the mountain, but is exceedingly steep withal. Several of my co-pilgrims who had made the ascent in former years assured me, however, that it was vastly superior to the one existing prior to Emperor William's visit to Palestine, it having been constructed in view of that event, but never used by him. It will doubtless be a pleasure to his imperial majesty to know that the good will of Abdul Hamid in his regard has proved a boon—if not to the poverty-stricken Turkish peasantry, which has been heavily taxed to meet the enormous expenses of these improvements—at least to devout Christian pilgrims coming uninterruptedly to this sanctified spot. [What "My good Friend the Sultan" will think of this outcome of his arrangements for the comfort of the Kaiser, may be better imagined than described].

After a two hours' climb, interspersed with occasional stops, we reached the top of Mount Tabor, and were glad to escape from the sun under the cover of the Hospice, which here as elsewhere in Palestine, is under the charge of the Franciscans. It so happened that Rev. Père Benoit, * was a fellow-voyager of ours from Smyrna to Beyrouth, and from thence to Caiffa. Hence we were already acquainted, and met like "old friends." He had been expecting us, and was prepared. Tempting refreshments were served—excellent wine and cold, sparkling water *in capite*,—to the undisguised satisfaction of our medical tyro especially, who had not ceased to lament his extravagance and to bewail the unblushing mendacity of Bedouins generally, but of those in particular who sell hot stale beer—advertised as "ice-cold"—at ruinous prices. We hastened our "rinfresco" however, out of deference to one of our companions, Monsieur l'abbé Castaigne, pastor of the Church of Notre Dame, Bordeaux, and honorary canon of the cathedral of that city, a venerable priest, aged seventy-two, who had remained fasting since supper on the previous evening at Tiberiade in order that he might have the consolation of saying Mass on the site of our Saviour's glorious transfiguration. He was already in the chapel, where we found him a little later, absorbed in contemplation of the divine mystery of Tabor and in preparation for the Holy Sacrifice, at which we all assisted. It was

* Note—Superior of the Hospice on Mt. Tabor.

touching to witness the devotion with which he offered the latter; and his fervor seemed to communicate itself to those around him. Not enfeebled by the weight of his many years, the exhausting travel of the day, or his protracted abstinence, he was a splendid type of the man who, in the words of St. Paul to Titus, lives "soberly, and justly, and godly in this world; looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus, II. 12 and 13). At dinner, an hour later, he was among the gayest of the gay, exemplifying by his exquisite bonhomie the counsel of St. Paul to the Romans, "Rejoice with them that rejoice."

Our mid-day meal over, Very Rev. Father Benoit invited us to visit the more interesting parts of the holy mountain in his company, and he gave us the history of the same in a masterly manner. We went first of all to the "Chapel of the Transfiguration," a modest substitute indeed for the three sumptuous churches built near by, A. D. 236, by the saintly mother of Constantine the Great, who, despite the fact that she was then over eighty years of age, came in person to venerate this sacred spot. Of these magnificent temples—which are supposed to have been destroyed by the Persians before the seventh century,—the ruins are still visible. It was St. Peter's exclamation: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias" (St. Matthew, XVII. 4.) that suggested to the pious empress the erection of these "three tabernacles."

Over the entrance of the chapel mentioned above, is the appropriate biblical text, in Latin: *Tabor et Hermon in nomine tuo exultabunt*—Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name. (Psalm LXXXVIII. 13). Besides the ruins of these churches, there are those of massive fortifications, which were the work successively of the ancient Jews, the Roman invaders and the Christian armies. These were restored in the earlier period of Mussulman domination, but were afterwards permitted to fall into decay—the Turks realizing, says Frère Liévin with his usual candor, that there was no danger of a future crusade.

It would be impossible for me to give you an adequate idea of the magnificent view that presented itself to my eyes as I scanned the horizon from the summit of Mount Tabor. A living panorama lay at my feet, embracing all Galilee, the Mediterranean, the heights of Carmel, the Lake of Genesareth, the River Jordan, and the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon towards the North; whilst on the South were the Mountains of Samaria, and below them Capharnaum. Still further on stood the Mount of the Beatitudes; here, Cana and Nazareth; there, Naim and Endor: the above circumscription being the theatre of the first half of the public life of Jesus. *

About four o'clock in the afternoon we bade a reverent adieu to the site sanctified and rendered memorable by the sublime manifestation of Christ's divinity, power and glory before the three Apostles who later on were to be the sole witnesses of His suffering humanity, as they beheld it during His agony and bloody sweat in the garden

* NOTE—The altitude of this celebrated eminence, which the Evangelists Sts. Matthew and Mark distinguish from others by the appellation of "high mountain" (St. Matt. XVII,; St. Mark, IX. 1.), is 2,565 feet above the level of Tiberiade, and 1,200 above the "Plain of Esdrelon," which lies at its base. Its plateau measures 1,650 feet in length by 750 in breadth. Notwithstanding its great height, there is always an abundance of water to be found on Mount Tabor, and that, too, of an excellent quality.

below Mount Olivet. The testimony of the Eternal Father in behalf of the divine mission of Jesus during His transfiguration on Mt. Tabor: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," coupled with the command: "Hear ye Him" (St. Matthew, XVII. 5.); the resplendent majesty of the God-man as "His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow" (ibid. 2.); and the solemn attestation of those mighty leaders of the "chosen people," Moses and Elias, to the fact of the abrogation of the "Old Law" and its substitution by the "New," served to prepare Sts. Peter, James and John for the abandonment of Gethsemane, the horrors of the Passion, and the ignominy of the Cross—a spectacle which but for the enlightenment received on Tabor would have put their confidence in Jesus and their faith in His teachings to a severe test: a possibility intimated by our Divine Lord Himself in the following words which He addressed to the then future visible Head of the Church, St. Peter: "Simon, Simon, behold satan has desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee *that thy faith fail not*, and thou being once converted, *confirm thy brethren.*" (St. Luke, XXII. 31 and 32.—The italics are mine).

On our way from Mount Tabor toward Nazareth (for such was the route we had to follow in order to return to Caiffa, where we were to embark for Jaffa) Brother Benedict, whose constant companion, thanks to my superior steed, I had become, pointed out the Mountain of Gelboe, on which the unfortunate King Saul and his three sons met their death—the first by his own hand, and the others in the battle of the Jews against the Philistines (I. Kings, XXXI. 2. and 4.); the village of Endor, whither Saul went on the night before he perished to consult the woman who had a "divining spirit" (ibid XXVIII. 7.), and that of Naim, at whose gates Jesus restored to life the widow's son. (St. Luke, VII. 11.) The site of the first of these villages lies to the south of Mount Tabor, and that of the second—now occupied by a few wretched cabins—at the foot of the "smaller Hermon" towards the north. A pretty legend, which I had never heard before, was told me in connection with the miracle just mentioned. It says that the young man whom our Lord recalled to life was betrothed to Mary Magdalen, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, but that coming to learn of some irregularity in her conduct, he severed the engagement; whereupon, growing desperate, she abandoned herself to a life of shame, and at last became known as a public sinner—a title which, in other words, St. Luke gives her in his Gospel (VII. 37). Rich, exceedingly handsome, and living in great luxury at Magdala, where she owned a magnificent villa, she was nevertheless unhappy; for at heart she was not bad, having allowed herself to be misled at first through frailty rather than through malice, and having become reckless only when the opportunity of retrieving her previous indiscretion by an honorable marriage was rendered impossible by her lover's withdrawal of his plighted troth. Withal, the ardent affection she had for him never left her; and hence, when she heard of his death, reproaching herself with having hastened it, she hurried to Naim, and in disguise accompanied his remains to the grave. On the way, the funeral cortege was met by Jesus and His Disciples, and He, "moved with mercy" toward the

anguish-stricken widow, came nigh and touched the bier on which the inanimate body of her only son lay, and commanding him to rise, restored him to life, "and gave him to his mother" (St. Luke, VII. 12. to 16). Magdalen, changed at that moment by an interior grace bestowed upon her by Him who sees the heart (I. Kings, XVI. 7); who willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live (Ezechiel, XVIII. 32); and who tells us that He is the Good Shepherd that leaves the ninety-nine sheep in the desert and goes to seek the lost one (St. John X. 11. St. Luke, XV. 4.), resolved at once to seek Jesus and implore pardon for her iniquities. You know the sequel as it is narrated by St. Luke (VII. 37 to 50). Whatever be the foundation of this legend, it is a fact that the raising of the widow's son to life and Mary Magdalen's conversion, are recorded by this evangelist in one and the same chapter of his Gospel.

Quite tired, but delighted with my day's experiences, I was glad to get back to dear Nazareth, which we reached about seven in the evening. Soon after supper I retired to my room in the "Hospice of our Lady of America," and before many seconds was enjoying a well-earned sleep, which was prolonged until seven the next morning, 9th inst.; a luxury which I could allow myself with impunity, as we were not to leave Nazareth until eleven o'clock the same day. The priests of our party said Mass—the greater number, and I among them,—in the Church of the Annunciation, and after breakfast more sight-seeing was in order; so that all in all, we saw the "Flower of Galilee," as the city is called, most thoroughly. This, it is said, has changed comparatively little since the days of our Lord, though portions of it have, indeed, suffered during the many vicissitudes of Palestine. Hence one can say almost with certainty that he has walked over the self-same streets trodden by the Saviour whilst a child and a man, and that he has visited the sites whereon—the constant local tradition leaving no room for reasonable doubt—He labored with His foster-father, St. Joseph, in the humble carpenter shop, or assisted His Immaculate Virgin-Mother in her simple household duties. Nor is it difficult for the imagination, on beholding children playing in the narrow streets in the self-same costume He wore, to invest some lovely, angelic-looking boy with His personality for the moment, as one says to himself almost involuntarily: Jesus once was here,—*a child like this.* A portion of the Assumptionist pilgrimage had followed us to Tiberiade, camping out near that city during the night; but they returned to Nazareth direct, omitting Mount Tabor, possibly because of the scarcity of saddle-horses, etc., we having quite exhausted the complement. They proceeded on to Caiffa before us, where, boarding their great steamer "La Nef de Notre Dame de Salut," they left for Marseilles en route for Rome (where they were to disband), carrying with them the cordial good wishes of our party, and having made our path all the brighter by having crossed it. In our turn, we reached Caiffa (the natives call it *Hefa*), about night-fall the same day—Saturday, 9th inst.,—some of us going to the Franciscan monastery there, and others, myself included, remaining at the parochial residence. Our repose was of short duration, for we rose at 3 a. m. (Sunday) and assisted at Holy Mass in a body, the accommodations not allowing of each priest offering the Holy Sacrifice indi-

vidually. We found somewhat later, however, that our rest had been disturbed sooner than was necessary; for the famous "Prince George," which had been engaged for the voyage to Jaffa, arrived in the harbor of Caiffa just three hours later than the time agreed upon. This was not a misfortune, however, for it gave us leisure to see something more of "Héfa" than we otherwise would have been able to do, and to increase our stock of information on some interesting points to which I may have occasion to return further on. Needless to say, we envied the Assumptionists their splendid vessel as once again we took our places on the puny deck of the liliputian namesake of Crete's new ruler; and not a few of our number did so with dire forebodings born of their previous sad experience, and which were destined to be more than realized on the present, to them, memorable trip—their involuntary libations to Neptune, interspersed with now vigorous and again languid but in every instance unavailing protests of "*Oh my's*" being oft enough repeated to satisfy even a more exacting deity than he.

The contretemps just mentioned was not the only trick played us by the "Prince George." We had made arrangements, namely, to take the train from Jaffa to Jerusalem on the day of our arrival at the former place; but although his royal highness puffed and blew *come un disperato*, as the Italians say, neither steam nor sail sufficed to get us there "on time." Yet, believe me, after the rocking he gave us for seven mortal hours, accompanied by ceaseless "*Oh my's!*" for a lullaby, there were few of my fellow-voyagers who regretted the fact, or who would not—like the heroine of the nursery ditty, "Nellie Bly,"—have "shut their eye" * and gone to sleep with the least possible delay on landing but for a twofold reason, viz: that the first sniff of terra firma reminded them of a certain cavity sadly in need of replenishing, and that being prevented from prosecuting their journey immediately, as was first contemplated, they resolved to see all that could be seen of Jaffa in the eight or nine hours at their disposal.

We arrived in that port finally a little after 2 p. m.; and I for one, was enchanted with the view before me.

Rising majestically on a gigantic rock, which on the side facing the sea has a sloping elevation of one hundred and eighty feet, the city, said to be one of the oldest in the world, possesses a charm altogether peculiar to itself. The remains of its ancient fortifications, and its massive structures of Arabian architecture blended with its more showy but in point of endurance vastly inferior edifices of modern times—some of the latter quite imposing—present an ensemble which I have not met with elsewhere, and which is at once unique and poetic. Would that its interior were in keeping with its exterior! The latter, however, like that of Constantinople, is a mere shell, which, as the whited sepulchres spoken of in the Gospel, is "fair to the eye," but conceals much that, when seen from within, offends the sight and *another* sense which shall be nameless here. But of the interior, more anon. Leaving our wretched craft of pretentious title, and hoping, as the henpecked husband said of his termagant wife, never to see her again either in this world or in the next, we got into small boats, and passing safely through the dangerous reef of rocks which ex-

* Nor would the exigencies of rhyme have prevented the other optic from keeping it company.

tends for several hundred yards along the very mouth of the harbor at a distance, it seemed to me, of a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet from land, stepped on shore, where we were met by the at-one-and-the-same-time chaplain and executive of the "Hopital Saint Louis," who having been advised by telegraph of our coming, conducted us in person to that institution as soon as the formalities of the custom-house had been gone through with. After dining in his company—the Sisters of St. Joseph, surnamed "Of the Apparition" (why so, I know not; unless it be, as a witty co-pilgrim remarked, because their good deeds are *manifest*) serving us at table,—our reverend host led us to the terrace of the building, which stands on the summit of the hill crowning Jaffa, whence we had a panoramic view of the city and environs. The former, as I have already intimated, is not very inviting at close quarters, because exceedingly sombre, and its streets are narrow and filthy. But what is lacking within is more than compensated for by the superb vista which stretches out for miles around the land and on sea. Of this, the seemingly limitless orange groves form a particularly attractive feature, and are one of the principal sources of revenue to Jaffa, a local merchant assuring me that the export alone amounts to 400,000 cases annually, each case containing 150 oranges. * Vegetation in general, too, is luxurious beyond description, a very primitive but most effective system of irrigation —rendered possible by an unfailing supply of water, which is pumped by horse-power from innumerable wells, —keeping the soil constantly moist. Owing to this and exceptional conditions of climate, almost every imaginable species of vegetable and fruit can be raised here; and the vines bear bunches of grapes so enormous that one is sensibly reminded of those sent to Moses by the twelve spies whom he, at God's command, commissioned to explore the land of Canaan, and which were so large that it required two men for the transportation of the clusters pending from a single branch—a feat which they accomplished only by means of a carrying-pole, or, as the bible terms it, "a lever" (Numbers, XIII. 24). Towering above all this rich profusion of nature is the stately palm, whilst dense tracts of mulberry trees, raised for the nourishment of the silk-worm, tell of an industry that gives employment to thousands at the same time that their deep shade of green affords the eye a welcome rest from the glare of the sun. All this—to say nothing of much else more immediately connected with the city—I saw from the terrace of the hospital.

The view seawards is likewise enchanting, commencing with the long sandy beach, running hundreds of yards into the land, and on which (making due allowance for the possible recession of the Mediterranean within so great a period) it is not unlikely that Noe built the Ark; a tradition declaring that it was at ancient "Joppe"—modernized into *Jaffa*, *Yaffa*, etc.,—this first ocean leviathan was constructed. [I will not stop here to enquire into the merits of the opinion that this city was called after the patriarch's third son, *Japhet*. Suffice it to say that the magnificent territory of which it is the centre would have been a fitting terrestrial reward for the filial love and virtuous behavior which merited for him the blessing of

* NOTE—I was told that in the month of April the delicious perfume of the orange blossoms is wafted far and wide, being perceptible on sea at a distance of some six miles.

his aged father in the following words: "May God enlarge Japhet, and may he dwell in the tents of Sem, and Canaan be his servant" (Genesis IX. 27]. *

Another sea-view are the many vessels which the necessarily great commerce attracts to the port of Jaffa. These, with their crews of almost every conceivable type, the long train of camels discharging or receiving their burdens on the quay, and merchants habited in rich oriental costumes superintending the disposition of their wares—all form an animated scene eminently peculiar to the East, and of which only one who has travelled there can have an adequate idea.

Last, but not least comes, the reef of rocks which I have already mentioned. Partly protruding above the water and partly hidden beneath its surface, it is at all times the terror of those "who go down in ships" near Jaffa, but especially so in stormy weather. Vessels will not risk approaching nearer than a mile to shore, but remain at large, being relieved of their cargoes or laden by means of lighters. Passengers are conveyed to land in large rowboats of exceptionally strong build. The opening by which these pass the reef is some twenty feet in width, and great skill is required on the part of the boatmen to conduct them through it in safety. Terrible disasters have occurred at this point. Some seven years ago, for instance, eight Franciscan Religious were drowned, and five years later twenty-six persons met with the same fate, their barks being dashed against this wall of rock and shattered to pieces. I asked a couple of Turkish gentlemen whom I met after our arrival in Jaffa why their government did not remove so dangerous an obstruction from a port so frequented, telling them incidentally of the blasting of Hell-Gate in the United States by General Newton. They said the expense would be too considerable, that the government had not the means, and finally owned to the fact that there was an utter absence of *enterprise* on the part of the authorities. Thank God, *our* passage to land was entirely devoid of danger, the day being remarkably fine and the sea unruffled. An ominous warning, however, was a large Russian steamer which lay submerged along the reef, only its two great funnels being visible.

Whilst speaking of the sea in this vicinity, I must not fail to remind you that it was here—at Joppe—that the Prophet Jonas sought, by boarding a vessel bound for "Tharsis," to evade the execution of God's command, directing him to go to Nineveh and preach repentance to its inhabitants (Jonas I. 2). And there is a *congruous* reason at least for thinking that it was upon these same shores that the "whale" deposited him—*a sadder but a wiser man.*

(TO BE CONTINUED).

* NOTE—"Joppe," "Yaffa," etc., signifies *agreeable, pleasing,* &c.,—an appropriate name, consequently, for a city with such delightful surroundings.

A Catholic Mission in Abyssinia.

By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.

ABYSSINIA, a mysterious and rugged country, has been noted in history for being the theatre of great political and religious revolutions. It is situated to the north-east of Africa and rises precipitously from an arid plain bordering on the Red Sea. For thirteen centuries it preserved its independence against all foreign, but par-particularly Mohametan, aggression. These immense mountains which often rise to the height of 10,000 and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea are not only the homes of valiant warriors, but also asylums for numerous communities of monks and nuns. Monasteries have been built up on those rocky mountain-tops, and are separated from the outside world by deep chasms or abysses. It is impossible to reach these religious abodes without some strange device, and the visitor is accordingly hoisted up to them by the aid of ropes, his ascent being a rather alarming and perilous proceeding. Mgr. de Jacobis, the first Vicar-Apostolic of Abyssinia, relates in a letter to the Abbat Spaccapietra how he succeeded in gaining admission to the Convent of Dumo: "There is no road visible on the rocky surface, no entrance that could tell us of a subterranean passage. Two long ropes alone reached down from the height over the abyss. With the help of these, the monks, assisted by some young peasants, draw up the stranger who wishes to visit their desert." The bishop continues: "I decided with a certain degree of apprehension to allow myself to be lifted by this strange arrangement. Behold me triumphantly raised in the air, bumping, bounding and rebounding against the rocky side, but bumping yet more when it was against a block of stone." Here, in these quiet retreats of piety and science may be found the precious deposit of the books written in the Geez or sacred language of the country. Among these books we may particularly mention the theological *Summa*, celebrated under the name of *Haimanuota Abau*, which in many points affords a striking testimony to the faith of the Roman Church, for Abyssinia remained faithful to the Holy See for two centuries in spite of the efforts of the Eutychians and Nestorians.

The daughter of the Alexandrian Church, the Abyssinian Church, had a disciple of St. Athanasius for its first bishop. In the early part of the fourth century, a Syrian vessel which had entered an Ethiopian port, was seized by the natives who put its crew to death. Two young men, named Frumentius and Edesius, were spared and brought to Axam. At the king's death, Frumentius, to whom the queen confided the education of her son, was admitted to the councils of the government, and profited by his high position to preach and spread the Catholic faith. When his royal pupil, Aizana, arrived at his majority, Frumentius visited Alexandria where he was consecrated bishop by St. Athanasius, who called him Pacificus or Salama. This is the name by which he is known even to-day. Notwithstanding the manœuvres of the Arians who had set up the Indian Theophilus in opposition to him, Frumentius succeeded in preserving

Abyssinia from heretical contagion, and the country became an asylum for Catholics who were persecuted by Constantius. Catholicism made rapid progress in this vast empire which, in the fourth century, extended from Mecca to Melinda, from Syene to the Equator. Monasteries were multiplied, and in their holy precincts a generation of saints was reared.

In the sixth century, Caleb, the King of Abyssinia, waged war at the request of Justinian against the Homerites, who had persecuted cruelly the Christians, and he captured Yemen, uniting it to his dominions. This king led such a life of extraordinary holiness that he merited to have his name enrolled both in the Greek and Roman martyrologies under the title of Elesbaan. Clothed in sackcloth and bare feet, he led his cohorts to victory. His greatest delight was to visit churches and listen to the sermons of the monks. Towards the end of his career, he abdicated the throne and sent his crown as an offering to the Holy Sepulchre. He then retired to a grotto where he sanctified his remaining days in prayer and works of extreme penance.

When in the seventh century, Islamism succeeded in subjugating the eastern countries dependent on the Roman empire, the Eutychian heretics who were protected by the victorious invaders, managed to enject their poisonous doctrines among the Abyssinians, who had up to this time preserved the Catholic faith in all its purity. From the introduction of Christianity into Abyssinia, the people had always sought their bishops at Alexandria, where St. Athanasius had consecrated their first apostle. When the Eutychian Copts had taken possession of Egypt, and had driven the Catholic patriarch of Alexandria from his see, the Abyssinian embassy, which had come, according to usage, to ask a pastor from the mother-church, found in Egypt only a heretic, the Eutychian Copt, Abba Benjamin. The latter, although residing at Cairo, had arrogated the title of Patriarch of Alexandria. The embassy, anxious to fulfil its mission at any cost, accepted with eyes closed for their *Abuna* * the person selected by Benjamin. With this unworthy prelate, they returned to their country, accompanied by a dozen monks who were all imbued with the Eutychian errors. The Abyssinians revolted against this choice, and he was the object of many protestations. Fearing, however, to be left without bishop or priest, they did not dare to proceed openly against him, but they received his teachings with much misgiving and decided distrust. Many, through fear of embracing Eutychianism, fell into Nestorianism. Soon enough, on account of unhappy divisions, the most monstrous errors and superstitions acquired the right of citizenship among this misguided people. The primitive traditions were altered, and religion became only a nameless mixture of incoherent practices and doctrines, which served unfortunately to increase the confusion of ideas.

Such was, in a religious point of view, the situation of Abyssinia when, in 1839, the Propaganda entrusted to the zealous sons of St. Vincent de Paul the vast Apostolic Prefecture "comprising Ethiopia and the bordering countries." Mgr. Justin de Jacobis, who died in the odor of sanctity, was first given charge of this mission. Several attempts, however, had been made in preceding centuries to bring Abyssinia back to the Catholic fold. In the fif-

* NOTE—This is the name which the Abyssinians give to their bishop. It signifies "our father."

teenth century, King Zarec Jacob, wishing to free himself from the tyrannical yoke of the heretical patriarch of Alexandria, sent two monks to the Council of Florence. These two pilgrims were betrayed by a slave, their mission was revealed, and they were put to death at Alexandria by the Sultan's order. In 1540, twenty years after the debarking of Vasco de Gama at Massowah, Pope Paul III. created the Portuguese Priest Bernady, Patriarch of Abyssinia. It was not long, however, before he was exiled. In 1550, at the request of the Abyssinian priest, Peter, who journeyed to Rome to obtain missionaries, St. Ignatius Loyola sent one of his disciples, Father Andrew Oviedo, who was joined later on by Father Francis Lopez. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, another Jesuit, Father Paez, who was very learned in mathematics, medicine, mechanics, history and the languages, converted King Socinios. At the latter's death, the Catholic religion was flourishing in every part of the kingdom. It was a solemn spectacle, and one most encouraging to the hard-working, zealous missionaries when, on Dec. 11th, 1624, the Abyssinian church abjured the Alexandrian errors and submitted to the Holy See. But the Abyssinians, like the Greeks, were full of fickleness and caprice, and when the Patriarch Mendez endeavored to instil a deeper sense of faith among them, and was assisted in his efforts by the king, who commanded them to submit without delay to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, they rose in revolt, and at the death of Socinios, in 1624, his son Fasiladas, influenced by the reaction, expelled all the missionaries. The glorious work of conversion was thus frustrated, and for many long years Catholic priests who dared to enter the country did so at the peril of their lives. They were invariably massacred either by the Mohametans or by the fierce Gallas tribes, and little opportunity was given for the spread of Catholicism. Further attempts in this direction were made during the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but they were all unproductive in results. In 1648, four Capuchins, who had been sent to Abyssinia by the Propaganda, were decapitated. In 1752, three Franciscans from Egypt arrived at Gondar, but they were obliged to leave immediately. In 1838, the French explorers, Antony and Arnold D'Abbadie, made a scientific voyage into Abyssinia, and were accompanied by a Catholic priest, Father Tapeto. Although the prospects for converting this misled people were not very bright, yet some good was effected. We can understand the deplorable condition of religion in the country, when we read in the book of D'Abbadie such a statement as this: "Islamism, at the present day so much enfeebled in Europe, has revived in Africa." Although it has "perverted to its doctrines the savage or half-Christian tribes which surround Abyssinia, and having excluded it from the rest of the Christian world, this fatal system keeps encroaching upon and gradually absorbing this ill-fated country." The Mohametans are as strenuous in their efforts to proselytize as are the European missionaries, and large numbers apostatize yearly to the Moslem creed for the sake of marriage, or money, or both. When Antony D'Abbadie returned to Europe, he carried to Pope Gregory XVI. the profession of faith made by a hundred converts of Tigré, and the Sovereign Pontiff, foreseeing the future regenera-

tion of the country, established the Abyssinian mission and gave it into the charge of two Neapolitan Lazarists, Fathers De Jacobis and Montouri, whose labors have been blessed by God and have brought the light of truth and salvation to a people separated during long centuries from the See of Peter. Justin De Jacobis was born in Basilicata, a province of the former Kingdom of Naples, October 10th, 1800, and he entered the Congregation of the Mission in October, 1818. He was the seventh of a family of fourteen children, and was remarkable from his earliest years for his humility, gentleness and tender devotion towards our Blessed Lady. He became after his ordination to the priesthood a most zealous and untiring missionary, and had held the position of Superior of the house of his Congregation in Naples but a few months when he was summoned to Rome by the Pope and appointed Prefect Apostolic of the immense region embraced between the Nile and the Red Sea. At this time, Abyssinia was divided into three kingdoms . Tigré, Shoa to which Ahmara was united, and Godjam. The crafty Ubié ruled the Kingdom of Tigré,—a man of wavering policy, but at this time apparently favorable to the Catholic missionaries. The Ras Ali held the reins of government in Shoa, and was much distrusted on account of his Mahometan tendencies. Queen Manan, his mother, who desired the title of *Waizero*, had, in order to obtain it, married a young man of the family of Solomon. In Godjam, Guoscho, the grand-uncle of the present Negus, Menelik, ruled without opposition.

Father De Jacobis resided in the province of Tigré, and had already acquired considerable influence when King Ubié besought him in January, 1241, to accompany an embassy which was about to set out for Egypt, to ask, according to usage, the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria for an *Abuna* or bishop. The Vicar Apostolic was at first much astonished at this unexpected proposal of the king, but after some reflection replied to it: "I will go if I am permitted to labor for the reunion of the Coptic patriarch with Rome, from which he has been unfortunately separated for so many centuries ; I will go if I am not prevented from erecting churches in your kingdom ; I will go, if your envoys will accompany me to Rome and protest their obedience and respect to the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and sue for his friendship as at least that of a powerful sovereign." His reply was in reality an alternative which, he believed, would not be accepted, and the courageous apostle, fearing that he had excited the king's anger, calmly awaited the sentence of death, when some days later, Ubié notified him that all his conditions were accepted. The cunning monarch had in project the subjugation of all Abyssinia to his power, and he hoped that his advances to the Sovereign Pontiff would secure for him the friendship and help of France. The embassy which Father De Jacobis consented to accompany had for its chief Apta Salassia, Ubié's prime minister. One of the envoys was a monk famed for his learning, Abba Gebra Mikael, the most erudite scholar in the Kingdom of Ahmara. Atzé Johannes, the nominal sovereign of Abyssinia, proclaimed Negus in 1840, but the ruins of whose palace at Gondar constituted about all his domain, was a pupil of Gebra Mikael. Born in the beautiful peninsula of Godjam, which is watered by the Blue Nile, this monk had taught

astronomy, ecclesiastical computation and the sacred language known only to the lettered. He made a profound study of the teachings of the different sects that divided the country, was convinced of their falsity, and took an oath to adhere to none of them. Desirous of further instruction, he visited Tigré, where he composed an Ethiopian dictionary that has been highly esteemed, and where he made the acquaintance of the Prefect Apostolic. It would take too much time and space to narrate all the incidents of the journey. Decimated by the plague which made at this period great ravages in Egypt, attacked after debarking at Suez by the nomads of the desert against whom it was necessary to wage fierce contest, the caravan, having embarked at Massowah at the end of February on some small Arabian vessels, did not reach Cairo, the residence of the Coptic patriach till the first of May. Here it was made the object of solicitations of all kinds. The patriarch, a crafty, cunning man, endeavored to win the good graces of the Abyssinians. He did his utmost to make Father De Jacobis a suspicious character in the eyes of his companions. He forbade the envoys under penalty of excommunication to allow the building of Catholic churches in the Kingdom of the Negus or to go to Rome; he prohibited them from continuing their friendship with the Catholic priest. But his threats produced no effect, and the wily Copt, who had, as one of the envoys related, received a bribe of English money, desired to give them a bishop before their departure for Rome. He accordingly summoned in all haste from the monastery of St. Antony a young man named Abba Andreas. "Here is a good bishop who has the necessary virtue and learning," he said to the envoys, as he presented the young monk who, fortified with a white handkerchief well saturated with Cologne water, amused himself by bringing it close to the noses of his future subjects that they might partake of its perfume. "He is too young, he has no beard," replied the envoys. "Follow the ancient customs. Summon three venerable men, write their names on three slips of paper, and place them on the altar. Let Mass be said, and after it draw by lot one of the slips. The name that is first drawn will indicate our bishop." These protests were not listened to, and Abba Andreas was consecrated bishop under the name of Abba Salama. After the festivities of the consecration, which was celebrated by carving up a buffalo, the patriarch, placing an Ethiopian manuscript before the envoys, said to them: "Dispute now with your bishop." Abba Gebra Mikael asked for the explanation of the text: "*I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and your God.*" "Address yourself to the patriarch," the new bishop replied. "But when you are in Abyssinia," said the monk, "will it be necessary to make the journey to Cairo to seek the patriarch every time that a difficulty arises?" "You are only a one-eyed creature," returned Abba Andreas choking with anger. "If I have lost an eye," answered the most learned man in the Kingdom of Ahmara, "I have not lost the knowledge of the mysteries, but you (the new bishop had a sore eye) have lost everything, and you are a consummate ignoramus."

Braving the excommunications of the patriarch, the Abyssinians, now reduced in number to twenty-three, followed Father De Jacobis to Rome. The principal envoys, Apta Salassia, the priest Abba Resedebra, and Abba

Gebra Mikael, were received August 17th, 1841, in public audience by Gregory XVI. Father de Jacobis and the Ethiopian priest Gohba acted as interpreters. Cardinal Mezzofante, who was present at the audience, translated the letter sent to the successor of St. Peter by King Ubié into Italian. Apologizing for their inability to offer, like the royal Magi, gold, on account of the poverty of their country, the envoys laid at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff incense and the spices of Abyssinia. Instead of myrrh, the sad, lugubrious symbol of sorrows which they prayed the Lord to keep far from His Holiness, they presented some of the rarest birds of Ethiopia. In leaving Rome where they had received the greatest attentions, the pilgrims accompanied Father De Jacobis on a visit to the Holy Land. Among the costly presents which Gregory XVI. sent by them to Prince Ubié, one was quite noticeable. It was a magnificent collar of gold, from which depended a cross of remarkable workmanship, and on it were engraved these words, relative to the Son of God : *The blood of man is the price of salvation, the merit of God is its foundation.*

When Father De Jacobis and his companions returned to Abyssinia, they found there installed the heretical bishop, Abba Andreas, who had now become the *Abuna Salama.* At first the Eutychian prelate gave a gracious welcome to the Prefect Apostolic. He sent one of his brethren to the latter to beg money of him, whose efforts he was endeavoring all the while to frustrate ; he even accepted a watch from the missionary. His tolerant mood was of short duration. He soon became furious at the progress of Catholicism and launched excommunication against all who had any communication with the Roman priests. King Ubié was in great straits. Fearing that his subjects would revolt at the word of the *Abuna*, he did not dare to protect the missionaries openly, although he sought in a quiet way to save them from the rage of their persecutors. In 1844, Abba Gebra Mikael, the most learned man in Ahmara, who had embraced Catholicism, was put in chains. He would have died in his prison, had not Ubié, pushed to extremities by the insolence of the *Abuna*, wrested him by living force from his dungeon at the end of three months.

Father De Jacobis pursued his evangelistic work amidst a thousand vicissitudes, and he was rejoiced to meet towards the close of 1848, on a little island, Dhalac, near Massowah, the Vicar Apostolic of the country of the Gallas, Mgr. Massaia. During the night, in a small hut, with only one witness present, Brother Pascal, Mgr. De Jacobis, preconized as bishop of Nilopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Abyssinia, received the episcopal consecration from the hands of an outlawed bishop. Mgr. Massaia was indeed proscribed and outlawed, and a price set on his head. He had attempted to penetrate into Tigré, and forthwith the heretical *Abuna* demanded the enforcement of an old law, which recognized only one bishop in the dominion of the Negus, and decreed death to any one infringing it. A reward of 500 talaris (about $500) was offered for the head of the Catholic prelate. The *Abuna* had even obtained from the vacillating Ubié a troop of soldiers to search for the brave missionary, who was obliged to conceal himself on the mountains.

After his Consecration, which the Abyssinian princes affected to ignore, so that they might not be called upon

to enforce the savage law of which Bishop Massaia was the victim, Mgr. De Jacobis took up his Apostolic work with greater fervor than ever. In vain did the *Abuna Salama* excite uprisings against him and send armed bands to pillage the Seminary of Alitiena established by the courageous apostle. The Vicar Apostolic did not hesitate to approach the King of Tigré, who had driven him from his dominions, and he spoke to the latter with such energy that Ubié gave orders to his prime minister to set at liberty Catholic prisoners, both priests and laics, and to restore the objects which had been taken by his soldiers. Emboldened by this unexpected success, the man of God ventured even to attack heresy at its fountain-head, in the city of Gondar, the residencce of the fanatical *Abuna Salama.*

Suddenly, a political revolution which swept away several dynasties, placed a barrier in the way of the heroic missionary and interrupted his saving work. Cassa, the son of a poor woman who sold herbs for a living, enlisted in the army of Queen Manan, and taking a fancy to him, she loaded him down with favors. He was not at all slow in revolting against his protectress whom he robbed of her territories. Having become master of the Kingdom of Ahmara, he imposed peace on Ras Ali, who soon afterwards lost his crown despite his impetuous courage. Ubié and Guoscho, who had looked on indifferently at the wiping out of their neighbor, were soon compelled to have recourse to arms. Guoscho, victorious, had put the cohorts of the adventurer to flight, and his rival was brought into his presence in chains. The conqueror was merciful and granted him his life. This generous act, however, cost Guoscho his own existence, for as soon as Cassa was free in his movements, he discharged a pistol at his savior, who, stricken full in the face, fell immediately dead. Terrified at the death of its chief, the hitherto victorious army took to flight. Ubié was also in his turn dispossessed of his throne by the conqueror, who was proclaimed Negus under the name of Theodore I. On ascending the throne Theodore dreamed of giving Abyssinia political and religious unity. Though absolute master of the entire country, he did not fail to become a powerful instrument of the passions of *Abuna Salama*, who had given him great assistance during the course of the civil war. Mgr. De Jacobis was soon made the object of persecution by the new rulers. He was arrested at Gondar in 1854, and separated from his priests and the newly converted native monks who were loaded with chains. He left Gondar in 1855, and Theodore gave orders that he should be led to the frontier of Sennaar, and there be thrown into the prison called "the prison of the Arabs." The detachment of soldiers who conducted the prisoner were much moved by his sufferings, and refused to execute their ignominious mission. In concert with the Governor of Matamma, they set their captive at liberty, and, moreover, gave him a sum of money. Less fortunate were the companions of the Vicar Apostolic in misfortune; they were kept at Gondar and subjected to the most revolting punishments. The life of Mgr. De Jacobis was embittered by the view of the horrible fate to which his spiritual children were condemned. As late as August 28th, 1855, he wrote stating that he enjoyed his freedom but little, while his beloved children of Gondar, the other half of his soul, were still confined to dun-

geons and placed under almost savage restraint. One of these noble confessors of the faith, Abba Gebra Mikael, (the slave of St. Michael) whose name has recurred several times in this paper, was to crown by martyrdom a life that had been consecrated to loyal research for truth. He was ordained priest in 1851, in the Church of Alitiena, and had gained universal renown in Abyssinia by his knowledge and virtue. He wrote an Abyssinian catechism, and had assisted, in a way much appreciated, Mgr. De Jacobis in translating into the Geez, or sacred language, the dogmatic or moral theology intended for the use of native priests.

In a letter written from Massowah, dated November 30th, 1856, by the Vicar Apostolic to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, the history of the sufferings of this noble athlete is depicted in glowing colors. He was arrested July 15th, 1854, at the same time as Mgr. De Jacobis. He was retained in prison for five successive months and subjected to the most barbarous treatment. Often for days at a time, he was deprived absolutely of food, which was nothing but bread and water when it was sparingly given him. He was so cruelly beaten by the satellites of the *Abuna* on his entrance into prison, that he suffered from a fearful hemorrhage of the lungs, and a report of his death spread throughout the city. His strength left him; old age told heavily against him; and the long fast which he endured had thrown him into a half-comatose condition. After bearing this inhuman treatment for five long months, he was dragged to the camp of Theodore, where, at the request of the *Abuna Salama*, he was subjected to the punishment of what is called in Abyssinia "the giraf." By the order of the Negus, two robust soldiers struck his face with one hundred and fifty blows of the giraf, and Abba Gebra Mikael fell inanimate to the ground. Theodore then cried: "Bring the big whips which the Abyssinian cowherds use and strike him on the only eye which he has that it may be torn out," and he further added: "Let the strongest soldiers scourge the most sensitive parts of his body while those who are exhausted are taking a rest." We can picture to our minds this band of furious executioners rushing on their victim and venting their unparalleled ferocity on his feeble body. Yet while they redoubled their blows, the martyr, in a calm and tranquil voice, affirmed in magnificent language his unshakable attachment to the infallible teaching of Pope St. Leo and the Council of Chalcedon regarding the two natures in Jesus Christ. At length, these cruel butchers, weary of their bloody work, put an end to this horrible punishment. One would believe that the victim had been cut to pieces, but to the great astonishment of all, the old man arose and walked without help; his face bore no trace of the torments he had suffered, and his eye shone with marvellous light. He was sent back to his dungeon. Two days later he began that long march that was to last for two months over impassable roads; he was condemned to follow with fetters on his feet the army of the Negus which started on an expedition against the King of Shoa. During this painful march, he was brought a second time before the king, and the *Abuna Salama* and an agent of the British government assisted at the inquiry. The old hero renewed his confession in these terms: "I believe and adore in Jesus Christ our true human nature

united to the divine nature in the person of the Word ; I believe and confess in the Word made flesh two natures and one only person." He was now condemned to be shot, and was dragged to the place of execution ; he escaped death only at the urgent entreaties of a multitude in tears who begged this favor from the king. Abba Gebra Mikael won the admiration of even his persecutors. The officer who was charged with watching him became his great friend, and he allowed the prisoner to instruct all who wished to listen to him ; he did not prevent any one from giving him food, and thus the charitable old man was provided with eatables which he gave to the poor soldiers who were dying of hunger. But age and suffering now brought him to the hour when he would receive the recompense of his holy life. He was attacked with stomach troubles and dysentery. Unable any longer to proceed on foot, a horse was procured for him notwithstanding the contrary orders of the king. As he could not sit upright, he was strapped to the horse, and thus for days he proceeded. The soldiers, astonished and struck with admiration, did not call him any longer by his own name, but by that of *Que das Ghiorghis* (St. George.) This saint, according to the Abyssinian legend, had given his life seven times for religion, and had obtained it back seven times. Almighty God wished to confirm in some way the name and beautiful eulogy of the soldiers, and it was on the feast of this ancient martyr, which is celebrated on July 13th in the Abyssinian calendar, that the Lord called His servant to Himself. The soldiers wept at his death, they broke the fetters on his feet, and reverently buried his body. Thus died a real hero and confessor of the faith. Four years later, the Apostle of Abyssinia was to join the brave convert in heaven. Expelled from the cruel Theodore's kingdom, Mgr. De Jacobis was rejoiced to obtain, through the mediation of France with Turkey, a piece of ground in the Island of Massowah, on which he built a Church. In 1860 the house of Halai, in which he offered hospitality to Count De Russel, the envoy of Napoleon III. to the Negus, was attacked by two of Theodore's partisans, Zarai and Moussarghi. The bishop was arrested, brought to Faconda and cast into prison. Given his liberty after twenty-two days of harsh treatment, he left Halai and took refuge on the coast in the house built by the priests of the Mission at Emcoullo. Fatigue and sickness had exhausted the strength of the valiant missionary, and now unable to endure the extreme heat of the climate, he sought for a more genial abode with a few companions up in the mountains. He did not reach the end of his journey. July 31st, 1860, lying on a stone which he asked to be placed under his head, Mgr. De Jacobis passed to his eternal reward.

Catholic missionaries are laboring to-day in Abyssinia, and a brighter outlook is already visible. Islamism is doomed in Africa, as in Asia, and its chastening work is done. This fatal system of belief has been the greatest obstacle to the spread of Catholic faith. Once Mahometanism is enfeebled, a vast theatre for Apostolic work will be opened to the missionaries of the Church. The work of reunion with Rome will proceed successfully, and the great ambition of Pope Leo XIII. will be realized. Abyssinia will be redeemed and restored to the faith which her first Apostle, St. Frumentius, taught and preached.

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

BLESSED MARGARET ALACOQUE.—*October 25th.*

THERE is "a pearl of great price" * for our Lady's diadem. The Divine Merchant enclosed it in the casket of Religion, and then, attracted by its loveliness, came down to enclose it still more securely in His Sacred Heart.

Blessed Margaret Mary was the confidant of Its sorrows, the recipient of precious revelations and graces, in a word, the beloved disciple of that Heart. In the limits of a short memoir, we may not dwell on the beautiful, well-known history of these communications, which "renewed the grace of the earth" with light and love. They are dear to all devoted to Jesus' most loving Heart, and should be dearer now that they belong to It by the solemn Consecration of Mankind; our purpose is, to call the attention of our readers to her love of Mary, and union with the dispositions of that Immaculate Heart towards that Adorable Heart of our dear Lord.

From early childhood, her devotion to the Blessed Virgin was admirable, and she experienced wonderful favors, special protection, and even the miraculous cure of a dangerous illness, after she consecrated herself by vow to Mary. It was through love for the Queen of Heaven she selected an Order especially devoted to her service, and in all the needs and trials of a life so closely assimilated to the Passion of our Divine Lord, Mary was the light and consolation of her faithful servant.

Once she appeared to her and placed the Divine Infant in her arms, as formerly she did to St. Antony. Again, she allowed her to see a mystical diadem formed of Religious devoted to her, and the dispositions of each, and how some, by terrene attachments fell, like withered flowers.

Our Lord also instructed Blessed Margaret in love for Mary, and taught her to unite with His Holy Mother at Mass, and hear it in union with her dispositions at the foot of the Cross. He taught her to receive Him in Holy Communion, remembering the transports of the Virgin-Mother at the moment of the Incarnation; and lastly, to pray in that spirit with which she offered herself in the temple at her Presentation.

Fain would we linger in this beautiful garden to admire those virtues that made "the Blessed" so dear to Mary and such a sweet abode for the Heart of Jesus. The white lilies of purity, the fragrant violets of humility, the sweet roses of ardent love. But at least we earnestly recommend all readers to read this beautiful life, to invoke this blessed patroness, to imitate her love of Jesus and Mary, and, lastly, to pray that she may be raised to the altars of Holy Church by canonization.

Thus shall they glorify the Sacred Heart, obtain its glorious promises, and merit, to see, love, and enjoy "the King in His beauty," for ever. Amen.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
Delight of all the Blest!
Make our hearts meek and humble,
And we shall find our rest.

* "Margarita"—"Pearl."

Thoughts on the Holy Rosary for Mary's Autumnal Month.

WE are all familiar with the beautiful symbolism of Our Lady's chaplet, and how frequently its mystic flowers are compared to roses of various tints: White in Joyful Mysteries, crimson in those of the Passion, golden when Easter, Olivet, Pentecost, and the glorious Assumption and Coronation of our Blessed Mother illumine our souls.

How appropriate also are the seasons in which we honor in a special manner one or more of the Rosary feasts! Not, indeed, that it is to be understood as if Joyful or Glorious Mysteries are not to be recited in Passion time, or that we may not twine a crimson chaplet when kneeling at the Crib—but these reflections regard the *feasts* in which the mind of Holy Church contemplates, and her liturgy resounds with one in particular. The Annunciation is a Spring-time festival, when early snowdrops droop humbly in their purity, like her Immaculate Heart shrinking from praise.

Fragrant violets also hide their beauty, and yet exhale their presence like the hidden Heart, "meek and humble," even in the Incarnation; won to earth by Mary's humility

"When her calm 'Fiat' broke the stillness sweet,
A little Heart began with love and life to beat."

The Visitation, in its beauty and light, is truly a Summer feast of gladness, glowing with Mary's charity and resonant of her inspired song, as it echoes o'er the hill-country of Judea. Bethlehem—though one of the Joyful Mysteries, comes amidst snow-drifts, but could any season be more suitable to Him who became poor to enrich us, and who experienced the privations of poverty at the time when they are most rigorous? We hardly think if Christmas was in Summer-tide, or in Autumnal fruitfulness, or amidst vernal blossoms, His advent could have made us so love the Divine Infant, as now that we remember "there was no room" for the Creator in His own world. And, besides, there are white flow'rets even in Winter, and the frosty skies are illumined with celestial radiance, and echoing with canticles of "glory" and "peace."

It was in Spring, too, the young Mother offered her stainless blossom—her white Lamb—and, with Him, her own Immaculate Heart. Joy and sorrow are twined round the Purification, but in the Rosary we dwell on the gladness, and remember we can, like our Blessed Mother, offer Jesus to the Eternal Father in Holy Mass and embrace Him like Simeon in Holy Communion.

The Passover was a vernal feast, and it was at that time, the Holy Child was found in the Temple, unfolding those treasures of wisdom and eloquence, that afterwards so ravished His listeners during the three years' ministry. Never did anyone speak as He, whose words are "spirit and life." All the scenes of our Lord's Passion are commemorated in the cold, dark, trying time of the year, more wintry, very often, than even at His Nativity. And if in brighter days, the Precious Blood, Exaltation of the Holy Cross,

and others, are celebrated, Holy Church looks at their joyful aspect and intones "Alleluia!" Sadly, like the night-winds, moan the "Stabat Mater," "Lamentations," Seven Last Words, murmuring through the aisles of spirit and making us mourn for Him "as for an only sin." Then, in that lovely time when earth rises, as it were from sleep, and robes herself in beauty, we have Easter, Mount Olivet, Pentecost, and in the glorious harvest-month, our sweet Mother's Assumption and Coronation. The visible things should remind us of those that are invisible. Like poetic, and still more, like saintly souls, we ought to look through the veils of natural beauty, and see that which is supernatural. We ought, like England's great poet read, "lessons in the running brooks," but let them teach us of Jesus and Mary, and things holy, pure, intellectual—in a word, educate us for a life of everlasting praise.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's).

The Lily Amidst Thorns.

HOW frequently, when commenting on Mary's purity, we echo these inspired words of the Canticle: "Sicut lilium inter spinas," etc. "As the lily among thorns," etc. And yet there is another beautiful thought which may not perhaps appear at first sight, namely, how suggestive it is of her humility.

We are accustomed to consider the crowning of our Lord with thorns, as a divine atonement for sins of pride. Now, in Mary's Immaculate Heart there were no such thorns, and His loving Heart pierced with anguish because of sin, this pure lily so fragrant with humility, was a consolation in its beauty, to His love. In the silent midnight hour of His Incarnation, He dropped down, to use the Scripture phrase, "like dew," into this fair chalice of Mary's lowly purity. He lived in its fragrant presence for thirty years—it is written that He "feeds amidst the lilies;" and in the Passion, its mystic odor was all the more acceptable, because it exhaled "among thorns" of suffering.

But how crushed was this lovely flow'ret like that which a beautiful legend tells us, was laid in the Sepulchre with the dead Christ! Like it, also, the exquisite bloom returned in the golden light of Easter. Still did it beautify the earth with its presence, untouched by thorns until angel-hands transplanted it to the Paradise above, and left lilies white as Alpine snows in the holy tomb of their queen. Blooming now in the land where the pure of heart see God, and the humble are gloriously crowned, in "the shrine of purity—and lilies silver-white"—let us contemplate Mary and ask her for this flower of grace—a pure and humble heart.

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's.)

Of all the blessings heav'n may send
I, for my choice, will take a friend.

—MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

The Poetic Attraction.

A LEARNED and holy writer * speaks of those who being "lifted up from the earth" draw men to themselves by a noble attraction. He includes, in this category, not only the saints of God, but also those on whom He has bestowed great natural gifts—for example, that of poetic talent. It is true this gift may be, and unhappily has been, unworthily employed, so as to become "of the earth, earthly," but, in itself, it is a celestial faculty, and even when not directly "making melody" to God, yet lifts up the poetic soul to a natural eminence, from which the beauties of creation are more clearly discerned. Being thus "lifted up," we necessarily elevate those in whom our songs find a responsive attention. A holy and simple person sometimes said to me, when listening to sweet poems, "I feel lifted up!" She knew nothing of the science, was quite incapable of the art, but there was an innate perception of high thoughts and noble expressions that came, no doubt, from her union with the "Master-Artist."

The poet throws a golden halo from the unseen light within over the visible things, which often have little if any beauty to a less refined and cultivated mind. And yet how much do we fall short in our efforts to obtain the ideal conceived! The great "Poet-Priest" exclaims in "The Valley of Silence":

"My song—it just touches the rude shores of speech,
But its music melts back into me."

Even an "Enfant" can feel that inability in her lower sphere—

Away in idealistic thought,
Like the gleam of a distant star,
A still more perfect beauty shines
Illuring me from afar! †

It is only when we see the Infinite Beauty "as He is," that the heart-strings shall be attuned to perfect praise. Meanwhile, if we desire not to be mere "tinkling cymbals," let us elevate our thoughts and aspirations by purity of intention towards Him whose gift it is, and thus, through His grace, we shall attract others to Jesus, Mary and the Blessed in Heaven, and to high thoughts of the beauties on earth, and soothe them with sweet exile strains in their onward way to the land of song.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's).

* Rev. G. Tyrell, S. J. † Musings. E. D. M.

Mystic Musings.

IN varied and beautiful strains of poetry, we hear of Mary's Rosary, and its mystic flow'rets of white, crimson and gold. We have come to associate this imagery with its joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries. There is a very sweet thought suggested to us by a holy priest, namely, to blend these tints in our lives, in order that we may be like white roses by purity, crimson by patient suffering, and gold by charity and heavenly desires.

Each soul should imitate the "Mystical Rose," pure, chaste, environed by thorns of mortification; each ought to seek from the "Mater Dolorosa," patience to stand by the Cross of Jesus even to death.

And finally, each should purchase gold "fire-tried," to gain the kingdom of peace.

"Looking ever fondly upward,"
"To the clear blue Heaven above."

Thus shall they become "the good odor of Christ" and of Mary.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's).

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

THIS frank and courageous attitude before the head of the Government was no less remarkable when he was confronted with another sovereign power, which was that of popular opinion. Thus he attended, not only the processions of the Blessed Sacrament in his parish church, but also that on Corpus Christi outside the town, which lasted many hours and tired him excessively. In 1872, he walked the whole way; but when he came home, his wound had re-opened and he was bathed in blood. Yet during the procession there was no sign of the pain he was enduring, and nothing but joy and ardent faith were seen on his face. One day some one asked him if by doing these things he did not fear to compromise himself. "To compromise myself!" he exclaimed, smiling; "thank God, it's a long time since that was done!"

But nowhere was his burning piety more remarkable than at the monthly meeting of the Tertiaries. The director of the association speaks of him as being really inundated with graces on such occasions, and it required all his energy and self-command to avoid his state of mind from being remarked by others. The same religious also speaks of the way in which he invariably kept that terrible anniversary of the 2nd of December. "He always arrived that evening," he writes, "just as we were closing the doors of the church. I used to hear his Confession, and then, when all the monks had gone to their cells, he remained all night before the Tabernacle. The next morning, very early, I said a Mass of Thanksgiving for him, at which he went to Communion; and when the doors opened to let in the usual congregation, he would slip out to his own house."

In 1872 he lost his father-in-law, M. Roger, for whom he had a filial affection, and he felt it doubly for his wife's sake. But he did not sorrow, as those that had no hope. His letters at this time to two friends who lost their sons breathe one and the same spirit: "*Sursum corda!* There your loved ones are with those who have left my own home; they are singing the praises of God, and waiting for that day when we shall all be re-united before His throne."

The feeling that our children belong to God more than to ourselves was to strengthen M. de Sonis for a fresh sacrifice. At that moment he was very happy, his three elder sons being home on leave and all the other members of his family round him. But our Lord had chosen his eldest girl, Marie, for Himself. "God having given me the grace of a religious vocation, I begged the Carmelite Father who was my confessor, to break the news to my

father. One evening, soon afterwards my dear father made me come into his bedroom, and said to me, as I knelt by his side: 'My dear child, is it true that you wish to give yourself entirely to God?' 'Yes, my dearest father,' I replied; I did not dare speak of it to you sooner for fear of giving you pain. But, as you know it now, I entreat you to give me your consent.' 'My child,' he answered, 'you know that I would never refuse to God any sacrifice He may exact from me, for you belong to Him more than you do to me. Give yourself up, then, to that powerful attraction which draws you towards Himself albne.'"

Equally admirable was his letter to the Mother de Garabis, his daughter's old mistress, on the 8th of October:

"I do not need to tell you, dear Madame, that my dear Mary has decided to enter the community of the Sacred Heart. She has been in many ways as much your child as ours. You lent her to us for a time, and now we give her back to you. For a long time I had guessed her secret, and I have followed with joy her progress in the interior life. I thank God for the honor He has done us in choosing one of my children. If nature makes itself felt by my fire-side, I venture to think that grace is stronger still, and that the separation, the sacrifice, will be made with joy, for it is thus we must reach Heaven.

"The standard of the Sacred Heart under which I have fought is a link between us, Madame, so that I feel as if I were already a member of your family, and now that union will be still more closely strengthened. How happy the thought makes me! I also hope that, in return for the child I give you, I shall have a share in your prayers. I want so much help from above! I am often frightened when I think what is the amount of my debt towards our good God."

Towards the end of October, M. and Madame de Sonis took their child to the Sacred Heart at Rennes, where the Superior led them into a chapel dedicated to *Mater Admirabilis*. Mass was said, and all went to Communion, the young postulant between her father and mother. When, after their thanksgiving, they came back to the parlor, Marie threw herself into the arms of her father. M. de Sonis blessed her, and then gave her back to the Superior, saying: "I give my child into your hands, and abandon all rights over her, giving her to the Society of the Sacred Heart. Be a holy religious, my child, and for that reason be always humble of heart."

Mademoiselle Marie de Sonis entered accordingly into her noviciate at Coflans, near Paris, and there her father wrote to her a series of beautiful letters, which are as much those of a spiritual director as of a father.

"God be praised," he began on the 29th of November, "that you are safely in port, and have cast your anchor in a safe haven. Your heart will tell you how much we feel your empty place by our fireside. But when we feel most sad, we lift up our hearts to God, and have not the strength to refuse Him the sacrifice He asked of us. More than that, my dear child, if, as I think, your vocation is a confirmed one, I must congratulate you on escaping so many dangers and sorrows, which are the lot of those living in the world. As for you, in your sweet solitude you will learn every day to love more tenderly the gentlest of masters and the dearest of friends. Blessed be, then, your Divine Spouse, who has chosen you among so many others!

Look at Him often, and your heart, so ready to love, will exclaim with Magdalen, '*Rabboni!*'—the most touching and eloquent word which ever came from human lips."

In another letter, of the 27th of December, he speaks of the Midnight Mass and the general Communion of the whole family. "From ten o'clock in the evening till two o'clock in the morning we passed a most consoling time in the chapel of the Carmelite Fathers. There was a great crowd in the Church, and more frequentation of the Sacraments than in previous years. The sight was very consoling; but there is so much that is evil, such blasphemies and such outrages to our Divine Lord, that there must be a great deal of good to counteract so much that is bad!"

The clothing of his child took place in Paris on the 2nd of February, the feast of the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple. The father and mother were both there, presenting also their own first-born. He wrote to her on his return home:

"If Our Lord grants my petitions, you will be a pious and holy child of the Sacred Heart, and will arrive without fear before the tribunal of God, your hands full of merits and good works. That is what I have asked for for you, and which you must obtain by an over-increasing fidelity to our Divine Master, who is also a jealous God."

On his daughter's owning to him that "she had too much reason not to be content with herself," he answered:

"So much the better, because that proves that you have the spirit of God. Who on earth, save the Devil, can be satisfied with himself? How well I understand that, measuring all that God has done for you, and conscientiously examining yourself, you find how heavy a debt you have yet to pay! *Quid retribuam Domino?* These words are perpetually echoing in my soul, and I assure you that I am also very dissatisfied with myself. But do not let this feeling turn into discouragement, my dear child. Let us feel small satisfaction in ourselves, because we see how much more remains to be done; but do not let it be without profit to our souls, which, by being thus humbled daily before Our Lord, obtain the grace of rising daily, without being conscious of it, up one of those steps of the staircase where we find our Divine Master, to whom we must strive to draw nearer day by day."

It was at the very time when he was thus giving his child to Jesus Christ, that Our Lord took his youngest Carmelite sister to Himself. For some time her health had been failing, and her living on seemed a miracle. Mother Mary of the Blessed Sacrament expired on the 31st of May, 1873, the very day when she had completed her twentieth year in the Order. She had passed the anniversary full of joy; but when evening came, she said to the sisters: "I think my time is at an end, and I have nothing now left but to die." She then went into choir to say Matins with the rest, after which, at eleven o'clock, she went to her cell to rest a little on her straw-bed. Hardly had she lain down, however, when she felt she was dying. The chaplain was called, the sisters gathered round her, and she expired just after she had received Extreme Unction. On receiving the news, General de Sonis started at once for Poitiers, and wrote to his other Carmelite sister as follows:

"As soon as I arrived, I hurried to the convent, where I found the dear

child in her coffin, smiling in death as in life. I had even to ask myself if she were not going to open her eyes. After absenting myself for a few moments to take a little food with M. de Bernay, I went back to the monastery, and remained there till ten o'clock at night. I was leaning against the grille of the choir in the very same place which I had occupied when she took the habit. I would have stayed there all night, but that I had promised to meet Theobald, who was to arrive by that evening's train. Finding he did not turn up, however, I went back at four o'clock in the morning, where I found the good Père de la Croix already at the altar. I took my place again beside her, and heard a great many Masses for the repose of her soul. At the moment of High Mass at eight o'clock, our poor brother arrived, worn out with fatigue. I received Holy Communion for the soul of this dear little sister, whom I could not help watching all the time. It was a painful moment when the coffin was taken out of the choir. I went to wait for it at the door of the convent. I had a great longing to kiss her once more; and the Mother Superior had offered me leave to do it the evening before. But, I thought, perhaps Our Lord would be more pleased at my observing the rule, and abstaining from it out of respect to His spouse; and also I feared the effect of this last adieu on Theobald. When the coffin was closed, we contented ourselves, therefore, with kissing the wood which enclosed her dear body, which we followed to its place of rest on earth. She lies by the side of her Carmelite sisters; and, for us, we can only exclaim, *Fiat!*"

He added: "I have inherited her Rosary, which she never failed to say for eighteen years to obtain a good death. I shall try when I say it, to replace her as often as possible at the feet of Mary. Adieu, my dearest sister. Every Saturday, as you know, we are united in the Holy Eucharist, which I receive for the relief of the dear souls who have left us."

A little later, on the 20th of June, we find M. de Sonis at Paray-le-Monial, that cradle of the Sacred Heart, of which he was one of the apostles, confessors, and, we may add, martyrs. M. de Charette was also there with the remainder of his Zouaves. M de Sonis wrote to his daughter: "I am starting this night for Paray-le-Monial, which is a great joy to me. I need not tell you that I shall place you in the Divine Heart of Our Lord, and shall ask that good Master to keep you in that blessed place, from whence we should never stir."

Every one has heard of that colossal pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, with its twenty-five thousand Communions, and its representatives of every Department and every class in France. The presence of General de Sonis was an event among the rest. "The impression he made," wrote an eye-witness, "was marvellous. In vain did he try to hide himself in the crowd; his attitude during the prayers was sufficient to point him out. He carried one of the cords of the banner during the procession, and followed it to the end, although the stump of his poor leg, ulcerated by the fatigue, caused him horrible suffering, and was bathed in blood. As he had some difficulty in making his way through the crowd, he felt a friendly arm slipped under his own to help him; it was Charette's. An immense acclamation followed. "*Vive de Sonis! Vive Charette!*" burst from every lip. But he, with

that tone of authority and command which he knew so well how to use, exclaimed: "No, no, cry *Vive Jesus!*" In spite of himself, they placed him on the platform on which the temporary altar had been raised, under the shadow of the banner of the Sacred Heart, the priests helping him to mount the step. There the thirty thousand pilgrims could see him at their ease, and again the cheers burst forth; which distressed him so much, that at last they let him change his post. He went under the famous nut-trees, which had witnessed the Divine Apparitions, and of which the pilgrims were stripping the foliage. "If I had not been there," he said afterwards, smiling, "I believe they would not have left a single branch or a single leaf!" Many of his old comrades had not seen him since Loigny, but their pleasure was spoilt by the pain of seeing him in so suffering a state. "If only, General, you would get an articulated leg instead of that wooden one!" exclaimed the young officers. "No, I detest shams!" replied de Sonis; "with one of those you make believe to have a leg which does not exist."

In the month of August he went to Chartres to pass there the Sunday after the Assumption. The next day it was at Loigny that "he went to receive Our Lord in that place where Jesus had been pleased to visit him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Two Crowns.

THE Sacred Heart of Jesus was ever encircled with a crown of thorns—that is, of suffering, from Bethlehem to Calvary, and the exterior one so cruelly placed on His Royal Head, had a still more painful archetype interiorily. When He appeared to the favored disciple and confidant of His Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary, she at once recognized the thorny circlet, and understood that even now, in His glorified state, there is a mystical suffering from the coldness and ingratitude of men.

Mary is "the lily amidst the thorns," and, after her, the elect have been first crowned with many tribulations, before gaining the victor's crown. We are not, then, to expect or desire a life without thorns, but learn from our Lord, and His ever-Blessed Mother, and from the examples of the Saints, how "to plait them in a garland." Let us ask for grace to suffer patiently, willingly, joyfully, so that it may one day be said of us (in some measure), as of Jesus Christ our Lord—"The crown of tribulation hath flourished into a crown of glory, and a garland of joy." *

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare).

* Mass of the Holy Crown of Thorns.

Two Autumn Sprays.

A leaf with the glitter of silver,
A leaf with the glitter of gold,
The others of crimson and purple,
My beautiful spray, behold.

O! it comes to set me thinking
Of the church-yard over the way,
Of father, and mother, and sisters,
Another autumn spray.

The first has a thousand col'rings
'Neath the sun's bright glow on the sod,
And the second throws out its beauty
Viewed under the eye of God.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Editorial Notes.

Carmelite Chapter.

The triennial chapter of the Carmelites of the Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, which embraces the United States and Canada, met at the Hospice of Mount Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ontario, on September 4th last, and closed its sessions on Sept. 7th. The result of the elections and appointments for the different offices in the Province for the ensuing three years is as follows: Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt is re-elected Provincial-Prior; Custodian of the Province, Very Rev. Theodore J. McDonald; Definitory: Reverend Fathers Ambrose F. Bruder, Otto J. Wiedemann, Dionysius F. Best and Cyril C. Kehoe; Syndicus, Rev. D. F. Best; Examiners, Rev. Frs. Pius R. Mayer, Cyril C. Kehoe and Ambrose F. Bruder; Auditors, Rev. Frs. Cyril C. Kehoe and Ambrose F. Bruder.

St. Boniface's Priory, Scipio, Kansas—Prior and Rector, Rev. Alphonse A. Brandstaetter; Procurator, Rev. Ferdinand Van der Staay.

St. Joseph's Convent, Leavenworth, Kansas—Superior, Rev. Louis K. Guenther.

Holy Trinity Priory, Pittsburg, Pa.—Prior, Procurator and Rector—Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder.

St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J.—Prior, Rev. Theodore J. McDonald; Procurator, Rev. Bernard G. Fink.

Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.—Prior and Procurator, Rev. Dionysius F. Best.

St. John the Baptist Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa.—Prior and Master of Novices, Rev. Anastasius J. Smits.

St. Cyril's Priory, Chicago—Provincial Visitor, Rev. Cyril J. Feehan; Prior, Rev. Cyril C. Kehoe.

The Province now includes thirty-five priests, sixteen professed clerics, nine scholastics and fifteen lay brothers.

The Guardian Angels.

God was not content with having created man, and after his fall sending His only begotten Son into the world for his redemption, but He gives to each man an angel that he may accompany him in all his ways here below, and in every possible manner assist mankind in obtaining salvation. "God," says the Psalmist, "hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." How much do we not owe to our Guardian Angel for all the love and solicitude with which he serves us and ministers to our temporal and eternal welfare? Let us reverence him on account of his presence and show confidence in his protection. This holy spirit speaks to those over whom he has charge, and makes use of every means to rescue them from perdition and to bring them to salvation. If his charge is innocent he seeks to preserve him in his innocence, and takes care that he is not infected by the contagion of the world. If he is a penitent, he endeavors to preserve him from a relapse and make him walk constantly in the way of penance. He that profits by the exertions of his holy Guardian angel and follows his inspirations and suggestions shall surely be saved; but he who turns his back upon this Angel and despises his inspirations will be in danger of being lost. Let us reflect on this during this month, and let us ever follow our heavenly friend and guide,

then he will ever go before us to keep us in the way of virtue and bring us to our home in heaven.

Carmel in Chicago.

Concerning our new foundation in Chicago The New World in a recent number says :

"The ancient order of Carmelites, with which all Catholics are associated through the Brown Scapular, is about to take its place among the clergy of this city. A fine piece of property has been selected in Hyde Park, at Fifty-fourth street and Jefferson avenue, and the fathers are in readiness to begin their educational and missionary labors. The primary object of this foundation is the erection of a college for the higher education of youth in classical, scientific and commercial branches. In this age of progress all religious orders of the Church feel it incumbent upon them to lend a hand to the all-important work of Christian education, and thus the older orders and the new are found side by side in the ranks of the Church ; one bringing activity and enthusiasm and the other the traditions of well-proven sanctity of purpose and venerable learning. The order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel enjoys a rare and beautiful history in cloister, university and missionary field. Above all it is the order that has taught tenderest devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and won her approbation from heaven in the safeguard of the Brown Scapular which she has thrown over her devoted children, both of religious order and of its vast Confraternity. The Catholics of Chicago, as far as interested, will not be disappointed in the latest foundation of the order, as it has been made under the most favorable circumstances. His Grace, the Archbishop, who is personally a generous patron, is confident of its success in beneficial services to clergy and laity. The Carmelite Fathers do not intend to engage directly in parochial work, but to supplement their labors by missions, retreats, occasional sermons and assistance in the confessional. The college is expected to open on the 17th of this month, although at present only a limited number of students can be accommodated. A spacious building furnished in the best manner and equipped with a large staff of teachers will be ready in a few months. Rev. Fathers Feehan and Kehoe are in charge of the institution, attending respectively to its financial and educational needs. Carmel thus makes its debut to the Church in Chicago, and bids fair to render the same services here that have endeared it to all In the past."

Modern Martyrs.

Splendid examples of heroism are presented to us by the Catholic missionaries now suffering in China. As the Rosary Magazine remarks : "Life, liberty, everything of a passing nature was set to the winds for the one object of their striving, the salvation of those poor heathens. Doubtless many more than we know of have died the death of martyrdom and their thirsting souls are now tasting the joys of an unending happiness. And it is the blood of such as those that waters and makes fruitful the soil of the Church, yielding a perennial harvest of great, good, valiant champions who will stand up amid the ruins of powers and principalities even to the end of time." Moreover, "the secular daily papers," says the Michigan Catholic, "contain lists of Protestant missionaries, their wives and children, who are escaping from China. One would think that there was not a Catholic priest or Sister out there. But there they are in thousands, and there they remain like true followers of Christ, fulfilling their duties, while the carpet-bagging evangelists are on the run from danger."

Our Lady of Lourdes.

Miracles have not ceased at Lourdes. Writing to his own paper in London from Lourdes, a correspondent speaking of a pilgrimage and procession this summer, says: "I shall never forget the sight, nor did I ever see anything like it in all the pilgrimages I have, by God's mercy, been allowed to see in many places. Many miracles were worked, and I was allowed to be present when the doctors examined the various people, who brought certificates from hospitals, etc., saying that their cases were incurable. And then I saw them walk after being paralyzed for years, and speak and sing after being utterly unable to speak a word for years, from maladies like tuberculosis, etc., and a little child of four or five, who had never walked in his life and been always in an iron cradle, was leaping about delighted, and people with immense tumors, etc., restored to their natural size in a few minutes. In all about thirty cases have been proved, and no doubt this afternoon there will be more. What is very touching is this new departure of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the number of people cured during the procession."

The League in China.

It is cheering to know that the League of the Sacred Heart has been and is flourishing among the Chinese Catholics. June 11, 1899, in conformity with the wish expressed by the Holy Father, the Jesuit missions were consecrated anew to the Sacred Heart. "There are in the parishes of Shanghai, Zi-ka-wei and the neighboring missions about one hundred affiliated centres," says the Monthly Calendar of San Francisco, and the number of Communions of Reparation reach about fifty thousand yearly. The devotion of the first Friday, lately so highly recommended by the Holy Father, is devoutly practised, the public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament taking place throughout the day in the chapels dedicated to the Sacred Heart. It is not at all surprising that in China, as elsewhere, the effects produced by the League are evinced by an increase of practical faith, the more frequent reception of the Sacraments, and zeal for the salvation of others. They have, too, a Messenger edited by the Chinese Jesuit, Father Lawrence Li, of which three thousand copies are printed monthly. In almost every home the picture of the Sacred Heart can be found, in company with the Rosary and the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. In their hour of trial the persecuted Catholics will assuredly not be found wanting.

Catechism in China.

Now that our attention is directed toward China, the following fact as told by Stafford Ransome in his *Japan in Transition* is of interest. H says: When I was in very close touch with that astute veteran Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, his Excellency had occasion one day to interview an American missionary who had been importuning him on the subject of the outrages on missionaries in China. "Why don't he become a Christian right away and set a good example?" was the first question put by this enthusiastic divine to Li Hung Chang through the interpreter. Instead of replying directly the Viceroy asked a counter-question, as has ever been his way. This was, "Who was Jesus Christ?" "Why, our Saviour of course," was the reply. "Yes, yes,

I know," said his Excellency, "but what I meant to ask you was, what is the meaning of the word Christ?" The missionary hesitated; then, turning to the interpreter, said, triumphantly: "Guess it don't mean much. Tell him his name is Li Hung Chang, and that that don't mean anything; and Christ was called Christ, that's all." "His Excellency says you are wrong," said the interpreter. "Li Hung Chang means 'ever glorious plum-tree,' (I think that was his rendering), and he was under the impression that Christ signifies 'Anointed.'" "Well," said the missionary, "some people may attach that meaning or any other to it. But He was our Saviour."

Fraternity in the Field.

The Lautaro of Buenos Ayres, a Masonic organ which is rabidly anti-Catholic, states that there are twenty million Masons in the world. It is also authority for the statement that "La Masoneria ha tornado una parte activa en todas las guerras que ha tenedo los Estados Unidos de America —Masonry has taken an active part in all the wars which the United States of America has had." And that the leading English generals fighting against the Republics of South Africa are active Masons. Gen. Roberts was "primer vigilante" of his lodge during the year 1895. Lord Kitchener was primer vigilante for the year 1897, and at present Grand Master of the district of Egypt and the Soudan. Lord Methuen was primer vigilante in 1896. Lieutenant General Sir Charles Warren was ex-Grand Deacon in 1887, and has acted as Grand Master of the district of the Eastern Archipelago from 1891 to 1895. The Commandant of the Canadian contingent, W. D. Otter, who has served with the imperial troops, is a Mason for many years and ex-Venerable of the "Ionic Lodge," No. 25, founded in 1873. Lord Woolsey and Lord Charles Beresford are ex-Grand Vigilantes of the Grand Lodge of England.

In the month of the Holy Angels we give special honor to the Queen of Angels—Our Lady of the Rosary. There is much need for prayer in these days when the scourging hand of Providence over the earth is strikingly manifest. Much need is there for us to join the pious associates of the Sacred Heart this month in offering "Reparation" to an angry and offended God. The prayer of the beads has more than once appeased heaven, and is still an efficacious means of obtaining blessings. We celebrate the feast of St. Teresa this month. Let us go to her who was so deeply skilled in the art of prayer. Let us beg this great Carmelite saint to teach us how to pray—especially how to recite our Rosary in so devout a manner that we may obtain all that the Blessed Virgin promised to those that invoke her.

A zealous spokesman for religious interests and valiant defender of the Catholic cause in America is the Right Reverend James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, N. J. In the September number of the North American Review he has clearly pointed out his reasons for the necessity of uniting Catholic societies. "His zeal has already been blest," says the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart. "The justification of his various addresses and articles on this matter is the alarm which the Independent and other sectarian organs have sounded. The success of his efforts is clear from the willingness of the politicians of the

party in power to consider Catholic interests. The Cuban civil marriage law which, according to General Wood's statement, was not to be repealed until autumn, has already been repealed. But that is only one of a dozen similar grievances."

In its issue of Sept. 8 our esteemed contemporary, the Freeman's Journal of New York, under the caption of the "Death of a Great Man," said that "His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli was killed in a railroad accident which occurred on the night of August 12 near Castel Giubileo." In the same number the Journal says in its Roman news that Cardinal Vannutelli was present on Aug. 19 at a reception to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Our venerable Cardinal Protector still lives in spite of the newspapers, and we hope for a long time to be enabled to say *Ad multos annos!*

Amongst the guests of the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls during the past month it was our pleasure and privilege to briefly entertain that eminent Passionist, Very Reverend Aloysius M. Blakely, Vicar-General of Nicopolis, in Bulgaria. Our readers who enjoy Father Blakely's interesting notes in this magazine will, we are sure, be delighted to learn that much more of the same good reading is in store for them. For the past six years Father Blakely has labored amongst the Bulgarians, and from his own lips we have heard of the almost incredible hardships and difficulties endured by the self-sacrificing priests and religious who have borne the heats and burdens of the day in this difficult portion of the Lord's vineyard. Till now almost insurmountable opposition and persecution confronted the zealous missionary. Now that Bulgaria has forced herself from under the yoke of the "unspeakable" Turk, things look more promising for a good harvest of souls. Unfortunately pecuniary help is urgently needed by the missionary before any advance can be made. Here is a great opportunity for zealous Catholics in America to give substantial aid towards the grand work of spreading the faith. We are sure that Father Blakely will everywhere meet with a hearty and generous response in his laudable efforts to collect means to further the Catholic cause in benighted Bulgaria.

At the Second Plenary Synod just closed at Maynooth, the Irish Carmelites were represented by their Provincial, Very Rev. A. E. Farrington, D.D. O.C.C.

☞ Some of our readers complain of receiving this magazine in bad condition; others say the address on the wrapper is erased or changed. We regret all this, but assure our friends the offenders are to be found outside of Niagara Falls. We have laid complaints before the postal authorities, and will continue to use every effort to remedy matters, and begging our readers to be patient with us in the meantime.

From Our Mail Bag.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Sept. 15, 1900.

The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls:

Enclosed find one dollar for my subscription. Please credit same. I consider your "reminder" an excellent method for reminding forgetful readers who never think that a paper ought to be paid the same as anything else. As *a non-Catholic and an ardent reader of your Review*, I can thank you, as I have neglected to send you the money, but shall do so in future, and will say further that every Catholic ought to read Catholic literature, as it brings great blessings not only to their homes, but to their souls, and enlightens them in the sacred religion they possess. Wishing you all success in your holy labor, I am respectfully C. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Catechism of the Christian Doctrine, by a Jesuit Missionary of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Illinois. Price, paper 5 cents, 100 copies $3.00. Sample copies free on application. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. This model Catechism is sound in doctrine, complete in scope, logical in arrangement, short and crisp in method, simple in style. It avoids with scrupulous care the use of every unnecessary long and uncommom word. Destined for use in the United States it is written by an experienced priest who is born to the manner and language, and who understands the genius of the children, thus being able to marshal his phrases in words that trip easily on the tongue. Recognizing that the employment of question and answer in catechising renders the imparting of knowledge easy then only when the question thoroughly suggests the answer and bears its own part of the burden, he seldom repeats the question before the answer. This new Catechism relegates such few words as need definition to a general vocabulary at the end of the book. This method has advantages; for the long vocabularies now found at the head of chapters, confuse the eye-memory, and divert attention from the main thing—which is the doctrine. Amongst the preliminaries of the new Catechism we are pleased to find a good clear argument for the existence of God. This Catechism is thoroughly conservative, aiming only at setting forth more clearly what has been found praiseworthy in the older catechisms. It retains with scrupulous care the old phrases lisped at the knees of parents, consecrated by the tongues of pastors. We recognize as a feature of usefulness in this Catechism that it ofiers many and valuable references to the Holy Writ for the help of inquiring minds. In a word, the Catechism of the Jesuit Missionary embraces, we believe, all the best features of a model Catechism. Whilst it embraces the general outlines of the Butler, Deharbe, and Baltimore Catechisms, it has the advantage of being charmingly simple and easy. We think the children will hail the book as a dear friend in the hour of need. The new Catechism is small in size and will retail for five cents. In its preparation the Missionary made good use of the unusual opportunities which he enjoyed and submitted the Catechism to more than a score of widely experienced pastors and theologians both amongst the secular and regular clergy, all of whom predicted for it a useful career in the classroom, in the home-circle, and in the missionary-field. The new Catechism has the *Imprimatur* of John J. Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, and Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago.

From the very start the one idea of the publishers of Benzinger's Magazine seems to have been to make the last number better than the one that preceded it. Following this out, the September issue, which has just appeared, comes to us in a full-fledged popular illustrated family paper, destined, we believe, to take the place in Catholic homes of the "Journals," "Companions," and similar publications often found there. While preserving its old form it is, in every way, a new magazine. It now appeals not to any *one* of the Catholic family, but to *all*, particularly the mother. the wife, and the daughter. Its special articles are original, terse, and well illustrated; its women's department contains the latest and choicest in fashions, home adornment, and household matters. Its fiction—both serials and short stories—is the best to be had for the money, for it is by such well-known and well-liked writers as Father Finn, Marion Ames Taggart, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, "Theo Gift," Maurice Francis Egan, Mary G. Bonesteel, Marion J. Brunowe, Mary C. Crowley, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mary T. Waggaman, Katharine Jenkins, Sallie Margaret O'Malley, Anna T. Sadlier, Magdalen Rock, Esther Robertson, etc. A new illustrated novel by Katharine Tynan Hinkson begins in this number. Nor are the father, the son, and the brother forgotten; sports, popular science, and the newest inventions will hold their interest; while games and amusements for younger folks, and short stories and jolly plays for the little tots show that all have been considered. And yet the price remains the same, one dollar a year. What more can be asked? Live agents, men and women, can make easy money by getting subscriptions for this magazine, and we advise them to write the publishers.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Success in undertaking; communion; employment; spiritual and temporal favors; restoration to health; for wayward brother; a very special intention; sick 1; means 1; special 2; a husband.

Any of our readers having copies of the last number (September) of the Carmelite Review to spare, will oblige us by mailing the same to our address.

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job* xix. 21.

Annie Fitzgerald, one of our subscribers, who died in the Lord at McConnellsville, Ohio.

Rev. John Verheyen, O.C.C., who died last month at Kavelaer, Germnay.

Mrs. Rosalie Viot, a subscriber, who died at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30, after receiving all the Sacraments peacefully and happy to go to her God.

James Brady, who died at Port Stanley, Ont.

Patrick Buckley, who died at "Myre Hall," Read, Ont.

George Miller. Rochester, N. Y.

Michael Tomkins, of New York City.

Sister Mary Vincent Carney, who died at Leavenworth, Kansas.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

THANKSGIVING.

"At the time my wife was in the hospital in Boston having an operation performed she was in great agony a few days afterwards, and nothing could be done for her, so she promised Our Blessed Lady that if she obtained relief she would have a Mass of Thanksgiving offered. She no sooner made this promise to Our Blessed Lady when she was instantly relieved. She promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review. I request you to do so. C. O'C.

Canton, Mass.

"Last February I was given up by the doctors, and every one thought I was dying. I prayed to the Infant King, and promised to write to the Carmelite Review if I recovered. I did, thank God! Mrs. J. S.

Passaic, N. J.

A reader in Braddock, Pa., also offers thanks for a recovery.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"*Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.*"—Promise of B. V. M.

Names received at Scipio, Kansas, Priory from: West Superior, Wis.; Ashton, Wis.; Rosedale, Kan.; Emporia. Kan.; Viesman, Mo.; Zell, Mo.; Lenox, Ia.

St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., has received names from: Bedford, Pa.; Cumberland, Md.; Auburn Center, Pa.; Ferdinand, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Evansville, Ind.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; Lake Church, Wis.; Wellston, Ohio; Notre Dame, Ind.; Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Chester, Ill.; Holy Cross, Wis.; Mount Calvary, Wis.; Kewaskum, Wis., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Names received at Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from. Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Luke, Belleville, Ill.; Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Sacred Heart, Chicago, Ill.; Walloce, Ind.; Snyder, Ont.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; London, Ont.; St. Boniface, Zurich, Ont., Holy Cross, Philadelphia, Pa,; Church of Our Lady, Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; St. Stephen, Cayuga, Ont.; North Yokina, Wash.; St. Columban, Ont.; Goderich, Ont; Dundalk, Ont.; Con. of Good Shepard, Buffalo, N. Y.; Seaforth, Ont.; St. John, W. Johnville, N. B.; St. Peter's, London, Ont.; Bl. Sacrament, Hokah, Minn.; St. Peter's Wheelsburg, O.; St. Louis, St. Paul, Minn.; St. Helen's, Toronto, Ont.; St. Patrick's, Halifax, N. S.; Windsor, Ont.; St. Michael's, Toronto, Ont.; Windsor, Ont.; Sault Ste. De Marie, Mich.; Jasper, Ind.; Chatham, Ont.; St. Rose, Carbondale, Pa.; St. Joseph's, North Sydney, N. B.; St. Andrew's, Brechin, Ont.; St. Mary's, Hollidaysburg, Pa., Dundas, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Joseph's, Granville, Iowa; St. Anthony of Padua, Stowell, Pa.; St. Aloysius, Chicago; Victoria, B. C.; St. John, Oswego, N. Y.; Falls View, Ont,; Holy Family, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Aloysius, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Bonitace, Buffalo, N. Y.; Glace Bay, N. S.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Michael's, Hewitt, Wis.; St. Michael's, Buffalo, N. Y.; Brooklyn. N. Y.; Assumption, Livorville, N. Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Alexandria, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; St. Benedict, Atchison, Kas.; Columbus, Ohio; St. Paul's church, Euclid, Ohio; St. Francis Xavier, Tillbury, Ont.; St. Ignatius, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Jeseph's church, Stevens Point, Wis.; St. Vincent's, Toledo, O.; Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Ont.; St. James, Kenosha, Wis.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Bridget's, Logan, Ont.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below**, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

The Queen and Saints of Carmel.

"Behold I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me for a sign, and for a wonder in Israel."—Isaias VIII.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1900. NO. 11

Remember the Dead!

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHEN the sere leaf falls,
When the sad wind calls,
And the gloom of the tomb o'er earth seems spread ;
Hear the night-birds cry
From the dark'ning sky :
"Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"

Each bell that tolls
For departed souls,
Swinging thro' cold, gray mists o'erhead,
Must echo the words
Of the warning birds :
"Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"

Afar, the dirge
Of the sea's dull surge
On shiv'ring sands, or cliff's bold head,
Doth mutter and moan
Thro' the silence lone :
"Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"

The Dead of the deep,
The Dead who sleep
In the graves of earth, or wherever their bed ;
If near or far,
Under sun or star,
Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!

And the Dead—ah! me,
Will remember thee,
Whose prayers their heavenward flight have sped ;
Wouldst, one day, share
In their glory *There?*
Then, by day and by night, remember the Dead!

England's Future. *

By Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P.

I HEARD a voice: "Ha! now shall England fall—
Her empire reft! God's judgment-hour begins.
He strikes; and, mindful of her many sins,
With blow on blow shall well repay them all!"
Here Faith join'd chorus, bidding me recall
Apostate power that snatch'd the bread of life
From countless souls, and raised fanatic strife,
And sought to butcher truth—like blinded Saul.

"Then serv'd the cult of Mammon," quoth the voice:
"And work'd so well the logic of her creed,
She grew, among all lands, the archfiend's choice
For richest fruits of selfishness and greed.
His gift of empire she accounts the sign
Of Heaven's own sanction—recompense Divine!"

I heard; and knew a moment's flush of shame:
But breath'd an *Ave*, and made calm response:
"Let stand thy harsh indictment, for the nonce.
Tho' where, O prophet, on the roll of fame,
Dost find one people of unsullied name?
Or thinkest thou God slumbers for a day—
Ay, for an hour—the while His creatures play
Their suffer'd parts in crafty Satan's game?

"But should, forsooth, the treasured ire descend
On England's head—I bow my own, and say:
'Just are thy judgments, Lord—benign their end!
For larger mercies they but pave the way'
Let Albion's empire dwindle to a wraith:
Small loss, I trow—regain'd her ancient faith!"

Then spake a gentler voice: "Apostate power
Tore, vulture-like, thy nation's Catholic heart
From out her bosom. Her's the *victim's* part
In current lies have duped her to this hour.
But shall she perish—erst 'Our Lady's Dower'?
Her saints,' her martyrs' cry is pleading still.
The Giver of life is breathing where He will: (1)
A 'second Spring' nigh bursting into flower.

"Then may not Heaven permit her to retain
Her world-wide sway—no more for lust of gold;
But to extend a truer freedom's reign,
And ever widen the One Shepherd's Fold?"
Is this impossible penance, dear my Land?
I watch—I trust—"the change of God's right hand" (2)

* Written in the early part of the South African war.

(1) St. John 3:8.

(2) Ps. 76:11 (Vulgate reading, following the Septuagint.) It means the change wrought by God's right hand.

A Dream of Ogni Santi.

By Caroline D. Swan.

GOOD FATHER MOYNAHAN—familiarly known as Father Ignatius—sat thinking of Paradise. It all came before him in a dream of beauty. Its meads of asphodel,—its winged throng, white-robed with palms in their hands,—its bursts of song—its intense sweetness, born of heavenly anticipation. For do not the saints go on, as from glory to glory? He imagined their faces of unearthly calm, aglow with a never-ending sense of Divine benediction. And was not their Feast-day close at hand? The Feast of All Saints, which the Church so beautifully celebrates? He thought, too, of his own congregation, and how many of them had gone to join that winged throng—more than usual, he was sure, during the year past. Death had reaped superabundant harvest! At how many funerals he had officiated! Well, they had all died in the odor of sanctity—at least so he trusted! Then he said his prayers, offering them to all the Blessed Saints, known and unknown,—and was comforted. Soon he fell into a placid sleep,—there, in his big arm-chair—and a strange dream came to him,—a dream so vivid as to become far more intense than a common-place reality.

He thought he was standing in his little parish cemetery, where innumerable crosses bore witness that one and all of these good people had died in the faith. Pansies of late bloom still purpled the graves, brightening the autumn gloom, as with precious reminiscence of Easter; here and there, a wreath or cross of snowy blossoms marked the tomb of some wealthy parishioner, placed there in anticipation of Ogni Santi.

Then, suddenly, there appeared surrounding him a wondrous, white-robed circle, a number of Blessed Saints, standing hand in hand, starry-crowned and with faces of peace. Yet they seemed to have a familiar look, these strange visitants. He knew them. They were some of those whom he had, himself, laid to rest beneath the daisies, and for whose souls he had prayed, interceding before the face of God.

At last, one of them addressed him, breaking the solemn silence. "You do not seem to know me, Father, nor do I wholly wonder! We are so happy in Paradise, that the shadows of earth have been swept off our faces. The wrinkles have left my forehead, but you know me as Michael Burke."

Yes, Father Ignatius did know him, now! A good, quiet old man, who had never dreamed of being a saint, nor had bishop or pastor remotely imagined him such. Yet there he stood, acknowledged in the sight of God, his utter humility accounted for righteousness.

"Give us your prayers, good Michael," said Father Ignatius, very meekly, for the reappearance of *this* one, out of all the lambs of his flock, was a sharp surprise.

"We have come from Paradise, to-day," continued the unexpected visitant—"such being the good Lord's gracious will,—to inquire as to the weal of certain souls, left behind us on the green earth. My son Peter, my dear son, tell me of him!"

It would be hard to find a man more

thoroughly nonplussed than poor Father Ignatius, when this word came. How could he tell these celestial beings all the evil things he well knew Peter was doing? That he was hanging about Donnelly's saloon, for instance, much the worse for bad whiskey, and that his children—Michael's dear grandchildren, whom the old man used to pet—were straying about, ragged and dirty, in consequence. No, he could not tell this, he feared it would startle and disperse his visitors, so he took a gentle, middle course. "Peter is very poor, but a good-hearted lad," he answered, evasively. The father bent on him a searching gaze, before which he quailed.

"Poverty and self-denial," said the sainted Michael sternly, "are blessed preparations for Paradise. Yet I fear, from your reticence, that Peter is not preparing very fast. I must pray for him!"

Here, a second inquirer stepped forward, to the intense relief of the good priest. He could give a better account, he thought, of the others than he could of Peter Burke. But he found himself face to face with another soul he had not thought to see. "Poor Maggie Ryan!" he cried within himself, in grateful wonder. "Deceived, betrayed, deserted!" He lost sight of her after that. But she must have died a blessed death, after all;—for here she was. Forgiven on high, because she had loved much—a Magdalen, a Saint! Yet what could be whiter than the lilies she bore? Or more holy than her calm eyes?

"The last shall be first and the first last," murmured Father Ignatius. "Heaven have mercy on us all!"

She spoke at last, softly, yet with clear intensity.

"I am praying for the salvation of Francis Tierney, whom I loved on earth, though he loved me not. I know that now, as the light of God falls on his past. Yet I—I love him still, in the eternal presence of God."

The priest gave a start of fear. What revelations were these! Francis Tierney! was it possible? Why, this man was one of his pet lambs! "The white-headed bhoy in the church," old Bridget Maloney called him! A man whose money had been of great service, in emergencies—a man, too, he would have said, of the highest moral correctness! He had never connected this man, in the remotest way, with poor Maggie. And yet he it was, who had wrought her ruin! Heaven was indeed making revelations.

"Francis Tierney," stammered the priest at last, as if pleading his cause with an angry Judge,—"is leading an exemplary life, now, as far as I know." He dared not speak of any one with certainty, to such questioners. "He does his church duty and gives much in charity."

The searching blue eyes held a world of solemnity in their depths. They did not brighten at this testimony, though it was not set aside.

"Amen!" The word fell from her sweet lips, like the toll of a bell. The lovely head bent, as in shame. "He may well give," she murmured. "It is a *sin-offering.*"

"Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium;
Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus!"

But, before the priest had done whispering his bit of Latin, he looked up in fresh fear, for a third form was approaching. It was a tall figure of the Saint Michael type,—a man who had done much, while on earth, to relieve the necessities of the poor, in his own

humble way; but all so unobtrusively that Father Ignatius had never thought of him at all as a saint among the blessed. He had come to beg tidings of his nephew, Charley Bruce. A A deeper shadow grazed the face of the priest. What could he say, again Charley was no worse than many, nay most, of his Catholic lads. He was reckless, fond of fun, and would play poker instead of going to hear the Mission Fathers preach—for the missioners came to Father Moynahan's parish now and then, to stir up the faithful. Charley would spend his money on fast horses, or lose it at cards,—the very money this good uncle left him, —and then have none wherewith to pay his church dues. Father Ignatius was honest, nevertheless, so he told all this and more though much against his will.

"Yes," murmured the questioner, "I see! He is hardly in training for sainthood, at present. He would not be happy with us, in Paradise."

"God grant him a good, long stay in this lower world," retorted the priest, warmly. He liked the wilful boy and had great hopes of him. "He doesn't need to be a great saint, just now. Just let him stay a good, honest son of the Church, confess his sins and say his prayers, and that is enough. I love the youngster! and believe him sincere."

A brilliant smile illumined the stranger's face, like a jet of flame. "God bless you!" he cried "for a good, devoted priest! Take care of your stray lambs! They all belong to our Lord. Defend them always, as you have defended this one of mine!"

A frail form, which made him think of a Fra Angelico seraph, now approached the shepherd of the flock. Her mist of golden hair and trailing wings made a spot of glory where she stood. He waited in silence for her to speak. There was power in her voice, when words finally came; the fire of her penetrating accents stirring the priest out of his calm, which had been somewhat restored by the last questioner's open approval.

"I have not come to thee for tidings of Elenora"—she spoke with a certain loftiness, as of the skies. "I come to tell thee what I know—and what thou knowest not!"

The priest dimly recalled her, searching his memory. She was Laura McIlvaine, the elder of two orphan sisters; but she had died long, long ago, and Elenora, of whom she spoke, was the baby sister with golden curls whom she had left behind. But, now, Elenora had grown up into a beautiful young girl, with a marvellous singing-voice, and become the soprano of his church choir. She had fared well in the world, which had taken no ill advantage of her loveliness, and was a sweet, pious girl—of that Father Moynahan was sure. Why was Laura, on high among the Blessed Saints, fearful and still yearning over the child?

"There is evil awaiting her," said the sister, quietly answering his thought, which she seemed to read as from an open book. "Carl Ritter, the impresario of the Gaiety Opera Troupe—" Father Ignatius started, in such alarm that he lost the balance of her sentence. He had, himself, seen Nora, one day, in conversation with this man. Could it be? Was the wolf, indeed, after one of his lambs?

"Nora is dazzled," pursued the sister, "like many another, by the vision of fame—of wealth also and earthly splendor. All these the Evil Angel promises! An operatic career would be her soul's destruction. She is good,

but weak. Help her, as thou canst, Father Ignatius! Save her! Oh, save her! Behold, I am sent of the Lord."

"Lead us not into temptation," murmured the priest, "but deliver us from evil!"

Next came Ellen O'Toole's mother, who had died since Ogni Santi of last year, eager for things of her daughter, and this time, the pastor could give account of a prayerful, helpful, patient life. Meanwhile, two or three others stood calmly, waiting to speak of their dear ones;—but just then, the worried priest woke up, rubbing his eyes, and found himself at home, in his own study. The Angelus was ringing, and, as he uplifted his evening prayer, he commended his flock anew to the special care of the Blessed Virgin.

"Mother of Mercy!" he cried, with unwonted fervor. "Earth is not heaven, as thou knowest. Pray for us! We are battling against principalities and powers,—and often worsted! Pray for us here, who are grieved and weary with the burden of our sins! Purify our hearts through faith in thy dear Son, that we may stand at last among the Blessed Saints of God, 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.'"

St. Vincent de Paul.

By Sue X. Blakely.

AMID the tumultuous waves of conflict, destruction and death now rushing over the whole earth, and threatening to submerge all created beings in their terrible depths, it is refreshing to devote a little while in considering the life of one of the most brilliant lights in the glorious galaxy which shine forth upon the altars of our holy Mother, the Church. The life of St. Vincent de Paul recently written by M. Emmanuel de Broylie enables us to do this in a most delightful and instructive manner.

You will say, perhaps, kind reader, that there exist already numerous and exhaustive treatises upon the life of this great saint, and that the publication of another was something entirely superfluous. The author, fortunately, thought differently, and the Church is enriched by a little volume which contains a simple, short but exact and very touching description of the saint and his innumerable charitable works. It differs from more elaborate accounts in this point,—that under the purest and most correct, yet withal simple diction it addresses itself to the hearts of *the people* most directly.

Notwithstanding the ceaseless efforts of the wicked to inspire the masses with a hatred for religion, her saints in heaven, and her ministers on earth, in regard to St. Vincent they were powerless. He was always the object of their veneration and love. The workman in his blouse remained faithful to his dear patron in the cassock, and the insolent "voyou" as was called the imitation of the raven's hoarse croak, a species of impertinence much in vogue when a priest came into view, was instantly hushed if by chance an itinerent burden of bric-a-brac would appear and have amongst his wares the popular picture of the saint. This was the one in which he is depicted in a street of Paris, in a snow storm with one little child enveloped in a fold of

his mantle, and bending to rescue another from the angle of a wall. It is too easy alas! to lead astray the restless spirits of the masses, but happily it is more difficult to corrupt their hearts. What a noble work it would be to diffuse amongst them this little volume, this charming life of St. Vincent?

They would learn in detail the solid benefits which have been bestowed upon their class by this great and good Apostle of Charity.

These benefits are as innumerable as varied, and it can be safely asserted that in the matter of charities nothing *new* has been inaugurated since the time of St. Vincent de Paul. I can prove this assertion as you will see.

We take a justifiable pride in our recently opened "Night Refuges," but let me add that in it the system is as yet very inadequately developed, for the poor creature who dreads the approach of night, not having whereon to lay his head, will find but few "Refuges" in the large City of Paris, and they are generally crowded to excess. St. Vincent had already opened, not only in the capital, but in many other cities, asylums for those who were in need of them, where supper and lodging for the night were given them, also to each one a bonus of "two pennies" to help them on their way.

Neither should we fancy that philanthropic works date from yesterday. Each time that one of his charities was inaugurated, he would see that those only who were in charge would separate those "ouvriers" who, strong and healthy, were able to work and desired it, and the infirm who longed for employment, and were provided with some light duties, also that they would care for the weak and ailing as far as it was in their power to do so.

We do not know which to admire the most in the charities projected and established by St. Vincent de Paul, whether it be ardent charity which inspired the design, or the practical genius that presided at its execution. Innumerable work-shops and establishments of a higher grade owed their existence to him. There boys and youths of a more advanced age were educated in the avocation of their choice—gratis—upon the sole condition that they would impart the knowledge thus acquired to the children of the poor who would replace them. These grand works, however, after the death of the saint died away in the course of time. They missed his sustaining arm, and it was years afterwards that benevolence, hesitatingly and with indifferent success, again ventured to resume the good works of this venerable man, who in faded cassock, and ancient hat, won respect and benedictions from all. The good "Monsieur Vincent" was truly, during at least the half of his long life (he died at the age of eighty-four) the principal dispenser of charity in France. He gave out millions. He built imposing edifices such as the Saltpétrière and the Hospital for Incurables. He commanded phalanxes of priests and religiouses. He was ever present, if not in person at least in spirit, where the poor were to be aided, an orphan to be received, or a helpless infant to be taken in at the turn. He loved to visit and console the prisoner; in a word he was wholly absorbed in doing good.

In the ranks of his army of benevolence he had enrolled the queen, the great ones of the court, the dwellers in country and town. From those who had it he asked money, from the less fortunate—their good will. Upon one occasion, to aid his own Sisters of

Charity in their ministrations to the afflicted, he engaged some peasant girls—country maidens—with kindly natures and deft fingers, and from that he conceived the idea of founding "The Grey Nuns" (les sœurs grises) that admirable Order whose members to-day number twenty thousand, and are represented almost over the whole world. * * * His activity was diffused throughout the entire kingdom.

At the first word of appeal he would take his old traveling cloak and go to a distant province to give a mission or to inaugurate some other good work. Did the clangor of battle resound through the land? There he was amongst those who were left behind inquiring into their wants and administering consolation and relief. He it was who was foremost in the religious renaissance which was so marked a feature of the seventeenth century. In company with Monsieur Olier he founded and gave to the Church not only the good work of seminaries, but of missions. He sent his Lazarists all over France—nay even to Barbary, to take the word of truth to the Infidel hordes.

And all that with a never failing sweetness, constant good humor, and deprecating modesty that was simply delicious.

This director of so many enterprises; this chief overwhelmed with many anxieties; this great personage who was in frequent consultation with prime ministers and even kings, never for a moment forgot that the most noble duty of the priest is to succor the poor, those "suffering members" of Jesus Christ. He remembered, too, that humility is one of the golden virtues whose luster gilds with brighter ray, and beautifies the rest. Upon leaving an aristocratic assembly where he had been soliciting for his beloved orphans, the saint would hasten to the galleys, those gloomiest and most dismal of prisons, to aid the poor creatures confined therein, and even to perform for them the most loathesome tasks. And in his own house "of the Lazarists" where retreats to the clergy were frequently given, on the very morning of the day during the course of which he was due at the Louvre to assist at a consultation before the Regent, he might have been seen polishing the shoes of the visiting clergy, the number of servants being small.

I know well how such a course would be looked upon both then and now by the many, for piety grows very lukewarm with the crowd, and devotion with the votaries of fashion is now fervent — then evanescent, then for awhile it dies away. I say again and again, that nothing is more solid than *true Christian charity*, and next I will loudly proclaim my thanks to Monsieur Emmanuel de Broglie for having enabled me to pass some delightful hours in company with St. Vincent de Paul. Far more interesting is he than "la grande dame" of an uncertain age who, when she has founded a few beds in the hospitals, wishes to be decorated like an old soldier, or the banker-millionaire who, when he has drawn a check of moderate dimensions, through motives of policy, for some beneficial institution has his gift announced, with the sound of the trumpet in the various journals of his country.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

The Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

IX.

IT is an interesting fact, indeed, that the great St. Jerome, who passed through Jaffa on his way to Jerusalem about the year 400, alludes to the terrible "reef" when, referring to a well-known mythological fable. He says: "This (Jaffa) is the place where travelers are shown the rocks by the sea-shore to which Andromede was chained, whom Perseus is said to have rescued."

Having enjoyed to the full the extended view which we had from the terrace of the "Hopital," we descended, and set out for a walk through "Old Jaffa," as the ancient portion of the city is called. Threading our way through its narrow and malodorous streets, each of whose ancient Arabian houses seems to have been built to resist a siege, we directed our steps to the "House of Simon the Tanner" (or rather to the site upon which it once stood), with whom St. Peter dwelt while at "Joppe," and where he had the vision of the clean and unclean animals (described by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter X.), the purport whereof was to inform him that Christ was not only the Saviour of the Jews, but of the gentiles also; or, in other words, that with God there is no acceptation of persons. From the first ages of Christianity, several churches have been erected successively on this spot where the Most High manifested His mercy in a miraculous manner towards those that were not of His "Chosen People." Now, unfortunately, the crescent has replaced the Cross—a mosque having been raised upon the ruins of the last temple, built by St. Louis, King of France, and administered by the "Fathers of the Holy Land,"—the distinctive title of the Franciscans in Palestine.

The "House of Tabitha" also was pointed out to us during our wanderings. She was "a woman full of good works and alms deeds" (St. Luke, IX. 36. to 42.), and having died, was raised to life by St. Peter. Finally, we visited the markets,—a locality which almost everywhere in the Old World, as far as my experience goes, affords an exceptional opportunity for getting a general notion of the people. Here all classes meet, and every variety of costume, especially in an Eastern market, is seen. There, too, conventionalities are laid aside; there is a general unbending; and the stranger is made to feel "at home," mixing up as he does with the throng and jostling good naturedly against representatives of every quarter of the globe. After what I have said elsewhere in this letter of the fruits of the Orient, I need not speak in detail of

the various products on sale in the stalls of an Eastern bazar, since that would simply be a recapitulation.

On our return to the "Hopital Saint Louis" about 7.30 p. m., we assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and our usual evening-prayer in common, after which, supper was served. Then the contingent which was to lodge at the Franciscan Hospice left for that institution, a five minutes' walk, and retired for the night. After having celebrated Mass the following morning in the parish-church of the "Latins," the name generally given in the Orient to the Catholics of the Roman rite, in contra-distinction to those of the uniate-Greek, Syrian, Armenian, etc.,—we proceeded to the depot, where at 6.45 we took the train for Jerusalem.

And now, a hasty glance at the country through which the train passes on its way from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the most interesting portions of which, from a historical point of view, are duly pointed out and explained to us by our guide, Frère Bénoit.

Skirting the extensive orange groves adjacent to the former city, and advancing for quite a distance through the well-cultivated fruit orchards which Hebrew colonists from various parts of the world, aided largely by Jewish associations and private charities, have established in this quarter, we glide into the Plain of Sharon, anciently inhabited by the Philistines and memorable for the mighty battles waged upon it between that warlike people and the children of Israel. Our first stop is at Lydda (of old, *Lod;*—founded, as we read in I. Paralipomenon, VIII. 12, by the Benjamite Samad). It is this now insignificant town of narrow and ill-kept streets that tradition assigns as the birth-place of the martial St. George, patron of England in the days of faith, and whose relics, it is said, reposed here for a long time. Several churches were successively erected in his honor at this point during a period covering centuries. The last of these was destroyed by Saladin when he became master of Judea, and was replaced by a mosque. This in its turn fell into decay and was succeeded by a Schismatic Greek church, in whose crypt may be seen a white marble tomb on which reposes a statue of this Christian hero, "who fought and slew the dragon." It was at Lydda also, that St. Peter healed a man named Eneas who had been confined to bed for eight years by the palsy, (Acts, II. 32 to 35.), and that the same Apostle raised to life the charitable widow Tabitha or "Dorcas," as I had occasion to mention further back. From here on, the territory through which we travel recalls vividly scenes deeply impressed on the mind of every Catholic school-boy by his Bible-history. Thus, for instance, the taking of the "Ark of the Covenant" by the Philistines, after their sanguinary triumph over the humiliated Israelites, during which the latter lost thirty-four thousand men, comes before us, and we can almost follow with our eyes that sacred depository of the tables of the Law, the Manna, and the rod of Aaron, as its exultant captors bear it, at first as a trophy but later as an instrument of Divine wrath, from one of their cities to another, followed everywhere by the dreadful chastisements inflicted by the Most High on the inhabitants of the same, until it reaches *Accaron* (not far distant from us now), whence it was returned to the people of God after having been in the possession of their enemies for seven months. Again, *Bethsames*

(within easy reach) recalls the joyous acclaim with which its people received this "holy of holies," and the scarcely less terrible punishment with which they were visited in their turn for the too great familiarity they exhibited towards it. Our next stop is Ramleh, which a tradition quoted by St. Jerome points out as the native place of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who assisted in taking down the body of our Lord from the Cross.

The valley of Sorec, which we traverse, was the birth-place and the sepulchre of that prodigy of strength and prowess, Sampson, whose tomb is shown us, or, to speak more correctly, its *site;* for it is by no means probable that the mosque-like structure referred to dates from the time of his interment. We are on the theatre, too, of many marvellous exploits of this wonderful man, all of which are briefly but vividly narrated in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the "Book of Judges." Here also dwelt the wicked Dalila, who, having ensnared this "judge of Israel" by her deceitful charms, wormed out of him the secret of his strength and betrayed him to the Philistines. The valley of Raphaim brings to miud the first victories of David over this same people subsequent to his being proclaimed King of Israel; and it was the torrent of Terebinth, still further on, that furnished him with the "five smooth stones," one of which felled the giant Goliath. We are in the neighborhood likewise of the birth-place of holy Simeon, who was in the temple at Jerusalem when our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph brought the infant Jesus thither "to present Him to the Lord" (St. Luke, II. 22.), and who had the inexpressible happiness of holding in his arms the Saviour of the world.

"Ain-Hanieh," also on our route, is said to be the locality where St. Philip baptized the Eunuch of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians. (Acts VIII. 26 to 39.). An abundant source of water, which is supposed to have been the scene of this event, still flows, and serves to irrigate the orchards and gardens of the vicinity.

[As may be easily seen, I have paid less attention to the order of succession and continuity of the places mentioned above than to the impressions made upon my mind by the facts and traditions connected with them.]

At Deïr-Abane, between which and the immediate term of our journey —Jerusalem—there intervenes but one more station, we find a number of Spanish Jews awaiting the arrival of our train in order to go thither for the "Day of Weeping." To my surprise, I hear them conversing in Bulgarian; and on enquiring how they come to know that language, they tell me they are from Plevna, Bulgaria, and that they are members of a colony of their race which is engaged in agriculture and vine-growing not far from our present stopping place. We met them the following Friday at the "Wall of Solomon's Temple" (of which more anon), whither our party went to see the children of Israel bewailing the misfortunes of the Holy City. *

Near Artouff, where an English Protestant association owns a great tract of land, on a portion of which a number of houses have been erected for such Jews as shall enter the Anglican communion (up to the present these have been as plentiful as white black-

*NOTE—These Spanish Jews, so called because their progenitors came originally from Iberia, are quite numerous in our portion of the Balkan Peninsula, and there is an odd saying current among them, viz.: That they are in no wise responsible for the death of Christ, because their ancestors left Palestine long before it occurred.

birds!), we reach the entrance to the mountains of Judea. At this point the grade becomes exceedingly steep and the ascent tortuous. The scenery is wildly picturesque as on leaving the open we traverse a narrow gorge with rugged and perpendicular cliffs on either side, their savage grandeur being but little relieved by the dwarfed trees and clumps of shrubbery which at intervals cling to their precipitous surface. As we proceed, the train crosses once and again the torrent, so-called, of "Aïn-Katames"; though it is of such insignificant volume at this moment, as to merit rather the appellation of *purling brook*. Occasionally the desolate appearance of the landscape is brightened by the smiling gardens of European colonists in the valleys below us, or rendered even more sombre and uninviting than usual by some squalid and disorderly Mohammedan village. When we reach the "Vale of Roses"—quite a misnomer now, for the culture of that beautiful flower there is a thing of the past, we get our first glimpse of the "City of Sion,"—the high tower erected on Mount Olivet by the Russians being especially distinguishable. Soon, also, the "Hill of Evil Counsel" appears in sight, where, it is said, the high-priest Caiphas, who had a villa there, assembled the ancients of the people for the purpose of deliberating how they might accomplish the downfall of Jesus and bring about His death. Jerusalem, the "City of God," next bursts upon our enraptured gaze. With one accord and under a spell which is as irresistible as it is indescribable, we rise to our feet: our hearts throb, tears come to our eyes, and our feelings find vent only in the beautiful canticle "*Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi*," (Psalm CXXI.), which I feel you will thank me for appending here in full:—

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord.

"Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jersualem!

"Jerusalem which is built as a city, which is compact together.

"For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord; the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord.

"Because their seats have sat in judgment, seats upon the house of David.

"Pray ye for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem: and abundance for them that love thee.

"Let peace be in thy strength; and abundance in thy towers.

"For the sake of my brethren and of my neighbors, I spoke peace of thee.

"Because of the house of the Lord our God, I have sought good things for thee."

Our journey has been a brief one, lasting but from 6.45 until 11.45 a. m., though according to schedule time it should have been some two hours shorter. We were glad, however, of the delays that occurred en route, as they afforded us a better opportunity for observation than would have been possible without them. At the hour last named, the train came to a standstill in the depot of Jerusalem, and our party descended silently and reverently, each of us seeming to hear the admonition addressed by Almighty God to Moses from the burning bush: "Put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." (Exodus, III. 5). We were still outside the walls, it is true, but the ground was sacred to us, having been trodden over and over again by

our Lord and His Apostles. Eager to leave the busy railroad terminus with its all too modern accompaniments, so that we might enter the precincts of the holy city as soon as possible, we were pleased on seeing the superior of "Casa Nova"—Very Rev. Père Urbain-Marie, O.S.F., "Vicar-custodian of the Holy Land," who with several of his brethren had come to welcome our "pilgrimage" and to conduct us to the elegant Hospice over which he presides. Entering the carriages in waiting, our numerous party was rapidly *whirled* (I use the word advisedly, for the jehus here drive at a break-neck pace) along the road leading to the Jaffa-Gate, the incline of which is sufficiently precipitous for quite a distance without being made to appear doubly so by the vertiginous speed at which we traversed it. This, however, is something to which one grows accustomed in the Orient, where carriages are allowed a velocity never dreamed of even in our go-ahead America. In fact, there is apparently neither law nor limit in this matter.

The "Gate of Jaffa," through which we must pass, is worthy of more than simple mention. It was over its arch namely, that the Emperor Hadrian, some two years before his death (viz., A. D. 136.), ordered the figure of a hog sculptured in marble to be placed, and forbade the Jews to come within a certain distance of it under pain of death. This seemingly wanton and barbarous act was occasioned by a supreme effort on the part of the unhappy Israelites to regain their independence, an effort which lasted three years and ended with the capture of Jerusalem by the Roman armies and a loss to its defenders of half a million of men.

When we call to mind that the swine was to the Hebrews an emblem of all that is odious and abominable, and therefore justly an object of loathing in their eyes, we can understand how complete was the humiliation inflicted on them in this instance by the pagan tyrant whose slaves they had become. An inscription still visible over the gate in question tells us that it was restored by the Sultan Soliman in the year 1544. But as the unclean animal execrated by the Jews is equally abhorred by the Mussulman, its hated image disappeared with the conquest of the Holy City by the latter.

But here we are at "Casa Nova," which, though externally less imposing than its sister institution—the "Hospice of Our Lady of America" at Nazareth, is nevertheless considerably larger, and can accommodate a far greater number of people, its *chambres a coucher* being smaller and consequently more numerous than those of the latter establishment. It is quadrangular in shape and has a court-yard in the middle, which fact allows of apartments on both sides of the corridors, thus affording an abundance of light and air, the latter, particularly, being a great desideratum in a Syrian climate. The rooms are comfortable, neatly furnished and spotlessly clean. The grand "salon" where guests assemble for conversation is luxuriously upholstered, whilst the two refectories —each of which, in vastness, is a hall worthy of the Louvre—are tastefully decorated in fresco. Of the *personel*, which like that of Nazareth is entirely secular, I cannot speak too highly. Indeed, everything about "Casa Nova" tends to cheer the pilgrim after his fatiguing excursions in and about Jerusalem, especially when its attractions are enhanced by so agreeable a party as it was my good fortune to be thrown among.

If any apology be required for my going thus into details, it shall be the following inscription which, as a citizen of the United States, I was pleased to see engraved in bold characters on a marble tablet over the main stairway of the building—

HAEC PARS HOSPITII "CASA NOVA" ELEEMOSYNIS AMERICAE SEPTENTRIONALIS ERECTA EST.

[*Anglice*—"This part of the Hospice known as 'Casa Nova' (*and it is the newest and finest portion of the edifice,*) was erected by means of donations from North America," by which point of the compass, I may add, Uncle Samuel's dominions are commonly designated hereabouts.]

Our first act after dinner and a brief repose was to go to the French consulate (the pilgrimage, be it remembered, is composed entirely of persons of that nationality with the exception of my companion and self), where the director, Monsieur l'Abbé Potard, himself a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, introduced the company to the representative of the French government at Jerusalem, by whom we were cordially received. The Consul General very kindly proffered us an escort of three cavasses (i. e. consular officers) for the visit we were to make to the church of the Resurrection later in the afternoon, an offer which we gratefully accepted, as the presence of these functionaries would ensure our numerous body perfect immunity from insult, or from interference on the part of the Turkish police whilst passing through the streets of the city. Meanwhile, we called at the "Latin Patriarchate," where in the absence of his Excellency, Most Rev. Louis Piavi, Patriarch of Jerusalem, his coadjutor, Mgr. Appodia, titular bishop of Capitolias, bade us welcome to the Holy City and promised to sing the Mass of the pilgrimage—a feature observed at every halt—in the cathedral on the following Sunday. Next we called briefly on the Very Rev. Father "Guardian of the Holy Land" at the Franciscan Monastery of St. Saviour, and took a hasty look at the magnificent church of that title adjoining the same. It was with genuine friendliness that the good religious just mentioned greeted our party, assuring us at the same time that everything would be done to render our stay agreeable and instructive while in Jerusalem;—a promise which was kept to the very letter, as you will see further on. Returning now to "Casa Nova," it being about 4.30 p. m., we fell into line, and, headed by our banner as also the three officers of the consulate in full uniform and bearing their maces, went processionally to the grand Basilica of St. Helen. On our way we chanted hymns and psalms, the Mohammedans and Jews who thronged the narrow streets making way for us and looking at us—the latter with feelings seemingly of mingled contempt and aversion depicted on their countenances, and the former prompted apparently by no other motive than idle curiosity. On arriving at our destination, our first act was to prostrate ourselves before the glorious tomb of the risen Saviour, after which the Very Rev. Father Urbain-Marie, O.S.F., Vicar Custodian of the Holy Land," vested in surplice and stole, and attended by several members of his Order, delivered in the French language an address replete with unction and pathos, and which expressed so perfectly the object of our coming to Palestine, that I subjoin the translation of it here for your edification. He said :—

"It was the fifteenth of July, 1099; the eleventh century was in its decline, even as we now find ourselves in the last days of the nineteenth. Godfrey of Bouillon had set out for the Holy Land, not as a tourist, nor simply as a pilgrim, but as the acknowledged defender of Christianity. After having obliged Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, to put his empire under his protection; after having gained victory upon victory over the Saracens; after having triumphed over the shameful defection of divers fellow-crusaders who, unhappily, were neither 'without fear' nor 'without reproach,' after having taken an oath together with Tancred and other illustrious followers of the Cross not to renounce the sacred enterprise of freeing Jerusalem from the presence of the infidel as long as he could count upon even sixty brave companions, he finally entered this Holy City, less as a conqueror than as a devout and lowly Christian. Followed but by three attendants, bare-footed and unarmed, conducted by the clergy, who formed an escort of honor to him, he was seen humbly advancing towards this Basilica, then called 'of the Resurrection,' and kissing amid his tears the tomb of Jesus Christ. These memories, so touching, so Christian, you, my dear Pilgrims, have wished to recall by your long and tedious voyage. Providence has even willed, it would appear, that there should be a certain analogy between your approach to the 'Holy City' and that of our illustrious crusader. He had his trials; you have had yours. But let me say at once, to the glory of your intrepid director, that thanks to his perseverance and to the harmonious spirit which has not ceased to reign among you, all difficulties, great soever as they may have seemed, have been overcome, and you have brought this second 'Pilgrimage of the Vacations' to a happy close. Defections indeed occurred in your ranks at the last moment, and the heart of Monsieur l'Abbé Potard has suffered because of them; but his soul remained strong, his courage inflexible, and his resolve unshaken. He, too, exclaimed: 'If I have but forty determined companions with me, I will still go to the tomb of Christ!' What he said, he has accomplished; and, behold, you are this moment in presence of that holiest of earthly shrines. All honor to your faith and to your piety, dear compatriots and fellow-Christians! Your courage is worthy of imitation. May the sight of these sacred places and the tender solicitude of the guardians of the Holy Land for your comfort, cause you to forget the fatigues and annoyances of your voyage and fill you with consolation! My dear Pilgrims! On leaving our fair land for this country sanctified by the birth, labors and sufferings of the Redeemer, you placed your pilgrimage under the patronage of St. Louis, King of France. Your choice could not have been a more appropriate one, worthy as it is both of him and of yourselves; nor could it have been, more Christian or more French. William of Tyre relates a charming episode quite apropos of your action herein, and which occurred on this very spot at the moment of the election of the first King, or, if you prefer, the first Christian Governor of Jerusalem. Four persons equally illustrious, namely, Godfrey, Raymund, Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Tancred, had a claim to the crown. In order to ensure impartiality in so weighty a matter, the duty of choosing the sovereign was entrusted to ten members of the clergy and of the army. These arbiters availed themselves of an infallible criterion by which to judge of the merits of the several aspirants, namely, that of interrogating their familiars and dependents in regard to them. Only one of their number escaped adverse criticism during this investigation, and that was Godfrey, upon whom accordingly the choice fell without a dissenting voice."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie.

BLESSED GABRIEL FERETTI, O. S. F.—*November 14th.*

"STAR differeth from star in glory." And as we raise our eyes to those spiritual constellations, the mild beauty of this fair Franciscan star, attracts us to select him as our model and intercessor, for, as his name suggests, he was angelic in purity, in love of the Incarnate Word, and in his most tender devotion to the Immaculate Mother. But little, indeed, is recorded of a life "hidden with Christ in God." A holy childhood, an early entrance into Religion, the perfect observance of its vows and rules, and of every virtue—each one of which we might linger near, in contemplating this saintly Franciscan—all these are merely glanced at by annalists.

However, we have many beautiful details of his ardent love for our Blessed Mother, and how, when as Superior, he endeavored to instil that love into souls under his guidance.

One instance is especially worthy of record. There is a Franciscan Rosary, or "Crown," which was revealed by our Blessed Lady herself to a religious of the Order, and our Blessed Gabriel was most devoted to this holy practice. He directed a young novice, Louis of Alba, to recite it daily before dinner, and one day, the holy Superior understood, while in the refectory, that his direction had been forgotten.

He at once told the novice to go and repair his forgetfulness, and was immediately obeyed. After a little time, he sent the refectory-server to recall Louis, and, to his surprise, the brother did not return. A second—even a third messenger was sent, but all remained away, and at last Blessed Gabriel went himself to the church, and a lovely vision awaited him. The messengers were all gazing in admiration at a beautiful angel over Louis, twining on a golden thread, roses and lilies, for the seven decades. When finished, the angel placed the mystic crown on the head of the young novice, and then departed, but for years after the sweet fragrance of roses and lilies lingered in the church.

This occurrence is mentioned, not only by the great annalist F. L. Wadding, but also in the process of Blessed Gabriel's Beatification. This great favor, much increased his love for Mary, and on her part, it was the beginning of a new series of extraordinary graces and beautiful visions. She appeared to him in celestial light, attended by glorious angels, amongst whom we will venture to conjecture St. Gabriel, his patron, may have been prominent. Most familiarly she conversed with her humble servant, and even placed her Divine Son in his arms. He once set out to visit Assisi in order to gain the great Portiuncula indulgence which Our Lady of Angels obtained for St. Francis from Jesus Christ. As he went so poorly clad the sacristan of a convent where he rested on the way, took him for a lay-brother and told him to serve Mass. To his great dismay, he found the direction had been given to his Provincial, and seeing the poor sacristan's pain, Blessed

Gabriel said it was a function that angels would consider themselves honored in performing.

No records regarding many details of his last days or precious death, remain, but we doubt not that she whom he so tenderly loved, was with him in "the valley of death," and presented him to Jesus her beloved as one most dear to her heart. His body remains incorrupt, and many miracles were wrought at its holy resting-place.

Benedict the XIV. sanctioned devotion to him in 1753, and in the same year F. Vincent Mary Ferretti, O. P., wrote a short life of this eminent servant of God. Pope Pius IX., so devoted to Mary Immaculate, belonged to a branch of the Ferretti family of Ancona, and certainly was worthy of his illustrious ancestry. Let us then include this bright example amongst the twelve stars we have selected for this year's monthly patrons, that having crowned them with loving remembrance, they may intercede for us in life and death with the star crowned Queen above.

A Little Wreath of Immortelles.

By Enfant de Marie.

"'Tis thus your love will soar above the tomb
And weave a wreath to crown your holy dead."

WHERE shall we find flowers to lay on the resting-places of our holy dead in the bleak month of November? The withered leaves are drifting in its chill wind, the gardens are destitute, and we must only seek them in the spirit-world, where those immortal thoughts and affections of saints and holy souls, are ever blooming, because they emanated from the grave of Him who is "living forever and ever." Apoc. I. 18.

1st day. "Doth the Kingdom of Heaven harden the hearts of its inhabitants, or rob them of their memory; or kill their kindly feelings? O my brethren, the wide heaven wideneth the heart instead of narrowing it; it doth not estrange, but quickeneth the sympathy; it doth not blight affection, but expandeth it. They see the face of the Father, but that doth not make them neglect to be kind and merciful.—St. Bernard.

2nd. "Sweetest Saviour we would move Thee
For the holy souls that love Thee.—Amen.

3rd. "Nought is our own except our holy dead."—S. M. G.

4th. St. Stephen Harding, in a beautiful funeral oration exclaims: "When friends depart, they leave their bodies with us, and bear our souls up with them to Heaven."

5th. "Ever they call to us, ever the same,
"Miseremini mei! Miseremini mei!"
—E. C. Donnelly.

6th. "You must not cease to pray for the dead. You know not how cases are decided at the Court of Heaven."
—Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick.

7th. "The years rob us as they pass."—FABER.

"Yes! but the ties they seem to rudely sever,
Bind us, in Him, to whom no spirit dies,
Deep in His loving Heart they live for ever,
There in His peaceful home beyond the skies."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

8th. "Show mercy, and you will keep up a treasure for the day of need."

—TOBIAS.

9th. "Lay up to yourselves treasures in Heaven."—St. Matt. VI. 20.

10th. "Act as God acts towards those who suffer by the intention of His mercy."—ST. GREGORY.

11th. "Prayer for the dead is the most excellent of all prayers."

—ST. THOMAS.

12th. "The least pain we may have to suffer in Purgatory, is much greater than any pain we can imagine as possible in this world."—ST. ANSELM.

13th. "Hopefully they soothe our sighings
For that fair, eternal shore,
Where, with love, they still await us
In God's peace for evermore!",

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
"Flowers of Dreamland."

14th. "How long will you refuse me your pity?"—ZACHARIAS.

15th. Blooming in the fields eternal
Where all pains for ever cease,
Flow'rets from the earth transplanted
"Lilies of eternal peace!"

—E. DE M.

16th. "When you wear the Scapular you carry with you one of the Keys of Purgatory."

—PRAITE DE PURGATOIRE.

17th. Jesus my God, I love you above all things! *100 days Indulgence.*

18th. "Memorare." 300 days Indulgence. Immaculate Heart of Mary pray for us! 100 days Indulgence.

19th. Sweet Heart of Jesus, be thou my love! 300 days Indulgence.

20th. "Let us with Purgatory in view, suffer with joy, or at least with patience, all the evils, the misfortunes, and the trials of this life."

—ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA.

21st. O turn to Jesus, Mother turn
And call Him by His tenderest names.
Pray for the holy souls that burn
This hour amidst the cleansing flames.

—FATHER FABER.

22nd. "The loss of a true friend is never over."—FABER.

23rd. Jesus spare these souls so dear to Thee!

24th. "The hand of the Lord hath toucheth me."—JOB.

25th. "The Blessed Virgin Mary alleviates the pains of Purgatory."—PRAITE DE PURGATOIRE.

26th. "Jesus meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine." 300 days Indulgence.

27th. "If you are faithful to aid the souls in Purgatory, their holy patrons and their guardian angels will not fail to help you."—PRAITE DE PURGATOIRE.

28th. "Sweet Hearts of Jesus and Mary be my refuge!" 300 days Indulgence.

29th. We do not sufficiently bear our dear dead in mind.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

30th. O beloved dead! May Jesus give you refreshment, light, and peace. Amen.

St. John of the Cross, Carmelite.

Feast November 14th.

["Be thy only longing to see God; thy fear, to lose Him; thy sorrow, to be deprived of Him for a time; thy joy, that He can draw thee to Himself; then shalt thou live in profound peace."—Words of the Saint.]

SOUL! wouldst thou dwell in peace profound,
Though cares encompass thee around,
Though trials sore and oft abound.

Let this thy sole desire be
Thy longing hope, that thou mayst see
Thy God through all eternity!

Peace wouldst thou, without earthly trace?
Be this thy fear, to lose His grace,
To lose the sight of His dear Face.

One only sorrow have, that He
Withdraw Himself awhile from thee.
Soul, soul! could sorrow greater be?

Be this thy joy, that He can win
Thee to Himself from ways of sin;
Soul! keep this joy thy heart within.

Then, though life's trials may not cease,
Though thou from care hast no release,
Soul! thou shalt dwell in perfect peace.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

Cincinnati, October 1900.

Quia Pius Es.

JESU PITIFUL! oh hear!
Listen to Thy servants' cry!
Pity thou the souls that lie
Far from Thee in exile drear:
Jesu! Grant them swift release!
Jesu! Grant them light and peace!

Jesu Pitiful! oh turn,
Turn Thine eyes to that sad place!
Banished still from Thy sweet Face
Lo! in penal fires they burn.
Jesu! Bid their sufferings cease!
Jesu! Grant them light and peace!

Jesu Pitiful! oh send
Angel messengers, to bear
These Thy banished ones to where
Thou their coming dost attend.
Jesu! Grant them swift release!
Jesu! Grant them light and peace!

Mother Pitiful! To Thee
Still for them our prayer shall rise;
Look with pitying, Mother eyes
On their pain, their misery!
Gain for them a swift release!
Entrance to Thy Home of Peace.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

He made these pilgrimages coincide with his inspections in the neighbourhood, and prayed a great deal in each place for France. The condition of Alsace and Lorraine was at that time most sad. "The emigration continues," he wrote; "the country is deserted, the lands not cultivated. At night the peasants meet to pray. The Blessed Virgin has appeared several times to children. Every one is lifting up petitions to Heaven for 'mercy!' On the other hand, in Germany and Italy religious persecution has become an institution. In France the Atheistical and Socialist party gather closer together and become formidable. What will be the end?"

CHAPTER XIV.

SAINT-SERVAN.—1884—1880.

After the events of 1870, which had brought M. de Sonis's name so prominently forward, it happened, as is generally the case, that this glory, little by little, faded in the distance. Other interests arose, and our hero was left in the shade and in silence, which suited his humility. He found himself entirely alone, with no other stimulus but duty, for which he resolved to sacrifice everything—popularity, credit, position, future advancement, all. This courage, growing in the midst of an infirmity which had reduced him to nothing more than a human trunk, is a rare thing to see, and was really one of the most admirable triumphs of soul over body which this age has ever witnessed.

We have mentioned the stand De Sonis made against duelling; he made a similar fight for the observance of Sunday. In 1876, while on an inspection at St. Lô, he was informed by the Curé that, a new Infantry barracks being in course of construction, the men worked Sundays and feast-days, to the great scandal of the population. The General went directly to the barracks, sent for the clerk of the works, and forbade the opening of the yards on the days forbidden by the Church. This prohibition raised a regular storm; the chief Engineer reported it to his superior officers, who, in their turn, appealed to the War Minister. In reality, the General had gone a little beyond his powers, as, though the Engineers were in his territory, they were not under his control. The Minister, at last, gave leave for the works to be continued; but excused himself to M. de Sonis, pleading the "urgency" of the matter.

A similar protest was made by M. de Sonis against the regimental libraries. The Minister had accepted every book offered to him, whether good or bad. The consequence was that, not only detestable books and papers, but

Protestant tracts were freely circulated among the men. De Sonis pointed out the works which were the most pernicious, and denounced them to the Minister, but it was useless. Finding all his remonstrances unavailing, all he could do was to try and counteract their bad effect by distributing good books. One of those he recommended to his young officers was the *Comte de Gisors*, by M. Camille Rousset, which contains the advice of Marshal Belle-Isle to his son.

In 1875 a young officer joined the 47th regiment, with the determination to lead a Christian life, and certain processions having been prescribed for that year's Jubilee, he joined in that of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul in full uniform, and had to pass under the balcony of the officers, who were all turning them into ridicule. "I saw them very well," wrote the young officer, "but I was determined to go on, and saluted several of my comrades, who took very good care not to return it. In the evening, I was told by another officer that they had done nothing but laugh at me ever since. This man was inclined to practice his religion, and accepted my proposal to go to the procession on the following Sunday. This made the rest still more furious ; they spoke of me as if I had tarnished the honor of the regiment ; and one of the oldest among them undertook to remonstrate with me. 'Do you wish to give the regiment a reputation of clericalism?' 'No, Captain ; but I hold to my independence in a matter which in no way affects the regiment.' 'But you are the only one of your comrades who acts in that way!' 'I do not force any one to follow me ; but I like to be free.' 'Well, I warn you in the name of all the officers ; and I assure you I do it as a friend!' 'Thank you, Captain ; but please tell those gentlemen that this is a matter which only concerns myself, and that they will see me again on Sunday in the procession."

General de Sonis was then taking the waters ; but on his return he heard all that had taken place, sent for the young officer, whom he did not know, and congratulated him warmly on his energy and courage, offering him separate meals, if he were still persecuted at the regimental mess. But the young man refused, saying it would seem like capitulation, and adding that no one would dare say anything when the General was present.

If he did all he could to help the Christian officers under his orders, de Sonis was, on the other hand, most anxious that they should be exemplary in everything. "*Noblesse oblidge!*" he would exclaim. "I cannot bear mediocrity in a man calling himself a good Catholic." He wished them to be models of virtue, not only for their own sakes, but for the salvation of others, by a kind of apostolate. He said : "The good example given by a truly Christian officer is like a drop of oil in a regiment. Religion becomes attractive to those around us and below us, in proportion as we present it to them in an amiable manner ; and God, who has loved you and given you so many graces, has done so that you may turn them to the profit of your neighbour. This neighbour I recommend to you with all my strength, as a soul which you must win for our dear Master—that Master so little known, so Divine, so adorable to those who have penetrated into His Heart ; but also so much to be feared by those who will not take up His Cross and follow Him." He cared very little for the worldly success of a French officer

on the turf or among women ; the only luxury which he tolerated was a good horse and a love of hunting. "How much more than the praise of this or that *salon*," he would say, "do I prize steady work and serious reading, which raises a man's mind, improves his intellect and makes him useful in his generation ! How I love to see in my young officers solid piety and frequentation of the sacraments, without which we are but broken reeds. But, alas ! is it not like speaking Hebrew to say this to these young fellows now-a-days ?" He was also very anxious that those who were really striving to lead Christian lives should set examples of disinterestedness. A young lieutenant, who was very anxious for promotion, confessed to him how much it would cost him to see another officer in his place, and all the more as it would be looked upon as an anti-religious victory. "Never mind," replied the general, "God above all ! The rest will come. Disinterestedness is worth more than an epaulette !"

One sees by his letters to relatives of different young officers, how hard he worked at St.-Servan, as in Africa, at their moral and spiritual regeneration, winning their confidence, always contriving to say the right word at the right moment ; encouraging them to keep the Friday's abstinence, to frequent Confession, to early rising, and the like ; and he had no greater or purer joy than when their young souls responded, as they so often did, to his loving counsels.

One of his old friends had asked de Sonis as to the choice of a regiment for his son. "My opinion is," he replied, "that the chance of rapid promotion is not one of the questions for the father of a family to consider. The important thing is to place him under a good Colonel, to try and find a regiment where he would have good comrades, on whom his inexperience could rest, and whose good example would point out to him the road he should follow. If Christian officers be rare, some corps that I know possess excellent ones, and their number, with the grace of God, goes on increasing."

De Sonis had a secret pride when any of his young officers left the army to go into the church, and the young lieutenant, of whom we have spoken as insisting on joining the processions, was among the number. "I was his confidant," the General wrote to an old religious, "and sent him first to Solesmes, and then to Paray-le-Monial, after he had passed through two monasteries of La Trappe. Finally, he decided on joining the Jesuit noviciate at Angers, where he was led by the spirit of God." "I wish you, my dear Grange," he wrote to the novice, "to plunge yourself in the love of Jesus Christ, which is a profound abyss of which no one has ever yet been able to sound the depths."

But it was especially the officers who were attached officially to his person, who speak of the treasures of goodness, kindness, guidance and affection which they found in their chief, who was to them both a model and a father. His Aid-de-camp, Colonel de Réals, became one of his dearest and most intimate friends ; and when, a little later on, this officer was cruelly tried by a serious accident which happened to his wife, his one consolation was the religious sympathy of M. de Sonis. He wrote :

"It is certain that at the bottom of all our sorrows there are graces which the world does not know. It is equally certain that, either from the spite of the devil towards the just, or the ne-

cessity for the servants not to follow a different line from their master, it is always the friends of God who are the most crucified in this world!"

M. de Sonis, who was so thoroughly high-bred himself in character and manners, was extremely particular as to the bearing of his young officers, and wished them to be models of distinction and of Christian courtesy. Writing to a relative of one of them, he says:

"I have taken some pains with his exterior, so as to add to his natural air of distinction, being fully persuaded that, even in such matters, a Christian living in the world should try to be as perfect as possible, and that from a supernatural reason, which has nothing to say to human vanity, but simply *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

Here is a description of his house at St. Servan, which he wrote to Dom Sarlat:

"I have placed in the hall of my head-quarters a statue of Our Lady, with the inscription in gold letters on a blue ground: *Patrona hujusce domus præsentissima.* Mary is there, surrounded by the best flowers from our garden, while a lamp burned at her feet during all the month of May; at the beginning of June, I placed in the room next my office a statue of the Sacred Heart with the invocation: *Cor Jesu Saeratissimum.*" Flowers are not more wanting to the Son than to the Mother, and the lamp, which is the symbol of the hearts you know so well, will never be extinguished, if God permits. In the same room I found the portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which I left there. To the right and left of the Sacred Heart are the banner of Loigny and my flag as Commandant, with my sword above. This is a little room very dear to me, but which the world would not like. Here we meet for prayers, and, when we talk, it is in a low voice, for the Master is there, and He is very certainly the Master of the house."

In the month of March, 1875, his daughter at the Sacred Heart had pronounced her first vows. He wrote her a beautiful letter on the occasion, as he was unable to be present, in which this passage occurs: "At this the outset of your new career, I give you as a watchward that beautiful expression of St. Augustine's, 'Love, and do what you will!' Yes, love is the key which opens all the doors that lead to Jesus. As for you, my much loved and blessed child, be *Mary of Jesus*, for time and for eternity. It is with these words that I close this letter, embracing you a thousand times in the midst of my tears; but these tears are tears of sacrifice, of which God alone has the homage. A Dieu, then, and always a Dieu!"

In a letter written some weeks later he adds: "How happy I am to hear that your holy vocation is more and more confirmed, and that Our Lord has found His place in the centre of your heart! I could not wish for you a greater happiness than this."

This was a joyful sacrifice; but a sad one was soon demanded of him, and that was the loss of his remaining Carmelite sister. He had seen her in 1875 and 1876, and writes: "We never knew how to take leave of each other, and nothing but submission to the rule could have separated us." On the 22nd of November, 1876, the General knew by telegraph that his sister was dying. He had just written to her a long and beautiful letter, and had sent it on that very day, when at three o'clock her soul had fled to God.

"Our dear Mother Prioress," they wrote to him, "has just entered into her eternity, while raising her hand to bless her daughters kneeling around her bed." M. de Sonis wrote to Dom Sarlat: "My dearest sister had a special attraction for the thought of death. She was constantly meditating on those words of the Apostle: '*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*' An hour only before her death, she begged the Sub-Prioress to tell me that 'it was a very sweet thing to die,' and then, fixing her eyes on a picture of the Infant Jesus, for which she had a particular devotion, she murmured: 'How beautiful Thou art, O my God! but when I see Thee, Thou wilt be more beautiful still!' These were her last words."

The General was going to her funeral when a slip in his walk caused him such suffering that he was obliged to go to bed, and send his brother to represent him. "Her face was so beautiful and smiling after death," he wrote, "that the children, who were pressing against the grille of the choir, could not get over their surprise. There was a great crowd of people round her grave. Blessed be God, Who enabled His servant even after her death to help to magnify His Name!"

Yet the blow to General de Sonis was a terrible one. "I have lost, not only my sister, but my best friend," he wrote. "Who will ever replace that warm heart, that straightforward spirit, that sure judgment, that intercourse in and for God, which had so peculiar a charm! Each day I seem to be with her, for her remembrance never leaves me. She is like my good angel, and I live still in intimate communion with her, as I used to do when I received her long and delicious letters, which were to me so helpful and encouraging."

De Sonis's greatest pleasure was in following the great feasts of the Church, which were to him a foretaste of Heaven, and in the frequent reception of Holy Communion, when he seemed already to be filled with the Divine Presence. At the same time he devoted himself to works of charity of all kinds, and, though he had not much to give, yet he never refused any one who was really in need. St.-Servan was the first cradle of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," and the old people had no better friend than himself. He was most thoughtful, also, for all his old servants, or any one who had ever been in his house. Several of his letters have been preserved by them. One runs as follows:

"Thank you, my dear Alfred, for all the services you have rendered me. Remain faithful to God, as you have always been. You will find in the practice of religion a happiness which the impious never know. May God preserve your father and mother, and may they also have the blessing of keeping for the remainder of their lives a son as good as you have been to them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In Thanksgiving.

Most loving Mother! thou hast soothed
  Another exile—pain,
And through my spirit softly steals
  Thy holy grateful strain.
"Magnificat!" Celestial tones
  Of thy exulting voice!
I, too, will "magnify the Lord,"
  And, with my Queen, rejoice.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's.)

Editorial Notes.

Those Who Sleep in the Lord.

A Friend of the Poor Souls writes to draw the attention of our readers to the laudable act of presenting "Spiritual Bouquets" for departed friends and relatives. The idea is not a new one, but is nevertheless timely, and we willingly bring the request before our readers that the poor souls may reap the benefits pointed out. If we mistake not, our zealous friend, Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, was one of the first to practically bring the "Spiritual Bouquets" before American Catholics. Speaking on this subject we should call the reader's attention to the beautiful "Wreath of Immortelles" woven this month for the poor souls by that worthy daughter of St. Clare, our own Enfant de Marie. Therein is a reflection for every day of November. We beg to point out those for the 17th, 18th, 19th, 26th and 28th, which are beautiful indulgenced prayers that cost no time to recite them, and which can be applied to the Poor Souls.

And now to quote from the writer mentioned above. He says:

"It has been for ages, and is at present the custom to present some little floral decoration on hearing of the demise of some one whom in life we held most dear. As I thought over this praiseworthy act of love shown by so many of our people, it occurred to me that if, instead of perishable flowers, which can be of no meritorious value whatever to the soul of the deceased, a Spiritual Bouquet, as an offering of Masses, Rosaries, Mortifications, etc., was made, it would tend to bring a speedy union of the departed one with the Divine Lord, from whose heavenly company he has been separated by suffering a punishment which may be due to sins committed. As Catholics we believe that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and that this defilement or stain is wiped out in the cleansing fires of Purgatory. How much more beneficial to those poor souls would be a religious bouquet instead of that cold earthly one, though it may come from their warmest friend. does not tend to lessen the pains being suffered by that holy soul. Holy Mother Church teaches us that prayer is without doubt a benefit to the souls who are suffering a temporal punishment in the next life; that by prayer their pains are lessened, and they are brought more quickly to their heavenly home. Knowing all this, should not Catholics be more solicitous for their welfare, and instead of a worldly gift, make one which will not only comfort the bereft ones, but be a source of great merit for the loved one gone before us."

As the Calendar indicates this month we commemorate the "Queen and Saints of Carmel." Our frontispiece only points out a few of the "Flowers of Carmel." They are indeed legion, for a writer has told us that it is impossible to count the saints of Carmel. It is a matter of encouragement for persons of necessity living in the world, and who strive for perfection, that amongst the saints of Our Lady's Order are to be found many who were but members of the Third Order. More than this, many who only got near enough to the Order to wear the Brown Scapular, indeed owe their sanctity to the means of grace and perseverance which came to them through our Lady's Livery.

Many of our readers say that they read with pleasure and edification Francis W. Grey's lines in the October number of the Carmelite Review on

"Old Mary with the Necklace." In fact it is a treat to read anything from the pen of this excellent English writer. It may not be out of place to say that Mr. Grey is a cousin to Lord Halifax, and we beg our readers to piously remember all the intentions of this zealous churchman and devout client of Mary. Referring to the incident of "Mary with the Necklace" reminds the writer that some years ago in a pastoral capacity he gave a Rosary to a good old colored lady who but a few weeks ago—in the Rosary month—went to her reward. She passed her last days in a house of public charity, and the local newspaper honored her memory by saying she died a "Romanist" since till the last—in her hundred and second year,—"she held fast to a pair of Catholic beads."

Church Music.

Our worthy Franciscan friend, Father Raphael Fuhr, contributes a valuable paper to the Denver Catholic on Church Music. Father Raphael is well qualified to discuss such a subject. He makes a strong plea for the exclusion from the hallowed precincts of our churches of those "melodies which do not chime in with the only end that is proclaimed by the priest at the altar. "Sursum Corda!" exclaims the writer, "Up to God your hearts! Excluded must be all songs and compositions which, from the opera and the club room or concert hall, have found their way into the sanctuaries. Excluded must be all melodies which may, indeed, charm and enchant the ear, but which carry us away from the altar, excite the imagination, stir up the soul, but without turning it into an humble adoration of Almighty God. Excluded must be all the anthems which are sacrificed only to exhibit the fantastic powers of vain men and women who know nothing of devotion."

Impressions of a Visitor to Niagara.

That veteran journalist, Mr. Patrick Ford, Proprietor and Editor of "The Irish World," of New York, spent a good part of his vacation at Niagara Falls, and, in his edition of October 20, he gives some impressions of his visit:

"No adjective can describe Niagara Falls," says Mr. Ford, "no word picture, no measurement of height or breadth or quantity, can give an adequate idea of the awful sublimity of the wondrous vision. Nor does time wither or custom stale the charm of the scene. We read of a man who for twenty-five years came every day to view and admire St. Peter's Church in Rome, and every time he reviewed it he saw in it something new—something to increase his admiration. Similar is the experience of those who revisit the Falls of Niagara."

Of his visit to the Hospice of Mt. Carmel, he says:

"This institution is known as the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls, and derives its name and significance from the mother-house of the Carmelites in Palestine. One of the duties of the Carmelite monks (or, as they are called in Ireland, 'White Friars,') is to offer hospitality to strangers, particularly to those who go abroad for religious motives, as he does who makes a pilgrimage to some famous shrine or who seeks the sweet seclusion of the cloister to make a spiritual retreat. The Hospice of Mount Carmel offers every facility to the retreatant. The noble building has every modern improvement. In fact, it has conveniences which are unique. In this Hospice electricity is used for lighting, heating and cooking purposes. The electric plant which supplies the institution has several novel features, and is operated by electricity generated by the power of Nia-

gara Falls. While there are places in this country where electricity is used for cooking small dishes, it is probable there is not another electrical kitchen in the world like that of the Carmelite Hospice of Niagara Falls. In order to fully appreciate the wonders and the beauty of this Hospice, the reader should make every effort to go and see it.

A Champion of Carmel.

Copious comments have been made in Catholic journals of late referring to the death of a great man, the Reverend Richard F. Clarke, rector of Campion House, Oxford University, England, which took place a few weeks ago. The fact seems to have been overlooked that Father Clarke in his day raised pen and voice in defence of the holy Scapular and other privileges of the Carmelites. He was a worthy defender of a great cause, and deserved well of our Blessed Queen of Carmel. This great English Jesuit was notably a man of letters, was editor of the London Month for many years, and wrote meanwhile many books on religious, sociological and literary topics. Especially since his residence at Oxford he has been a frequent contributor of literary papers, to the Nineteenth Century, and other high-class secular publications. Father Clarke visited the United States in 1833. He was a man of impressive personality, tall, dark, strong-looking, and with evident singleness of purpose and intensity of nature.

"It is not, however, as a controversialist that he will be most pleasantly remembered," says the Ave Maria, "but rather as a man of quite extraordinary kindness and self-sacrifice, —one who recklessly wore himself out with the troubles of others, whether temporal or spiritual; who gave himself no chance, but loaded himself with the burdens of all who came to him. In addition to this he was ever devising and carrying out literary enterprises of one kind or another for the defence of faith or the fostering of piety, stealing the time from his much-needed hours of repose"

Our Friends in Heaven.

A Dominican friar, Rev. P. Tripier, who attracted much attention last Lent in New York by his eloquent sermons, has sent from Paris to the Sun a strong and convincing essay touching on the future life. Father Tripier starts out to give a clear statement of the questions. Then he ably answers every objection, proves that we meet and know our friends in heaven, shows what the elect see there; depicts society in heaven and graphically describes our heavenly home as far as as the limits of a human pen allows. He thus concludes his argument: "The Christian feels the ardent, intense, ineradicable desire to find again, to see, to love in his heavenly home, those whom he has loved here below. This desire, it is God Himself who inspires it, keeps it alive and rekindles it in the depths of our souls. How could God, the infallible wisdom, the boundless goodness, the living justice, the eternal love, receive our legitimate hopes and break His promises? So I conclude with St. Thomas Aquinas, 'impossible est naturale desiderium esse inane.' It is impossible that the Creator should not give full and entire satisfaction to the natural aspirations of His creatures. (St. Thomas against the Gentiles, Book 7.) And I have the luminous, invincible assurance of the reality of the relations of intelligence, of heart, of love among the elect in the heavenly home."

Our Queen Immortal,

One of the most pleasing and edifying events occurring in this last year of the century was, in the eyes of every child of Mary, the International Congress in honor of the Blessed Virgin held at Lyons, France. The opening discourse at the congress was pronounced in eloquent words by Canon Chatelus, rector of the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Fourviere, in the course of which he said:

"Divine Providence exercises its action upon the world through Mary as intermediary. This truth has received in the nineteenth century above all an eloquent demonstration. It is during these last hundred years, in fact, that her glorification, apparitions and influence have been extended. Mary has been glorified by the Vicars of Jesus Christ. Pius VII. gave to her the title of Mary our Help. Pius IX. proclaimed the dogma of her Immaculate Conception. The Pope of the Holy Rosary, Leo XIII., has indicated her to the human race as a powerful liberatrix. The numerous apparitions of Mary have given to the nineteenth century a particular mark of supernatural manifestations. She appeared in 1830 to an humble religious of Paris, and from this apparition originated the miraculous medal and the Archconfraternity of the Most Pure and Immaculate Heart of Mary; she appeared in 1847 at La Salette; in 1858 she appeared eighteen times at Lourdes, where she seems to have establisded for more than forty years the seed of her power and mercy; she appeared at Potmain in 1871, to bring to France a ray of consolation and hope; she appeared at Pellevoisin in 1876 to reveal the efficacy of the devotions to the Scapular of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But the nineteenth century is above all the century of the influence of Mary. Wheresoever human activity shows itself in any of its forms, Mary has made her regenerating concurrence felt. To rationalism, which denies the supernatural, she has opposed the most astounding miracles which are its peremptory and irrefutable exposure; to that deceiving naturalism which weighs down souls she has brought a sovereign remedy in showing herself to us as the rehabilitation of our fallen race. It is by her that God has wished us to hear still the expression of His will; after having spoken by the prophets and by His Son, God has spoken to us by Mary, and has made of our speech a century of Catholic science, Catholic action, Catholic spirit, intoning the 'Magnificats' and 'Te Deums' in honor of the Queen immortal."

A Bishop's Experience and Advice.

The Right Reverend Bishop of Clifton, (Bristol, England), lately gave forth some beautiful sayings concerning our Blessed Lady in the course of a most eloquent sermon delivered by him. His Lordship in the course of his remarks, said:

"It is a matter of experience that people can often obtain favors from Almighty God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin which they cannot obtain in any other way, as some of you have no doubt experienced. I have experienced it myself sometimes. But this is not, of course, that God is unwilling to hear our prayers Himself, but He expressly wishes to put honor and glory upon the Immaculate Mother of His Divine Son in order that the prophecy should be fulfilled: 'Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' And so we find that those who love Our Lord the most, those who are most self-sacrificing, ready to give themselves up entirely and without reserve to God—these very persons are those who promote and increase the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. You remember these words of St. Bernard which are quoted by the Church on this feast of the Holy Name of Mary. He explains how the very name of Mary means Star of the Sea, and how this word should be an encouragement and fresh ground of hope for us. 'O you fall when you are no longer on solid

ground, but are tossed on the ocean of this world 'midst its storms and tempests, turn not away your eyes from the brightness of that Star. When the wind of temptation arrives, when you are driven on the rocks of tribulation —whatever it may be that assails you, think of Mary and invoke that Star.' And then he goes on: 'So that when she supports you, you will not fall; while she leads you, you will not go astray; while she assists you, you will not weary, until you will at last arrive at your journey's end.' And then you will know by your own experience how wonderful and deserving is that Immaculate Mother of God."

Best Literature is in the Bible.

Mr. Alfred Austin, officially known as the English Poet Laureate, has recently declared dogmatically that a certain selection from the immortal Dante is the *loveliest poetry ever written.* The sorrowful story of Francesca de Rimini and Paola Malatesta is the particular relation which, in Mr. Austin's language, deserves the place of honor. "Splendid as Dante's genius is, profound as is the human pathos of his great picture of the unhappy lovers, looking at the matter simply as a purely literary claim, we must reject it, says the Standard-Times of Philadelphia. The Bible stands pre-eminent—as it must always stand pre-eminent—in this respect. Whether for notes of joy or sorrow, there is nothing to be found in any other book to approach it. In our humble opinion the most beautiful thing in any literature is contained in St. Luke's story of the interview between the Angel Gabriel and the Blessed Virgin, and the glorious hymn of praise which is elicited from the chosen one. In the Canticles, the Prayer of Manases, the Song of Solomon, there are beheld examples in composition unequaled of their kind; while for pathos unutterable, who could conceive anything to surpass the Book of Job? Beautiful as Dante is, 'the loveliest passage in all literature,' is not to be found in his pages. The message of salvation is the sun of all literature, and must forever remain so, all the Poets Laureates in the world to the contrary notwithstanding.'

The Living Lord on Our Altars.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript is forcibly struck by a letter written to that journal by an earnest and unbiassed non-Catholic clergyman, Rev. Mr. Cooke, who was desirous to know "Why *men* do not go to church?" Our esteemed and able contemporary, the Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, justly says that the letter deserves the attention of non-Catholics. What applies to Boston can be applied to other great centres of population. To cull from the correspondent's remarks:

"It is a common complaint among Protestants," he says, "that men can not be lured into church-going. If a man is seeking solely a little intellectual stimulus in the sermon, he can get that far more easily in his own home in a comfortable arm-chair, book in hand. It is to be noticed that Mr. Cooke confines his criticism wholly to Protestant churches. This is only another proof of his clearsightedness, for his remarks do not apply to the Catholic Church. Our city of Boston is well supplied with Catholic churches. Why not investigate them? Perhaps a solution of the problem might be found there. They are open to all, and the public is cordially welcomed to church and to Sunday-school. If a few earnest Protestant inquirers would get up very early some Sunday morning in time for the first Mass at five o'clock and enter any of the many Catholic churches—it matters not which one is chosen, for the same rule

applies to all—and stay on through all the Masses, and see the church fill and empty, and this repeated many times, he will find no dearth of men in these crowds. The kneeling forms—the heads bowed down in devotion—the solemn silence over these reverent multitudes at the supreme moment of the elevation of the Host, must impress deeply every honest soul. The answer is there before the eyes of all. Why do these men go to church? To hear the sermon, however eloquent it may be? No! They go to pray—to adore—and Life is there in their midst. The sermons at many of the Catholic churches may well challenge comparison with any of the world over for intellectuality and spirituality, but their main object is not to tickle the intellect, but to train the soul. Yet even then the best preaching is of secondary importance. Worship is the very breath of the Catholic Church, and the Living Lord is on her altars."

One Way of Saving Souls.

Speaking of propagating the faith, recommended this month to all lovers of the Sacred Heart, a story comes from Arkansas which strikingly shows the great value of religious books in the conversion of non-believers. Father Thomas Plunkett, whose field of labor centres around Pine Bluff, according to the Catholic News of New York, was once asked by an old negro if a certain religious work which he had in his possession was "authentic" or not. He could give no very clear description of the book except that it was a "powerful" exposition of religious truths. He had not been content to merely read the book, but he had begun to talk of it and to discuss its doctrines in the public meetings of his colored congregation. He had read the book over and over, and had learned by heart long passages, which he was in the habit of reciting, verbatim, in support of his religious arguments. He had, in a very short time, become very troublesome to his negro religious teachers. Through the knowledge that he had gained from the study of the book, he was able to ask many questions which the preachers and deacons could not answer. So insistent did he become that the book was made an issue. He was told that he must either give up the teachings of the book or leave the church. After deliberation, he chose the book, and was expelled from the congregation. Every effort was then made to steal the book from him, but somehow he managed to keep it in his possession. When Father Plunkett asked to see to see the book, the old negro went to his home and brought back a well-worn volume, very dirty, and full of thumb marks. He could not tell how the book had come into his possession, or who its author was, but he wished the priest to pronounce it "authentic." The book was a copy of one of the earlier editions of "The Faith of Our Fathers," written by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The negro was baptized and became a truly religious man.

Cubans Criticize Counterfeits.

An earnest and zealous worker in the cause of "Christianity" down in New England, a certain Mr. A. E. Colton, resolved to make the generous sacrifice (not, we presume, at his own expense) of sending a copy of the King James' version of the Bible to each of the Cuban teachers who recently visited Boston. Father Manuel Ruiz, who was one of the chaplains accompanying the excursion of Cubans, and who is now at the Catholic University in Washington, has sent to The Pilot an open letter of thanks to Mr. Colton. Father Ruiz says among other things:

"What have the Cuban teachers

done to merit this insult to their intelligence or to their faith? Is it possible that some of them, at least, have heard of the Bible, whose pages are pictured and sculptured on the walls and windows of our churches? But it is impossible for any of them to mistake the maimed and perverted translation known as King James' Bible for the genuine word of God known to them from childhood. When the Protestant ministers, of the "higher criticism" brand, get through their squabbles as to what is and is not Scripture, and how, or how much of it is inspired, it will be time enough to give the Cuban teachers cheap editions of the expurgated text whatever that may be. The Cuban teachers in common with all Cubans are grateful for the interest taken in their affairs by millions of genuine Americans, whose hearts are not seared by love of office-spoils, and dreams of commercial profits wrung from a long-suffering people, but they have only contempt for those other so-called Americans, who class themselves as the sole partners of Omnipotence in the spread of enlightenment and national greatness. The less said by such people of the results of Bible reading either in the United States or anywhere else the better. We know the results in India and Hawaii, and when we look at the corruption in politics, the heartlessness and injustice of the commercial octopus, and the degradation manifested by the divorce courts on one side, and Mormonism on the other, we are tempted to exclaim: 'Is the man insane who calls the truncated James' version of the Bible the foundation of American greatness?' Thank you, Mr. Colton, you and your estimable friends, some of whom mean well no doubt; but when the Cuban teachers want new Bibles they can afford to buy the genuine article—the Douai version in English, and any number of translations of the vulgate in Spanish. But, if you persist in insulting our faith by foisting a spurious Bible on our teachers, as you put robbers into our Cuban post-offices, we shall honor the Almighty by burning them, as your King-James'-version-ancestors burned witches up your way. We revere God's book, but not its counterfeit."

Prohibited Print and Picture.

A Snyder (N.S.W.) correspondent of an advertising journal notes that the Victorian Legislature passed the "Indecent Advertisements Act, otherwise named "The Crimes Act, 1900," in February. Its provisions are far-reaching and the penalties heavy. Firms in the United States who put up patent and proprietary medicines and pills are warned by their frightened business confreres at the antipodes to note that no picture, advertisement, or any printed or written matter in the nature of an advertisement * * * which refers or relates to certain diseases, will be allowed as a label or wrapper advertisement. Any pharmacist selling a bottle of stuff or box of pills with a label or wrapper bearing any of the prohibited words is liable to a fine of $50 for the first offense, and $250 for the second offense. The pharmacists wish this information made known in America. Similar acts are in force in New Zealand and South Australia. Such an act has long since been badly needed in America. The length to which advertisers have gone with impunity is dreadful. The enactments of the enlightened people beneath the Southern Cross should put us to shame. By the way, talking of disreputable advertisements, are not some, of our so-called Catholic newspapers, instead of being "perpetual missions" becoming rather, through their advertising columns, perpetual scandals?

The Boston Pilot says that conversions from Judaism are not numerous; but when they occur are ordinarily of

great importance. The case of Father Herman, the Carmelite, comes naturally to mind, with the cases even more famous of the Ratisbonne brothers, both of whom became priests, and one the founder of the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion. A nephew of these brothers, Louis Ratisbonne, who recently died in Paris, married an Irish Catholic lady, and all their children were brought up in their mother's religion. Though surrounded by Catholic influences, and happy in his domestic life, Louis Ratisbonne died in the Jewish faith. He was an author of merit, one of his books having been crowned by the Academy.

That the great fraternal organization, the A. O. H., which is increasing in age and wisdom and grace before men, is to be congratulated in having obtained the consent of that worthy and esteemed prelate Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, to become its national chaplain.

The Pittsburg Observer states a truism when it remarks editorially that "Catholic Germans are noted for thrift, temperance, industry, charity, and love of religion. Their pastors delight to know their people personally and to be regarded as the fathers of the parish. They visit the members of their flock not only when bound to give the sick the last Sacraments, but also on occasions of great trials and at times of uncommon joy. Priests and people are united like the members of the same family."

A Special Danger Pointed Out.

In the concluding session of the late Synod of Bishops assembled at Maynooth, the venerable Irish prelates sound a solemn warning against the dangerous increase of irreligious and immoral literature. They tell their flocks—and incidentally every Catholic—that there is a special danger in these evil days arising from the spread of bad books. For

"A sad change seems to have come over public opinion on this point. No subject now is too sacred to be made the matter of popular discussion in magazines and newspapers—the mysteries of faith, the solemn truths on which man rests his eternal hopes, are tossed about with as little reverence or reserve as if they were some topics of the most trivial importance, and we fear that sometimes these things leave their poison in the minds of Catholics who read them. 'Lead us not into temptation' holds in this as in all other occasions of sin, and the Catholic who, out of mere wantonness or curiosity reads such writings, loves the danger, and it is no wonder if he should perish therein. The ordinary man of the world—without any special training in such subjects—without any opportunity or intention of following up the questions in discussion to the end—is no match for writers who are often specialists of great ability and knowledge, but who by some perversity use their powers against God's holy faith; and, at the very least, it is inexcusable rashness for such a man to expose himself to the danger of being unsettled in his belief by the impressions which they make upon him. Worse, perhaps, and more fatal to many souls, is the immoral literature which is poured, almost in floods, over the country. We believe that one should go back to the old pagan times to find anything equal to it in corruption, and it would be a wrong to the great classical writers of antiquity to compare them with a certain important school of English fiction in these days. And what is most deplorable is that many Catholics who deem themselves loyal members of the Church, allow themselves the utmost liberty in reading such things. Let a book only be extensively spoken of, then no matter how impure and how suggestive of

evil it may be, no matter how gross and indecent may be the phases of human life with which it deals, if only it is fashionable, numbers of people seem to think that they are free to read it. Even women—Catholic women—take this license, and will sit down hour by hour over a book, which no earthly consideration would induce them to read aloud in the presence of any one—man or woman—for whom they had a particle of respect. Surely such reading must fill the imagination with images of evil that in the end will corrupt their very souls."

To correct any misunderstanding as to Indulgences which are suspended during the "Holy Year" of Jubilee, it should be remembered that some Indulgences can be gained by the living. The Holy Father has willed and decreed that the following remain intact and unchanged, viz:

1. The indulgence *in articulo mortis*.
2. The indulgence for the recitation of the Angelus.
3. The indulgence of the Forty Hours.
4. The indulgence of accompanying the Blessed Sacrament when carried to the sick.
5. The indulgence of the Portiuncula.
6. The indulgences given by Cardinal Legates.
7. The indulgence of the privileged altars for the faithful departed, and others granted in the same manner for the deceased alone; and also whatsoever indulgences may have been granted for the living, but with the express proviso that they shall be applied directly by way of suffrage to the dead. The Pope wills that all these shall avail for the living, but the dead.

N. B.—The above indulgences can be gained as before; other indulgences can be gained only on the express condition that they shall be applied to the faithful departed.

A Cure for Depression.

One of our esteemed literary friends has something to say to our readers this month on "St. Vincent de Paul." Apropos of this, we have on our desk a copy of a late number of the Weekly Bouquet, in which Dr. Thomas Dwight, President of the Central Council of Boston, earnestly and touchingly describes "The conditions and needs of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The writer of these lines has had some experience as a member of one of these conferences, and willingly bears testimony to the truth of what Dr. Dwight says in closing his able prayer, viz:

"Lest any should think that I undervalue the work done by the society, let me tell you that I have more than once found a most effective cure for the depression that I admit I sometimes have felt when thinking of how much more we might accomplish. It has been to go to a conference and hear of the actual works, and think of the actual cases of suffering relieved; of families in danger of separation that they have held together; of children kept in the faith, and above all, of souls all but lost, to whom our brothers have played the part of guardian angels. It is from the evidence of such work that I come away thanking God for the good that the society has done and is doing."

An exchange has this comment on the bad break of the Red Cross Society in getting out a circular with the blasphemous heading, "Our Lady of the Red Cross," eulogizing Miss Clara Barton for her work at Galveston: "The words 'Our Lady' have been consecrated throughout Christendom by centuries of usage to the Blessed Mother of Our Divine Lord, Jesus Christ. To apply them to any other person is a scandalous outrage."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Some "Holy and Wholesome Thoughts On Purgatory," for every day in the month, by Eleanor C. Donnelly, is, in our opinion; the best hand-book for the month of the Poor Souls. It is a veritable *multum in parvo*. Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street; Philadelphia, publish this little work.

Non-Catholics, by investing a quarter of a dollar per annum, can have brought to their post-office address every month a copy of "Truth," a Catholic magazine devoted to true explanations of Catholic faith to non-Catholics. Zealous Catholics can show their activity in spreading the truth or propagating the faith by subscribing to this excellent journal, or by having the same sent to a non-Catholic friend. Address the manager Rev. Thos. F. Price, or "Truth" Nazareth post-office, (near Raleigh,) North Carolina.

Time and again readers ask us to recommend a journal suitable for children. There is more than one such journal in this country. If we must specify, then we heartily recommend the "Weekly Bouquet" (85 Vermon street) of Boston. It is cheap. It contains excellent reading. It has an able editor—Henry Coyle the poet. You get the worth of your money and moreover your subscription goes to help a most deserving cause —the cause of charity.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Intemperate 5; special 8; spiritual 5; sick 4; general 2. All deceased Carmelites, Tertians and wearers of the Scapular.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names for registration have been received at St. Cyril's Carmelite college, Chicago from :—St. Viator's church, Chicago, Ill., and St. Mary's church, Joliet. Ill.

Names of those enrolled in the Brown Scapular received at Falls View from :—St. Peter and Paul's church, Williamsville, N. Y.; Drayton, Ont.; Washington Heights, Ind.; St. Joseph's Rectory, Ashland, Penn.; Atlantic, Iowa; Sacred Heart church, Peoria, Ill.; Newmarket, Ont.; Java Center, N. Y.; Charlottetown, P. E. Island; Orillia, Ont.; St. Mary's church, Menirva, N. Y.; North Sydney, C. B.; St. Michaels' Palace, Toronto, Ont.; Wakonda, S. D.

THANKSGIVINGS.

DEAR REV. FATHER: I promised Our Blessed Lady if she would obtain a favor for me I would have it published in the Carmelite Review and also send a small offering to her shrine the favor has been granted thanks to Our Blessed Lady through the Sacret Heart A. McC., Rochester, N. Y.

A subscriber writes to us under date of Sept. 27 :—"In the early part of 1898, I got one of your Scapulars which I wore through my service with Battery B. "Pa. V."—I am glad to say I returned safely to my family and now thank Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel." D. B. S.

A reader in Paterson, N. J., returns thanks to our Blessed Lady for a favor obtained during a Novena.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job **xix. 21.**

Sister Baptista Flynn who died Oct. 10th, at Helena, Montana.

Mary Flynn who died at Paterson, N. J.

Mrs. Nancy Johnson who died at Toronto, Canada.

Miss May O'Brien, Chicago.

Mrs. May Nolan, of Manchester, N. H.

Denis Sullivan, of Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Bradley, of Paterson, N. J.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below**, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

The Divine Mother and Her Child.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., DECEMBER, 1900. NO. 12

The Last Song of the Year.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—St. Clare's.

SHALL it be a dirge of mourning
For the loved ones passed away
Since the last fair, hopeful dawning
Of our gladsome "New-Year's Day?"

Shall we echo angel-voices
Singing o'er the snow-clad earth,
"Gloria!" to God in Heaven,
"Peace!" sweet fruit of Jesus' birth?

Shall we, like the Virgin-Mother,
Magnify His Blessed Name,
For those countless gifts and graces
Which, through her, from *His* Heart came?

In the days of early Spring-time,
Or the golden Summer's glow,
In the calm Autumnal beauty,
Or when earth was robed in snow?

Shall our tones be those of pleading
To our Saviour's Heart most dear,
For His Holy Benediction
On the fast approaching year?

Gladly would we softly mingle
All the yearnings of our love
That—like sweet and fragrant incense,
They might rise to Heaven above.

In His love there is an echo
Of each simple loving strain,
Plaintive sighs, or earnest pleadings,
Songs of joy—low notes of pain.

May these last poetic breathings
Of Mount Carmel's minstrelsy
Bear our spirit's aspirations
Upward, dearest Lord, to Thee!

CHRISTMAS, 1900—A NATAL DAY. *

HOW beautiful thy natal-day
Of gladness and of peace,
When, to thy hands, the Infant-God
Descends, like rain on fleece! †

Of old, Angelic-choirs sang
To greet this Babe Divine,
We do not hear their voices now,
The "Gloria!" is thine.

And thou wilt offer Sacrifice
Of Eucharistic love,
To glorify His three-fold birth,
And first—in God above.

He is, indeed, the "Light of Light,"
From all eternity,
And yet to Bethlehem He Comes
"Emmanuel" to be.

There is another mystic birth
In souls, by holy grace,
Their faith, and hope, and love reflect
The beauty of His Face.

And thou—O favored Carmelite!
In God's own mind and love
Wert chosen for "the oil of joy," ‡
The Gifts of His Blest Dove.

Whene'er the Christmas bells ring out,
As in those years now flown,
How sweet to think thy natal-day
Is also Jesus' own!

O may it bring most precious grace,
Priest of our Lord, to thee!
Accept this far-off, heart-felt prayer
Of "ENFANT DE MARIE!"

—ST. CLARE'S.

CHRISTMAS.

ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

WHY are those clear bells ringing
Over the snow?
What is the Mother singing
Softly and low?
Why this celestial chorus
Far in the heaven's o'er us,
There where the star gems glow?

Bells for "great joy" are pealing
In the still night,
Sweet is the lullaby stealing
From pure delight.
"Glory to God!" With gladness
Angels illumine our sadness,
Haste to the Lord of light!

* To REV. P. A. B., O.C.C. † "Descendet sicut pluvia in vellus." Ps. LXXI. 6. ‡ Ps. XLIV. 8.

The Immaculate Conception.

A Historical Sketch of the Controversy.

By The Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A.

THE twenty-first day of June, A. D. 431, was a memorable day in the ancient city of Ephesus. Upwards of one hundred and ninety-eight bishops had assembled in the Cathedral-church of St. Mary in solemn council, and, as the Acts of the Council expressly say, St. Cyril of Alexandria presided as the Legate of the Sovereign Pontiff. The main purpose for which the Fathers gathered was to examine into the errors disseminated by Nestorius in the East, and to condemn his particular teaching concerning the maternity of the Blessed Virgin to whom he denied the title *Theotokos*, —the title of Mother of God. Ephesus was the capital of Asia Minor, and a populous and opulent place. The gathering of so many prelates and the nature of their deliberations threw the whole city into a state of commotion, for Ephesus, as the See of St. John, the Beloved Disciple and Mary's child, bequeathed to her at the foot of the Cross, was especially devoted to the honor and worship of the Mother of God. Here tradition declared that Mary lived with St. John, and here many held that she died. The Ephesians, probably, had never known how much they loved Mary until this great Council assembled within their walls. Then love and anxiety were pictured in their faces, and, as a modern writer has said, even the children in the streets would have answered, if they had been asked the meaning of this assemblage of Church-dignitaries, that bad men had endeavored to rob their Blessed Mother of her lawful title, and good men had come to restore it to her. Large crowds gathered around the old Cathedral and lingered the whole day long. They were intensely anxious, for they knew that Nestorius had gained the imperial court over to his side, that the heresiarch and Count Candidian who was to represent the Emperor at the Council refused to enter it until John of Antioch with his quota of votes arrived, and that even in the Council many bishops were disposed to favor Nestorius. The debate must have been long and attended with excitement, for the day wore on, and the shades of night began to close around the expectant crowds, yet no voice had been heard from the church. At length the Fathers of the Council finished their important business ; the great gates of the historic basilica were thrown open, and all listened with bated breath while Mary, as every true Catholic believed, was proclaimed the Mother of God. All, men and women, old and young, noble and low-born, gathered around the bishops and acclaimed them with the heartiest cries. They would not leave the prelates, but insisted on accompanying them to their homes with lighted torches. After the Eastern fashion, they burned incense before the city's guests, and later on the whole of Ephesus was ablaze with lights in honor of the solemn declaration that Mary was the Mother of God. Her earthly triumph had been brought about by this life-and-death struggle

with Nestorian heresy which was backed up by the intrigues and power of a debased court. Daily when we recite the *Ave Maria*, we are reminded of the Council of Ephesus, and we desire to have in our hearts the intense love of Mary that was buried deep in the hearts of the faithful people of Ephesus. Let us now pass down the long avenue of centuries, and we come to another day when Our Blessed Lady was again specially honored, and the faith and the devotion of her children were amply manifested in our own progressive times. The eighth day of December, 1854, ushered in new earthly glory for the Queen of Heaven. Rome was as jubilant as was Ephesus of old, when Pius IX. of happy memory proclaimed in St. Peter's Basilica the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception—a solemn declaration to the world of one of her most glorious privileges, the foundation of all her other privileges, without which the title of Mother of God might not, without doubt, have been conferred on her by the Most High. The number of bishops assembled in Rome on this auspicious occasion was the same number that gathered at Ephesus. The object of the more modern gathering was the same object at the Council of Ephesus: to proclaim honor to Mary. The Christian people of the nineteenth century were as expectant and as anxious to have Mary declared *Immaculate*, without spot or stain, as were the Ephesians of the fifth century to have her declared the Mother of God. Happier, however, than Pope St. Celestine, Pius IX. presided in person over the assembly of his brethren, the Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops from all quarters of the globe. He was happier also than his sainted predecessor, because he was not called upon to strike one of his brethren of the Episcopate with the censures of the Church, and the arrogant Nestorius had no imitator in the gathering of December 8, 1854. Fifty thousand voices greeted with earnest thanksgiving Mary's glorious prerogative—it was an ardent, unanimous prayer that mounted to Heaven inside the Mother of all the churches, while outside salvos of artillery and the pealing of the city bells re-echoed the acclamations of those within the Basilica. There was joy on earth and joy in Heaven when all the earthly homage was laid at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin by God's ministering angels. Rome's festival became the world's festival.

We wish to treat of the historical, rather than of the polemical, side of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary in this paper. The dogmatical definition of the dogma has now settled all differences, but it is a matter of interest to all Catholics to see how this doctrine became embodied, after the lapse of ages and the din of incessant theological battle, in the articles of our Apostolic faith.

There is no doubt that belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception lived in the minds of men long ages before it became the subject of controversy, for it is a certain fact that belief in many as yet unproclaimed doctrines of the Church always precedes the noise and wrangling of controversy which time creates. This belief possessed men's minds, and devout souls naturally sought to give expression to it in the ceremonies of worship and the forms of liturgy both in the Eastern and Western Church, for the doctrine was known and believed in the former Church, as we may ascertain from the oldest Greek Menologies, just as firmly

as in the Latin Church. In the chain of the Fathers who are quoted as favorable to the doctrine, as many Eastern Fathers are to be found as Western ones.

An unexpected event, however, occurred, which disturbed the peace of those who believed in Mary's spotless Conception. The Canons of the Cathedral of Lyons, desirous of obtaining an advantage which other churches enjoyed, resolved to adopt and celebrate the Feast of Mary's Conception without applying for the Papal sanction, thus proceeding in this important matter on their own authority. This happened in the twelfth century, and St. Bernard, whose vigilant eye overlooked the whole world, raised his voice from the depths of the cloister and remonstrated sharply with the Canons on their action. He was indignant to see a feast observed which was not authorized by Rome, and he left the full weight of his displeasure fall on the Chapter of Lyons. From that day St. Bernard was recognized as an opponent of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and though he had written most beautifully and tenderly of Our Blessed Lady, he was regarded as failing to give her the privilege of having been conceived without spot. Passages have been quoted from his writings by Petavius and others which go to prove that he held simply that the Blessed Virgin was sanctified in the womb like Jeremias and St. John the Baptist. Many writers, however, like Cardinal Lambruschini, (*Polemical Treatise on the Immaculate Conception*, Ch. XXIII), have thought otherwise, and maintain that St. Bernard, in his famous Letter addressed to the Chapter of Lyons, referred most probably to the *active* and not the *passive* conception of the Blessed Virgin. Theologians make this distinction : the *active* conception is where there is question of the generation of the body and its organization ; the *passive* is effected when God places the rational soul in that body already duly formed and organized. It is the *passive*, not the *active*, conception which Catholics have in view when they speak of Mary's Immaculate Conception. There was nothing miraculous in Mary's generation, but God's mercy interposed in the fact of her conception, and granted her in this fact exemption from contracting original sin as happens to all of Adam's progeny, and this act of divine mercy was done in view of Christ's "merits foreseen," so that grace was poured into Mary's soul at the first instant of her being. Eve was made without sin ; Mary was conceived without sin, and her exemption from original sin we must look at as not so much a gift, as a singular privilege accorded her by God.

After St. Bernard's condemnation of the Lyonese Canons, the battle began in earnest, and the field of the conflict was extended far and wide. Two sides were formed, and able champions entered the lists. We find on one side Nicholas of St. Albans, and on the other Pierre de Celles, both followed by a host of minor disputants. Nicholas contended for the ancient traditions of Great Britain, his native country. It has been said that England was the first among the Western countries to keep the feast of Mary's Conception, and a Council of London (A. D. 1328) attributed its introduction to St. Anselm, who had been Archbishop of Canterbury. From England the observance passed over to Normandy, and thence to Lyons. Pierre de Celles fought hard for the honor of St. Bernard, whose remonstrance against the

action of the Chapter of Lyons was the bugle-note that called the respective combatants to the battle. At the outset the conflict was confined to the question of the feast, whether it ought to be maintained or suppressed, and the discussion lasted till the end of the thirteenth century. There is no just reason for us to say that even those who opposed the celebration of the feast opposed also the belief in Mary's immunity from original sin, while we may readily believe that the defenders of the feast must have been consistently attached to the doctrine.

The controversy relative to the feast awakened after a while more serious consideration of the doctrine itself, and from being a question of mere liturgical importance the discussion soon resolved itself into a dogmatical contention that occupied the best minds in the Church. In fact the greatest intellects became involved in the denial or the defence of the belief in the Immaculate Conception, and the battle became a veritable battle of Titans. The discussion continued during the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries, and no sound of retreat was heard from either side. Much confusion arose from the lack of precision regarding the object discussed. There were many accessories entangled with the main point of the debate, and until the former were disengaged from the latter, no advance towards truth could be made. St. Bonaventure at length probed into the heart of the question and brought out the real point at issue. An indiscriminate use of the word, *Conception*, had been made all along. The word was used almost continually in the contest, but what did it really mean? As a writer of our own time puts it: "Did it signify the concurrence of material elements in the formation of the virginal body of Our Blessed Lady? or did it simply indicate the union of her holy soul with the body already formed? This distinction was a ray of light illuminating the whole thesis. The Seraphic Doctor had made it understood that, in the latter case, the question was simply this: Whether in forming this marvellous work, God had united to the body of the Blessed Virgin a soul adorned with, or deprived of, original justice?" Reduced to this formula, the question was debated with much warmth and skill for a long time; little advantage could be claimed by either side, when all at once a man entered the lists who was to take a dominant part in the ardently waged battle. This man was John Duns Scotus, an Irish Franciscan, who had won applause and fame at the University of Paris. It seemed as if God had raised up this great genius for the triumph or partial triumph of the hallowed cause which would give earthly glory and increased homage to His beloved Mother. Duns Scotus was as devout as he was learned. He selected as his starting point in the controversy the *status* in which St. Bonaventure had left the question, and he proceeded to analyze the very marrow of the doctrine. He fought skilfully, using as a point of attack the arguments of his opponents, and history tells us that he pleaded his cause with such power and effect as to succeed in having his opinion prevail in the schools. According to one account given, Duns Scotus defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception at Cologne and Paris, and his learning and eloquence were so effective that the University of Paris adopted his teaching, and he won for himself the title of the "Subtle Doctor."

The belief in the Immaculate Con

ception was now propagated everywhere ; it struck deep root, and the feast was devoutly observed in all churches. One of the Popes welcomed the feast to Rome, and recognizing the meaning of this, the Religious Orders : the Benedictines, Carmelites, Celestines, Trinitarians, the children of St. Augustine, of St. Bernard, and especially of St. Francis, who had given its worthy champions to the cause, all opened their conventional homes and churches to this wide-spread belief, which, as all forecasts pointed, would soon be embodied in Catholic dogma.

Consistency, however, does not appear to be a ruling characteristic of the human mind when it is agitated, when it is striving for victory or is lulled too long in the sleep of peace. The least commotion awakens it from its quietude, and oftentimes the standard that has seemingly fallen in the dust forever is raised again and floats till something decisive occurs to demonstrate triumph on one side or the other. Duns Scotus died in 1308, and, in 1387, an event happened which called the rival parties again to the conflict. There were some Christians who appeared to be frightened at the general acceptance of this holy belief, and zealous to preserve intact the purity of Catholic doctrine, they rushed to extremes. The question was as yet undecided formally by the Church, though it was generally held that Mary was Immaculate. The sons of St. Dominic—a saint who, it is said, defended the doctrine of Mary's Immaculate Conception against the Albigenses —arose in opposition to that same doctrine, and their opinion was voiced by John de Montezon who publicly denied that Mary's conception was attended with exemption from original sin. He was condemned by both the University and the Bishop of Paris. He appealed at once to the Pope, (or anti-Pope) Clement VII., but he did not dare to appear at Rome, and was condemned for contumacy. Two camps were again formed, and they revived the old contest with fierce and unyielding warfare. We may easily judge that neither zeal nor learning was wanting to either side when we look at the multitudinous writings that appeared concerning the controversy. The battle did not diminish with time, but waxed warm and persistent.

The Council of Basle lifted up its voice amidst the fire and smoke of this theological conflict, and declared the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be *pious*, *conformable to Scripture*, *and in harmony with Catholic faith and worship*. The Council also commanded the adversaries of the belief to be silent. When the Council gave forth this declaration in 1439, it had become Schismatical on account of its opposition to the Pope, and though the Canons of a Schismatical Council have no binding force on Catholic conscience, yet the very declaration goes to show that belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was general, and devotion towards it was manifest in the Catholic world at large. Of course the action of the Council had little effect on the condition of the controversy which was carried on with as fiery zeal as ever. If the words of the Bishops of Basle fell on barren soil, the Sovereign Pontiffs offered the weight of their solemn words to uphold belief and practice. This was noticeably the case with Sixtus IV. This Pope desired to put an end to the differences between the Thomists and Scotists, which kept countries and communities in a state of alarm and disorder, and he encouraged the faithful

to celebrate the feast of Mary's Conception by granting indulgences; he likewise threatened with censure any one who would mention as heretical the doctrine which teaches that *Mary was never defiled with the original stain.* Such high and unquestioned approbation was a crushing blow to the opponents of this pious belief, and though the theological battle began immediately to hang fire, it was by no means finished, and at a later period, the Council of Trent found the controversy still alive. Readers of ecclesiastical history are always interested in looking at the rival combatants in any controversy that has occupied the attention of the Church. In this controversy regarding the Immaculate Conception the contestants were called respectively Thomists and Scotists from St. Thomas Aquinas and John Duns Scotus, and were, for the most part, members of the two great Religious Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis. In the mediæval schools they were opposed on many questions, such as the philosophical question of *universals*, the theological questions regarding *sin* and *grace*, the *merits* of Christ's sufferings and the *Real Presence.* The Thomists denied and the Scotists defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and each school thought that its teaching was better calculated than the teaching of the other school to promote the honor of the Mother of God. This rivalry, though carried on with much bitterness at times, had a wonderful effect on theological study, and it redounded after all to the advantage of the Church.

St. Thomas Aquinas, who lived in the thirteenth century, has often been quoted as holding the opinion that the Blessed Virgin had incurred the stain of original sin, but while this is asserted in the boldest language by writers who found their opinion on what the Angelic Doctor says in his *Summa* (Part Third, q. XXVII, art. 2): "The Blessed Virgin was not sanctified before the infusion of the rational soul," yet that St. Thomas taught positively the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception may be proved from many passages of his writings. He states in several places that Mary was free from original sin. The Dominican Bromiardo thus construes the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, and Cardinal Gaudé insists that it was such. Cardinal Lambruschini in his Polemical Treatise exonerates St. Thomas from the charge of denying the Immaculate Conception, and quotes several passages from his works favorable to the doctrine. In reply to its adversaries who bring forth fifteen passages in proof that St. Thomas was opposed to the doctrine, he says that to reconcile St. Thomas with St. Thomas, and to explain the two wholly divergent opinions which the saint is alleged to hold, we must admit that his works have been altered or interpolated in some places. Bishop Wielmo (*Pro Defensione Sancti Thomae*) denounces those who falsely quote St. Thomas to uphold their opinion which was the subject of controversy. Giles, of Rome, a devoted disciple of St. Thomas, (*Castigatorium in Corruptorem Librorum Thomae Aquinatis*) also inveighs against the corruptors of the Angelic Doctor's text. Many Dominican writers have also used strong language against those who had altered the original sense of St. Thomas. John Nicolai, in his Preface to the edition of the works of the holy Doctor, published in Paris in 1663, attests and declares: "that he had purged the text of the *Summa* of St. Thomas not only of typographical errors, but

still more of all fictitious things, deliberately left therein, which perverted the true sense, or the historical truth and sincerity; that he had also filled up several gaps and vacancies to keep up the thread of the text, otherwise interrupted, and leaving the reader in doubt for want of the full sense, or leading him into error by a wrong meaning." It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that unscrupulous writers have made out St. Thomas, by their suppression or alteration of passages, or even their additions, an opponent of a doctrine of which certainly his piety, mighty genius and learning would lead us to believe him a strenuous defender. It seems quite plain to Cardinal Lambruschini that like St. Augustine and St. Bernard, St. Thomas has been maligned and totally misunderstood; he has been unjustly accused of opposing the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Previous to the holding of the Council of Trent, a provincial synod at Avignon, in 1457, declared in favor of the doctrine, and a large number of theologians, Italian, French, German, Polish, Flemish, English, Scotch, Spanish, Portuguese and Oriental, adopted the same tenet. Many acadamies and universities taught this doctrine. The University of Paris, in 1496, exacted an oath from all candidates for the doctor's degree to defend the teaching of the Immaculate Conception under penalty of being expelled from the university and forfeiting its grades and privileges. The Tridentine Council was favorably disposed to determine the question, and at one time actually resolved to proclaim the Immaculate Conception a dogma of Catholic faith. But in the discussion many Dominican bishops and other Dominicans present at the Council opposed warmly the resolution and pleaded for the adoption of terms prejudicial to neither of the two opinions, so that the question might remain as it was hitherto in the Church. The Council, which had other important measures to consider, consented to the compromise, but its true feeling may be interpreted in its Decree, which reads: "The Holy Council declares that, in this Decree, where there is a question of original sin, it does not intend to include the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, and means to declare nothing more on that subject than what has been decreed by Sixtus IV. of happy memory." Cardinal de Jaen was not satisfied with this declaration, asserting that, in the preceding Congregation, more than two-thirds had consented to add these words: *Of whom it is piously believed that she was conceived without original sin.* The result of investigation evidences that while the majority of the Fathers of the Council believed in Mary's Immaculate Conception, they deemed it, on account of the circumstances of the times, expedient to withhold any formal rejection of the contrary opinion. The fires of heresy were at this period lighting up half of Christendom, and the Council prudently abstained from increasing the flames.

Reference has been made to the Constitutions of Sixtus IV., which the Council of Trent wished to be observed. These Constitutions were two in number, one issued in 1476, and the other in 1483. In the former the Pope granted indulgences to those who said the Mass and recited the Office which he approved for the Feast of the Conception. In the latter he condemned those who accused persons who celebrated the Feast of mortal sin, or

those who maintained that the doctrine was heretical. The prayer in the Mass and the Office, prescribed by Sixtus IV., contained the admission of the Immaculate Conception, and was used for nearly a century, that is, from the pontificate of Sixtus IV. to Pius V. In 1568 the latter Pope suppressed the office of Mary's Conception, printed and published under Sixtus IV., restricting to the Franciscans the power of reciting it. But as the Pope's object was to prescribe a uniform mode of public prayer for the whole Church, he was induced to take this step solely on that ground, and not because there was anything objectionable in the Office. There were divers Offices of the Conception in use at that time, and the Pontiff chose the Office composed by Abbé Helsin. St. Pius V. also established the Feast of Mary's Conception as of precept for the whole Church. In the seventeenth century the olden controversy broke out anew and was waged with unusual vehemence. A Franciscan, named Francis de Santiago, made a public statement to the effect that the truth of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin had been positively confirmed by a vision granted to himself. This was the alarm-call to the battle on the part of both contestants. Amidst the din and uproar of the engagement, Philip III., King of Spain, had recourse to the Holy See for a solution of the question. The reigning Pontiff, Paul V., answered by re-publishing the decrees of Sixtus IV., issued in 1476 and 1483, which respected the celebration of the Mass and the Office of the Feast. He also commanded both parties to refrain from stigmatizing each other as heretics. He had no objection to the scientific point of view in the discussion, but he prohibited the question being made the subject of controversial sermons. In his Bull of 1621, Paul V. ordained that no expression other than *The Conception of the Blessed Virgin*, should be used in either the missal or the public offices of the Church, as certain persons had begun to substitute for *conception*, *sanctification*. Later Philip IV. begged from Gregory XV. a decision of the question, who simply renewed the decree of Paul V. and extended its restrictive nature to writings and private discourses. Alexander VII. was also urged to decide the question, and he published a Bull in 1661, in which he referred to the action of his predecessors and manifested a marked tendency towards the belief in the Immaculate Conception of Mary. No formal definition of the dogma was made, and so matters stood down to the middle of the last century, when the illustrious Benedict XIV. said in his treatise on this subject: "While the Apostolic See does not as yet declare the Immaculate Conception of Mary to be an article of faith, it is nevertheless evident that the result of the discussion goes to show that the Church is favorable to the opinion."

Many petitions were addressed to Pope Gregory XVI., urging him to proclaim and define the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception, but the Pontiff took no action in the matter, and it was reserved to Pius IX. of saintly memory to be the agent of God's will and love. When the Holy Father was driven by revolutionary violence into exile at Gaeta, Nov. 24th, 1848, the first step towards settling the great theological question that had occupied the attention of ages was taken. Pius IX. was most devoted to the Mother of God, and in the very midst of the warfare that assailed himself

and the Church, what was more natural for him than to have recourse to the ever-blessed Mother of Him who is Head over all the children of God? The world was full of heresy and irreligious hate, and it was just the critical time when the woman foretold to Eve in Paradise as pre-destined to crush the serpent's head must prove her power and her love for humanity. Pius IX., on Feb. 2nd, 1849, published an Encyclical to the universal hierarchy declaring his purpose of defining the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. He established a commission of cardinals and eminent theologians whose duty it was "to examine the subject in its every aspect, and with the most extreme care, and to report their matured judgment thereon." He called upon the Archbishops and Bishops throughout the world to have public prayers offered up by their people regarding the proposed decree. The Italian, Spanish and Portuguese bishops, to the number of four hundred, were unanimous in their desire for the definition; the American, English and Irish bishops were generally in favor of it; the only opposition, not very pronounced, was made by a few French, German and Swiss prelates. In every Catholic household it was felt that the honor of God's Incarnate Son was to be supremely vindicated in the stainless honor of His Mother. Great was the happiness of the Sovereign Pontiff, when on December 8th, 1854, he pronounced in tones clear, full and impressive, the decree of Mary's Immaculate Conception; his eyes filled with tears, but he recovered himself when he read the following definition: "We declare, affirm and define, that the doctrine which says that the Blessed Virgin Mary was preserved and exempted from all stain of original sin from the first instant of her conception, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all mankind, is a doctrine revealed of God, and which, for this reason, all Christians are bound to believe firmly and with confidence."

Of this important event Bishop Dupanloup wrote: "The celebration of December the 8th thus crowns the expectation of past centuries, sheds a blessing on the present one, claims the gratitude of generations unborn, and shall leave behind an imperishable remembrance."

For five hundred years this doctrine ran its stormy course; for five hundred years it had been attacked and had been defended. Genius had threatened it and genius made it victorious. It was called heresy in days gone by by the rash theologian; in the nineteenth century it is declared an article of faith. The ways of God are mysterious. The long series of combats finishes in the glory of solemn triumph, and the voice of the Catholic world is heard in devout prayer: "Queen conceived without original sin, *Pray for us!*"

Pure Blossom of the earth, white Star on high,
Behold the narrow round wherein we move!
Console us, feeling every tear that starts,
And show us our Redemption drawing nigh!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

X.

"AND you* in turn, when there was question of selecting a leader for your crusade, whose sole weapons are prayer and love, consulted the history of those who might have a claim to the honor of guiding you; and finding none who realized so perfectly the type of the Christian chevalier as our glorious St. Louis, you orthwith proclaimed him your patron.

"But what purpose has brought you to Jerusalem? To celebrate an anniversary? to glorify the courage of a man, the prowess of a hero? † This were indeed a noble object; but you pretend to more than this, for I read on your program the legend: '*To render a solemn tribute of homage to the divine Redeemer.*' And assuredly the place could not be more appropriate or the time better chosen for the accomplishment of this sublime purport, verging as we are on the two thousandth centenary of Christianity, and Jerusalem being the Holy City by excellence, because Jesus Christ sanctified it; and the 'City of God,' because purchased at the price of His Precious Blood. There he established His throne—the Cross, and there He left us His tomb. Let us venerate, then, this holy city, and let us lay our homage at the feet of our Redeemer who has glorified her. May all the peoples of the earth turn their eyes towards this 'city upon the mountain,' and direct toward her the affection of their hearts; for out of her, salvation has come to them.

"But if all nations owe this homage to the divine Redeemer, our own is obliged in justice, and that by many titles, to render it to Him. 'If Jesus Christ,' cries out the eloquent Monseigneur Berteaud, 'willed that the French nation should be born on Christmas' night, at the time of His own entrance into the world. If Jesus Christ sent from on high a dove bearing the oil of unction with which the brow of our Kings was anointed and made France the eldest daughter of His Church, the protectrix of the Papacy, and a mighty nation. If He has confided to her in a special manner the mission of 'enlightening them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.' If he raised up a St. Louis who called himself the *Lieutenant of Christ.* And if for fourteen centuries He has accomplished His glorious works in great part through the instrumentality of our race, are not these so many powerful reasons why the children of our beloved country should, above all others, excel in piety and devotion to the Man-God? Fatherland, traditions,

* [The Very Reverend author of these Notes here continues the addresss delivered by the Vicar-Custodian of the Holy Land to the pilgrims assembled in the Basilica of St. Helena at Jerusalem.—ED. C. R.]

† NOTE—An allusion to the centenary of the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bouillon, mentioned at the opening of this address.

the glory of our ancestors : *all* echo the name of Jesus Christ, and our ancient Salic law begins with these ringing words : 'Live Christ ! He loves the Franks ! *Vivat Christus ! amat Francos !*' And whom, I ask, shall we hail, if not Christ—*whom* love, if not the Heart which has loved us so tenderly and in so high a degree? 'Yes, we wish to love Him,' you answer : 'our presence at this thrice hallowed shrine attests our love.'

"But dear Pilgrims, how many of our countrymen, alas ! think not with us ! One must needs be blind not to see that for a long time back there have been *two* Frances in our cherished fatherland :—the France which believes and prays, and the France which prays not, but blasphemes. With the France that prays we cry out : Love, adoration, praise and thanksgiving be to the divine Redeemer ! And in the place of that France which does not pray, but which insults the majesty of God, we humble ourselves, we bow our heads in the dust, we weep, we suffer, we offer, if need be, the sacrifice of our lives, as here, within the shadow of Calvary's Mount, we cry aloud to the merciful Saviour : 'Parce, Domine, parce populo Tuo ; ne in æternum irascaris nobis !' ‡ Let our misguided countrymen know that we regard them as our brothers. The same divine Blood has redeemed them and us. We implore for them as for ourselves, that but one and the same love may cause our hearts to beat,—the love of the amiable Heart of Jesus. 'O France,' exclaimed one day, the eloquent bishop of Tulle, 'O France ! fatherland of great Catholic souls ; chosen land, who from thy birth hast caused the eyes thy heavenly Father to look lovingly upon thee ; thy lot is in His hands. Thou wilt not perish, eldest daughter of the Church ; thy place in the divine plan is too beautiful, too exalted for this ! Ah, come back to thy Christ, return to thy Lord ! Thou sufferest, and the Church, thy Mother, suffers ; thou weepest, and the Supreme Pontiff mingles his tears with thine.' But, courage, my brethren ! The immortality of the parent is a pledge of the immortality of the child. At some future—and God grant it be no distant day !—love will win the victory over hate, even as on this sacred spot Life triumphed over Death at the Resurrection of the Saviour. Then, in lieu of the two Frances of to-day—irreconcilable and antagonistic,—there will be but one,—namely, the Christian France of Clovis, Charlemagne and St. Louis. Fiat, fiat !"

The effect of these well-chosen words upon my fellow pilgrims can be better imagined than described. Addressed by one of their own countrymen amid surroundings in themselves capable of softening the hardest heart, and which, apart from their divinely sacred character, are fraught with recollections so glorious for France, they were roused to enthusiasm for the holy cause so skilfully placed before them by the speaker—the crusade of prayer and love among their erring brethren in their own beloved land.

At the conclusion of the address, we entered the "Aediculum" erected over the Holy Sepulchre, and passing through the chamber called the "Chapel of the Angel" (because judging from the Gospel narrative it was there that the celestial messenger announced to the holy women our Lord's Resurrection), reached the low and narrow opening of the rock-hewn cell in which the sacred tomb reposes.

‡ Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people; and be not angry with us forever.

Crossing the threshold one by one, we fell upon our knees, and adoring our risen Saviour on the site of His last humiliation and crowning triumph, gave vent to the emotions which this thrice sanctified spot evoked. It is not here that I will speak of the "Basilica of the Resurrection" or of the incomparably holy ground it encloses,—to the Christian, the most sacred on all the earth, because it was upon *it* that the Son of God offered Himself in sacrifice for the redemption of the world, and in *its* bosom that He lay in death, awaiting the glorious dawning of the Easter morn.

All-unwilling to break the spell of our first visit to the Holy Sepulchre by turning our eyes towards aught else, however closely interwoven with the mysteries of our divine faith, we quietly retraced our steps to "Casa Nova." It was now after seven o'clock, and almost dusk. Ours had, indeed, been a full day!

When we gathered in the "grand salon" after supper, the Rev. Director announced that on the morrow, according to our program, the "facultative excursion" to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, would be in order, and called for the names of those who wished to make the same, so that the necessary conveyances might be on hand. Some thirty of our number responded, among whom were my companion and I. Then, after briefly comparing notes on the events of the day, our party, not a little fatigued, as you may imagine, but exultant the while over its joint experiences, retired to spend its first night in Jerusalem—not, however, without my having arranged beforehand with several of my reverend co-pilgrims to say Mass the following morning in the "Grotto of the Agony" at Gethsemani. This we could do without interfering with the journey mentioned above, the time fixed for that being 11.30 a. m. Accordingly, after a most refreshing night's rest, we set out at the early hour of half-past four, 12th inst., (September), and passing along the "*Via Dolorosa*," traversed by our divine Redeemer on His way from the judgment hall of Pilate to Mount Calvary, entered, through the "Gate of St. Stephen," the "Via Captivitatis" over which He was dragged by His captors, and which leads direct to the Garden of Olives. Crossing the stone bridge which spans the Torrent of Cedron—now perfectly dry,—we arrived at the grotto already mentioned. This is an irregularly-shaped cave at the foot of Mount Olivet, hollowed out of the solid rock, with natural pillars of the same material supporting the vault. It is fifty-one feet in length by twenty-seven in width, and is dimly lighted by an aperture in the ceiling near the entrance. To this holy spot Jesus and His Apostles often came to spend the night in prayer; and according to tradition it was here, in part, that He agonized on the eve of His death. There are three altars in this subterranean chapel, and I had the ineffable consolation of celebrating Mass at the principal one, which is at the extreme end. As Jesus was wont to withdraw to a distance from His disciples when communing with His Eternal Father, it is believed that it was here precisely that He prayed on the night of His betrayal. It was not more than six o'clock, and the grotto was still quite dark, when sixty orphan girls under the guidance of the Sisters of St. Joseph entered it to assist at one or more of the many Masses celebrated at the different altars. Kneeling on the stone floor, their hands joined devoutly, and the dim light of dawn fall-

ing upon their upturned faces, they looked like so many angels come to compassionate our sorrowful Redeemer, who had said: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to Me: for the Kingdom of Heaven is for such" (St. Matthew, XIX. 14.); and without a doubt, their innocent souls were the sweetest offering there.

After my companions and I had finished our devotions (others of our reverend co-pilgrims were continually arriving meanwhile and celebrating Mass in turn), we went to the guest-room, not far from the grotto, where a modest refection awaited us. When the entire party was finally assembled at that point, one of the Franciscan Fathers in charge conducted us to the "Garden of Gethsemani," but a few rods distant, whilst the dear old lay-brother who has been entrusted with this sacred office for years, and under whose loving care the ground which Jesus moistened with His precious Blood has become a paradise of delights, beautiful to the eye and redolent with the perfume of an endless variety of plants and flowers, unlocked the gate and stood guard as we entered the sacred precincts. We were allowed to visit every part of the garden, and we lingered long beneath the several gnarled and twisted olive trees of great age and massive girth, which are believed to have sprung from those under which our Saviour was communing with His Heavenly Father when the mystic chalice of suffering was presented Him by the angel. They certainly show every sign of having stood for many centuries, and may well be the offshoots of those which, in common with all the trees that grew within a certain radius of Mount Olivet, were cut down by the order of Titus during the siege of Jerusalem. ‡‡ When finally we left the sacred enclosure, we found a Franciscan Father awaiting us with a basket full of twigs which in part had fallen and in part been pruned from the trees just mentioned. Each of us took a few of these as a priceless souvenir of our visit. We were next shown a group of rocks about a stone's throw from the Garden, where it is said that the Apostles, Peter, James and John, were left by our Saviour when He entered it on the eve of His Passion, where they slept while He was in an agony, and whither He went three times to awaken them. Next, the route was pointed out to us by which the traitor

‡‡ NOTE—According to Frere Lievin, these trees are not offshoots, but the originals themselves. As his opinion is of great weight, I shall give it you in full. Here are his words: These trees are the most venerable which exist, after the Wood of the true Cross. According to tradition, it was under their branches that our Lord was wont to gather His Apostles together in order to instruct them in the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven and to pray. How often were they the silent witnesses of the sighs and loving ejaculations which He sent up to His Eternal Father! In a word, they were nourished in a soil watered by the tears and by the blood of the Man-God on that most sorrowful night which preceded His death. Behold, eighteen hundred years have passed since that memorable, that precious night, and yet these last witnesses of the agony of the Saviour on earth are still erect, bearing in their trunks and on their branches the traces of as many centuries. Some authors, it is true, have attempted to rob them of the veneration by which they have been so justly surrounded, and for this purpose have cited a wrongly interpreted passage of Flavius Josephus (Wars of the Jews, I. VI, I.) This history relates that Titus, wishing to put a speedy termination to the stubborn resistance of the Jews, caused all the trees to be cut down within an area of ninety stadii (a four and a half hours' march) around Jerusalem, in order to construct platforms, towers, and other engines of destruction. But this quotation, instead of weakening the tradition, only serves to confirm it. For, indeed, whoever has visited Jerusalem and knows the position of the site in question, will readily understand how it must have been impossible for the soldiers of Titus to approach within so trifling a distance of the besieged, as is the Garden of Gethsemani, for the object specified. Without a doubt they would have all been annihilated in the valley (of Josaphat, which separated the garden from the Holy City), and not one of them would have regained the camp. Besides, who knows but that at the time of our Lord these trees were too young to serve the purpose indicated above, even though they were sufficiently vigorous to afford a dense shade? It is a well-known fact that the olive never has more abundant foliage than in its youth, notwithstanding the lack of proportion between its trunk and its branches. Moreover, the inhabitants of Jerusalem (the besieged) kept constant watch by day and by night on that side of the city, to prevent the enemy from approaching the walls. The hypothesis of the destruction of the olive trees of Gethsemani is consequently untenable. On the contrary all tends to prove their preservation. But even supposing that they shared the fate of those cut down by the order of Titus, their roots, which were, in this case, left in the ground, must have sprouted up anew; for, according to Pliny, the olive tree never dies.—(*Frere Lievin, Guide Indicateur*, etc., French edition, pages 359 and 360.)

Judas Iscariot came with the rabble and the Roman soldiers to seize his divine Master. From Gethsemani we went to visit the "Tomb of the Blessed Virgin," enclosed by the ancient Basilica of the Assumption, on passing which in the early morning we had heard the plaintive strains of the Russo-Greek liturgy,—a chant so skilfully devised, that one would imagine it accompanied by the organ ; though, in reality, the music which so charmed us on this occasion was the product of the human voice alone. Women (i. e. "*nuns*" or "*deaconesses*") however, are permitted to participate in it ; a privilege not accorded to the gentler sex, as far as I know, in other branches of the "orthodox" communion. On descending the forty-eight marble steps leading to the floor of the Basilica, which is far below the surface of the ground outside the building, a Russian ecclesiastic dealt out wax tapers to us in order to enable us the better to see the sacred shrine we had come to venerate, and then conducted us to the same. * This stands about a yard above the stone flagging, and is a grave-like opening chiselled out of the living rock. It is covered by an aedicule of inconsiderable proportions that is furnished with an altar, and is entered by apertures so low that one must incline profoundly in order to pass through them. The Franciscans—the legitimate guardians of the Holy Land—officiated in this sanctuary until the year 1757, when the Schismatics took entire possession of it. And now the non-Catholic Greeks, Armenians, Copts and Syrians perform their ecclesiastical functions there, but the "Latins" are altogether excluded. Even the Mussulmans, who, it would appear, hold the Mother of Christ in reverence, have their place of prayer within the walls of this Christian church—to the south of the aedicule !

You will likely recall here Catharine Emmerich's "revelation" to the effect that the immaculate body of Our Blessed Lady was laid to rest near the city of Ephesus, and wonder how it can be reconciled with the tradition that Jerusalem was the place where this hallowed interment occurred. I cannot enumerate here the numerous authorities quoted in favor of the former opinion by the Lazarist Father of Smyrna, to whose interesting brochure on this subject I refer elsewhere in this letter, nor can I think of reproducing the arguments he adduces in support of it. Suffice it to say that among the ancient ecclesiastical writers quoted by him in favor of Ephesus figure the names of men held in veneration throughout christendom for learning and sanctity. "The existence of the tomb at Jerusalem," he says, "is not necessarily an indication of its having been occupied by the mortal remains of the Mother of God. Many mausoleums," he continues, "are known to have been erected, and tombs to have been prepared, prior to the decease of those for whom they were intended, but which remained vacant, or became the last earthly resting place of others. Witness, for example, those of Absalom in the valley of Josaphat, and of Joseph of Arimathea ;—the latter now the Holy Sepulchre," etc. [If you have any inclination to pursue this question further, I counsel you to procure the work mentioned above, in which you will find an abundance of information connected therewith, together with much else that is interesting and instructive].

Leaving the Basilica of the Assumption, we returned to "Casa Nova" via the same route by which we had come, and taking an early dinner, were ready for our journey to Bethany, Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, a little after the hour originally set for it.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

* NOTE—This service always entails a *baksheesh*, which is the only "Open Sesame ',in the Orient.

"Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Concluded).

ANOTHER time we find De Sonis by the bedside of a young Corporal of the line, the son of his gardener, who was dying of consumption. "I used to go and see him very often," he said to an intimate friend, "and often accompanied Our Lord when they took him Holy Communion. What edification I gathered from that good young fellow, who offered so willingly his sufferings and his life to God! all the family merit the Divine Blessing. It is impossible to see more faith and resignation than amongst these poor people."

At the beginning of 1878, the General's sufferings increased. He had a third abscess in the stump of his leg and wrote: "I am absolutely nailed to my sofa, and have tried in vain to use my wooden leg, so as to be able to move once more. At first, I was very much depressed; but now I have placed myself unreservedly in the hands of God. which have borne me so long with a mother's tenderness, without ever having let me fall." A little later he wrote: "I have not forgotten that a good part of my body is already dust; and, thus freed from a portion of the weight which attaches us to this earth, I should be very guilty if I did not obey the movement of grace which leads me upwards."

It was only in the month of July that he could resume his inspections, after which he went to Paris and saw the War Minister. Paris was then in a fever with the great exhibition, and M. de Sonis wrote:

"Bismark is quite right to think we are mad. I left Paris thoroughly disgusted with all I saw and heard in that Babylon. I did not even go and see the great exhibition, which would not certainly have comforted me for all the rest."

Mr. Gresley was then War Minister. "They think him too mild," wrote De Sonis, "and we shall very soon come to Laisant, who will make short work of us all." We are bound to say, however, that one man remained faithful to him, and that was M. de Freycinet, who was then Minister of Public Works, and came to St.-Servan, where he hastened to admit the General, whom he received with all the officers of his garrison. He wished to spare the invalid the fatigue of going upstairs to the prefecture, and went down to meet him in the Mayor's Hall on the ground floor.

"He received me there," wrote De Sonis, "with marked sympathy, only expressing his regret that he did not know I was at St.-Servan, as he would have come directly to see me. I spoke to him as follows: 'We come here to salute the Minister of Public Works; but, as soldiers, we also wish to thank you for the efforts you made during the war to save the honor of France. I had expressed these feelings to you in

'71, when I returned from the Prussian lines, and I am glad to renew them to-day.' He was visibly touched at my words, and very much pleased. Then I bowed and retired, not having had to stand more than two or three minutes."

The elections both for the Senate and the Chambers were still more Radical than before, and M. de Sonis, from his bed of suffering could only cry, "*Contra spem in spem.*" "The Christians are given to the wild beasts," he wrote. "There is nothing new under the sun, but there will still be good days for the Church, and, God helping us, there will still be human lips to bear witness to the truth, as long as there remains a little blood in the heart of France!" Soon after this Marshal MacMahon gave in his resignation, rather than touch the honor of the army. This was a great loss to M. De Sonis. For a moment the President thought of naming him Governor of the Invalides; but he had no longer a choice in the matter.

"I know very well," M. De Sonis wrote to his daughter, "that I have brought on myself the hatred of all the Radicals, and I glory at the appellation of 'clerical,' which marks out every Catholic in these days for the vengeance of the impious. But what will become of us all, if I am pensioned off? That is a very difficult problem to solve. There is no doubt that our position will then be very difficult; but I cannot think that Providence will abandon us. I place all my confidence in God, and take refuge with you in His Divine Heart."

CHAPTER XV.

General de Sonis was encamped rather than settled at Châtearoux. The Government House was then building; so that he had nothing but a sort of barrack, where they were all piled one over the other. "I live from day to day like a bird on a branch," he wrote, "feeling sure that on the first opportunity I shall be sent home. This is the more hard for us who have no home! But the servant is not greater than his Master, and the Son of Man had not where to lay His Head! So patience and courage."

As soon as he arrived, this man, whose watchword was 'Duty,' began a conscientious inspection of all the regiments of his new command, which were scattered between Paris and Poitiers. In the latter town, he saw for the last time Cardinal Pie, who expired soon after, one of whom General De Sonis wrote on the 19th of May: "This is a terrible loss both to the Church and to France. To me it is a great personal sorrow, from the affectionate interest which that great prelate always showed in me and mine. More than that, it is a light the less in times when thick darkness covers a world which is every day more guilty." On the 30th of May he wrote:

"To-day we have had the procession of Corpus Christi, presided over by Mgr. Marchal, Archbishop of Bourges. I assisted at High Mass, but was obliged to retire when the procession went out, on account of my leg. I had been forbidden yesterday to allow the military bands to play as usual on the occasion. Against all the army regulations this same Minister has forbidden the troops to form in rank for the passage of the Blessed Sacrament. He has only authorized an escort of two companies to *maintain order round the dais*, having exhumed this order from the papers of Marshal Soult, whilst the military ceremonial for processions is given in full in the army regulations of 1863. This is what we have come to!"

On the other hand, he had a warm welcome from the Commander of the army corps, Generel de Gallifet. He had known De Sonis in Africa, and everything that had happened since then had only deepened his esteem for his heroic character. "Before quitting St.-Servan," wrote M. de Sonis to his brother, "I had written to tell him of my invalid state, which only enabled me to act on horseback. His answer was: "*Do me the honor to have as much confidence in me as I in you.*' I was very much pleased, and wanted to go to Tours to see him, but he said I was not to disturb myself, as he was coming to Châteauroux. I see he has great military qualities, and I do not think I shall have anything to complain of with him."

He soon received a proof that this feeling was not an imaginary one. M. de Gallifet wrote to press him to send in a petition for the highest rank in the Legion of Honor; but De Sonis, though much touched, refused to do so. M. de Gallifet, however, considered that if M. De Sonis made it a rule never to ask for anything, his business was to confer this legitimate honor upon him without his asking; which he accordingly did, greatly to De Sonis's pleasure and astonishment. One of his reasons for the previous refusal was the fear that it would be given him on the 14th of July, "that fatal anniversary of revolutionary massacres;" but M. de Gallifet had thought of that, and his nomination was dated on the 12th, which took away from the honor the political significance which he dreaded. Determined not to sacrifice his principles, however, not a lamp appeared in his windows on the 14th; not a flag was displayed, and no exceptional solemnity was added to the review, held by order on that day, "his respect for the army forbidding him," he said, "to celebrate by French soldiers the anniversary of the massacre of the soldiers of France by the mob of those times."

It was certain that this frank and honest bearing inspired respect and esteem even among those who differed from him. He had a proof of it on the 18th of July, when, going to Tours for the inauguration of the new railway from that town to Châteauroux, he was received with distinguished honors at the official reception by the Ministers and other distinguished personages, who yet were diametrically opposed to him.

His inspections went on through the summer, in spit e of the sufferings which would have made any one else give up the attempt. At the end of July he suffered such agonies from neuralgia that he was obliged to resort to injections of morphine. But the doctors having given him too powerful a dose, it made him violently sick for forty-eight hours, and left him in a terrible state ot exhaustion. Nevertheless, he was quite prepared for the grand October manœuvres, when he astonished every one by his activity, remaining on horseback the whole day, and overcoming every difficulty of the ground in spite of his wooden leg. One of his officers speaks of him at that time as follows:

"I cannot close my account of these manœuvres of 1880 without paying the General of the 17th Division the tribute of my deep and respectful admiration,—I may say, veneration. On horseback before every one else, he never dismounted till the last soldier was in his quarters. In the evening he re-mounted, to see that the troops were all in order, and at night he would visit the advance posts. His

activity shamed the youngest amongst us. His great pleasure was to gallop on his favorite horse, Richelieu, leaving half his staff behind him. When the day's work was over, he insisted on the officers occupying themselves immediately in tenting their men, so as to save them from the fatigue of waiting; and he went round himself to see that these orders were obeyed, and never dismounted till he had seen the last man properly at rest.

"His activity was only equalled by his temperance. 'A potato is quite enough for me,' he would say; 'I have the stomach of an ostrich.' At five o'clock he takes a cup of coffee and a bit of bread: after which he very often eats nothing till seven o'clock in the evening, when his dinner takes about five minutes, while we spend two hours over ours! On the 23rd of September, having started early to see how the regiments were marching, he perceived that the carts of supplies with the sutlers were going before the column, in spite of his formal orders that they should go behind. Very much displeased, he turned to us, and said: 'It seems that the French army has become the army of the belly. To the rear!'"

One of his rules was to give the most precise orders to all his subordinates, of which orders he took the sole responsibility. He richly deserved the praise of General de Gallifet, who said of him: "No one knows as well as he does how perfectly to command and perfectly to obey."

CHAPTER XVI.

General De Sonis left Limoges on the 1st of February 1883. He went to Paris to prepare to die. It was the consummation of his existence in suffering, and in the hope of Heaven, but also in sanctity and the love of God. He took up his residence at Passy, near the Bois du Boulogne, in a quiet quarter of the town and close to a private chapel, which was always open to him. He also attached great importance to being near the Carmelite Fathers, with whom his belonging to the Third Order had united him by the closest ties.

In the middle of March, however, he was taken with such violent nephritic pains that every one thought he would have died. "The adorable Hand of God," he wrote to Dom Sarlat, "has nailed me for six weeks on the Cross. It began the evening of Palm Sunday, and I had four doctors that night. I thought my death was at hand, and took leave of my family."

During that terrible night, he called Madame De Sonis to his bed-side to give her his last directions, confiding her to God, and thanking her in the warmest way for the many years of happiness she had given him. After that, he asked for the last Sacraments, which the doctors, however, thought must be delayed a little. "At last," he wrote, "they brought me Our Lord, who has deigned to preserve my life a little longer for the sake of my dear family. I have ever since had the great grace of receiving the Divine Consoler every Sunday. The expelled Carmelite Fathers, who are near here, come to me constantly, and do me great good." De Sonis saw in this dangerous crisis a new warning to prepare himself for eternity. When his children spoke of this or that journey, he would reply that "he had only one more to make, and that was the great one to Heaven, which cannot be missed." In the same way, when Dom Sarlat begged him to come to his First Mass, he answered: "I am united to you in Holy Communion, and now that you have received the fullest of God's gifts, you can walk with a firm step towards a blessed eternity."

He tried to accustom himself to separation from those he loved, in view of the final separation which he felt was imminent. To his daughter, who had been sent for her health to the Sacred Heart Convent at Kientzheim, in Alsace, he wrote: "Our Lord willed that my illness should prevent my seeing you for some time; and now that I am beginning to get better, He has separated you from us. Let us adore His holy will, and say together, Fiat!"

General de Sonis had the joy of seeing Madame De Sonis enrolled also as a

Tertiary of Mount Carmel. "We are now of the same spiritual family," he wrote, "which is a great grace of God, and fills me with joy. We say every day together the Little Office of Our Lady, and we are thoroughly united in this act, as in all others."

The following beautiful prayer, which was found among General De Sonis' papers, dates from the time of his illness:

"My God, I am here before Thee, poor, miserable, destitute of all good. I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing. I am at Thy feet, plunged in my nothingness. I would like to have something to offer Thee, but I am only misery, and Thou art my sole riches. My God, I thank Thee that Thou hast willed I should be nothing in Thy sight. I love my humiliation, I thank Thee that Thou hast put far from me all feelings of self-esteem, all self-satisfaction. I thank Thee for the deceptions, the anxieties, the humiliations which have been my portion. I am conscious of having deserved them, and that the contrary might have driven me from Thee. O my God, be Thou blessed for having thus tried me! I love to be broken, consumed, annihilated by Thee. May I be, in Thy Temple, not the polished stone, but the grain of sand taken from the dust of the earth. My God, I thank Thee for having filled me with Thy consolations. I thank Thee, likewise, for having deprived me of them. All that Thou dost is just and good. I bless Thee in my indigence, and regret nothing but that I have not loved Thee enough. All I ask for is, that Thy holy will may be done. Thou art my Master. I am Thy property. Turn me again and again as Thou wilt; destroy and reform me. I wish to be reduced to nothing for the love of Thee. O Jesus, how tender is Thy Hand even in the midst of trial; may I be crucified, but crucified by and with Thee."

On the 25th of October, 1884, his sufferings increased, and he wrote to his daughter: "May God's holy will be done in sorrow as in joy, in sickness as in health! You know that is the foundation of a Christian life. What a subject of meditation! * * * I would go on, only I fear lest you should make me out better than I am."

The Pope was his consolation in his suffering. "What an admirable figure is Leo. XIII.," he added, "and how he grows every day in public estimation in the midst of all our meannesses and weaknesses!" His best hope was in the Queen of Heaven and in the Rosaries ordered to be said in her honor by the whole Catholic world during the month of October, to which he attributed the success of the elections during that month.

The year 1886 brought De Sonis no hope. He wrote sadly both of his family and his country. It was the sadness of the Saints—a martyrdom of the heart as well as of the body. Yet in vain did they implore him to soften his rule of penance. "If I can bear these privations," he said to his Carmelite director, "how can you forbid them to me?" Even that did not satisfy him; and instruments of penance made him bear in his martyred body the stigmata of Him "Who was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins."

The last letter De Sonis wrote was on the 16th of July to a relation of his who had become a Carmelite at Jerusalem, and to whom he wrote to congratulate her upon her resolve, saying he had just been celebrating the feast in the Chapel of Mount Carmel, and had offered up his Communion for her intention. In the week of the 8th to the 15th of August, fever set in, but the danger was not thought imminent. Madame De Sonis wrote: "On Sunday my dearest husband gets up as usual; he went to Confession, and they brought him Holy Communion, which they always did when his sufferings were too great to enable him to get to church. The night was calm. My anxiety was very great; but I still had hope. It was only on the Monday morning towards six o'clock that a feeling of suffocation came on, and all hope was over. Extreme Unction was administered, which he received with perfect consciousness; then a terrible agony began. He suffered horribly, and we did so with him and for him. I held his dear hand in mine during

this last dreadful struggle, although my heart was really breaking. At two o'clock all was over. My beloved Gaston breathed his last sigh on the feet of the crucifix which we pressed to his lips. His great heart had ceased to beat."

A Carmelite priest, Father Albert, assisted him in this last battle, which took place on the feast of the Assumption. He left this world under the happy auspices of one of whom he said to the dying at Loigny: Mary is placed on the threshold of eternity, to give courage and confidence to those who are about to cross it."

Directly after his death, there appeared on the features of this friend of God a phenomenon which is rarely seen to so great a degree. His face took an expression of really superhuman beauty. It was not merely a look of that peace and serenity so often seen in the sleep of the dead. It was, in reality, a beginning of his blessed and glorious transfiguration. It was far more than the majesty of death,—it was a vision of immortality. Those who saw him then felt they were nearer heaven than earth, and every one declared they never could forget it. Five days later Madame De Sonis wrote to her nun daughter:

"My dearest Marie—He is gone—our much-loved one, our saint! The Blessed Virgin, whom he loved so much, came to fetch him and conduct him to heaven on the very day of her glorious Assumption. God has given me the courage to bear this terrible trial. He gave me the strength to assist him during a cruel agony of eight hours, and then to see him expire without dying myself of grief. Our two lives were so linked together, and we had been so united during our whole existence, that the agony of separation is intense. But, as I told you, my dear child, God has been very good to me. He has made me see and realize in the most wonderful way the happiness of my darling, now in glory, receiving the reward he has so well deserved. All I pray for now is to learn to love God better, so as to be able soon to rejoin my much-loved one in heaven. There there will be no more parting, no more sorrow! May we all arrive at that celestial home, where we shall meet all whom He has given to us here below!"

The obsequies of the General in the Church of St.-Honoré d'Eylau were worthy of his life. They were dignified, simple and profoundly Christian. He had said to his son Henry: "I wish to be buried as a poor man, no grand ceremonial, no epitaph, no tomb. A simple stone with the inscription: '*Miles Christi.*'" * Wounded in his holiest feelings by the decree which forbade the troops to come into the church, De Sonis was refused military honors, and the escort which was to have accompanied the body. But a great number of cavalry officers in uniform came of their own accord to render him this last service, together with an enormous number of priests, Religious, Sisters, and all the leading members of the Catholic Congregations. The College of Juilly sent a wreath for the coffin of one who will always remain one of its greatest glories. The War Minister was represented by General Lhotte, President of the Cavalry Commission. After the Mass and the absolutions had been given, the funeral procession paused on the threshold of the church, when General Lhotte spoke the following words with deep and visible emotion: "Appointed by the War Minister to the honor of representing him at this sad ceremony, I come to say a last farewell to the dear friend whose mortal remains we are accompanying to the tomb. The life of General De Sonis is too well known for me to retrace it here. He was the real example and the model of all military, as well as of all private virtues. The word 'Duty,' inscribed on the first page of his life, is to be found everywhere, down to the last sheet of this book which to-day is closed on earth; and as it is said of Bayard, that model of noble knights, so it may be as truly affirmed of De Sonis, that he was without fear and without reproach. Adieu, General De Sonis! Adieu, glorious soldier! Your life will remain among us as a great

* Soldier of Christ.

model, which we must ever strive to imitate, but to which we can never attain, so great and so grand were your virtues! Adieu, then, once more; or rather, in my Christian faith I say to you, 'Au revoir!'"

* Bonus Miles Christi. 2 *Tim.* ii. 3.

* This is the epitaph on the crypt at Loigny: "Die 22 Sept. 1887. in spem vitae. hic depositus est, et requiescit, Miles Christi. Gaston de Sonis. General of division. born the 27th of August, 1825. died the 15th of August, 1887. Pray for him."

[THE END.]

Monthly Patrons.

By Enfant de Marie—St. Clare's.

VEN. URSULA BENINCASA—*December 8th.*

ALTHOUGH earth is not always clothed in wintry garb of pure and snowy white, when we "go over to Bethlehem" and adore our Infant-Saviour, yet we have, even from earliest years, been accustomed to associate with His lowly crib, thoughts of snow-clad hills, and star-lit frosty skies, illumed with celestial brightness, resounding with angelic hymns. In the world of grace, however, the virgin whiteness of Mary ever appears in the novena and octave of her Immaculate Conception, and amongst all the sweet truths contained in that glorious prerogative, one of the most brilliant is, that it was bestowed in order to render her a "worthy habitation" of the Incarnate Word. We, too, are preparing our hearts for His coming; and by increasing in love for Mary's Immaculate Conception, and praying for special graces through it, we hope to be a little less unworthy of her Divine Son.

A fair lily of Holy Church attracts us this month—one consecrated to Mary Immaculate at her birth, and destined to honor her in a glorious manner.

Venerable Ursula Benincasa has not as yet been raised to the altars of God's Church, but, as declared worthy of veneration, we may look up to her with confidence, implore her intercession, and imitate her example.

This flow'ret of Naples, was left an orphan in early childhood, with her young brother and sister, and cared for them with the tenderness and patience of maturer years. Their life was one of poverty and labor, but one of prayer also, and of love for God and His Blessed Mother. Ursula placed before her loom a picture of the Madonna, and was at times rapt in ecstacy before it. At the death of her brother she retired to a little hermitage on Mt. Elmo, overlooking her native city, and caused a church to be erected on that mountain in Our Lady's honor.

Being supernaturally warned that chastisements from God were imminent, unless penance was done, she visited the reigning Pontiff, Gregory XIII., and manifested these communications. While at Rome, St. Philip Neri, by many trials tested her spirit, and at length formally approved of her sanctity. She returned to Naples, and was favored with a beautiful vision on the feast of the Purification. Our Lady appeared robed in blue and white, attended by maidens in similar dress. She held the Holy Child in her arms, and told Ursula to listen to His words. Jesus then spoke of the Order she was to found—in honor of Mary—

of the habit, rule, blessings, etc., attached to it; and when her ardent zeal desired that these graces should extend to the world, He showed her angels scattering far and wide the Blue Scapular, which entitles its wearers to a participation in them.

Thus was founded the Congregation of Theatine Nuns of the Immaculate Conception; thus was the holy child of Mary instrumental in glorifying on earth that unparalleled privilege, and thus has she gained that vision of God promised to "the clean of heart."

How much Our Blessed Mother desires we should honor her spotless purity! The grotto of Lourdes is illumined with the radiant history of her apparitions,

And the Queen of the shadowless, bright land,
Seems lovingly, silently there.

The miraculous medal given by Mary Immaculate to a humble daughter of St. Vincent, has been instrumental in countless prodigies bestowed by her benificent hands in the order of grace as well as in nature, and has called forth one of the most beautiful and efficacious aspirations from thousands of loving hearts: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!" Holy doctors have extolled this privilege; apostolic men have been eloquent in its praise; virgins have followed Jesus in the mild light of its guidance; Holy Church has placed on her royal brow the diadem of infallible decision. O Mary! "thou art all fair, there is no spot in thee!" preserve us thy children undefiled!

CONFITEOR.

By Francis W. Grey.

AGAINST Thee only is my sin;
I have done evil in Thy sight;
Sought to do wrong, and shunned the right,
Yet let my soul Thy pardon win.

Lo! I accuse myself, and know
How I have sinned in word and deed;
And, knowing, can but humbly plead
This only: Thou hast loved me so!

Loved me: the Cross shall witness bear,
Shall measure all Thy love to me,
All my ingratitude to Thee:
And save me, Jesu! from despair.

Against Thee only! Thou alone
Art Lord of all I am: my life
Was won by Thee in that fell strife
Where Thou, by dying, didst atone,

For all my sins: Lo! I confess
My fault with shame! Do Thou forgive
As Thou art kind, and let me live
Thy mercy and Thy love to bless.

Confiteor! My sin is great!
But, oh! Thy love is greater yet!
Be pitiful! My sins forget
And in Thy favor re-instate.

Legend of the Chrysanthemum.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I Remember a sweet German legend, I used to love long ago, and frequently related to little claimants for a *story*, in order to remind them of a disposition above all necessary, not only to enjoy Christmas happiness, but also to receive its precious graces. This disposition is, loving kindness to others,—not merely *natural* kindness or compassion, but from love to the dear "Christ-Child" who "being rich," became poor for our sake.

Our opening scene is the Black Forest in Germany, and it might well be styled a "White Forest" that Christmas Eve, with its garb of snow and ice. Canadian readers are too well accustomed to the beauties of snow-scenes, otherwise I might enlarge on this *prelude*.

Near the confines of this forest, a poor wood-cutter dwelt peacefully, with few earthly comforts except the blessed ones of home happiness, but he had the higher ones of love and reverence for God and submission to His will. He had labored very hard before Christmas, as there was great demand for fire-wood, and now he collected a few logs for his own little hearth. Night was closing in, and he was returning home, very cold and weary no doubt, when a low cry startled him. Well versed in forest sounds, of birds, beasts, night-winds, etc., this did not sound like others, and going in the direction he found a beautiful child lying in the snow. The kind wood-cutter bent down and asked: "Who are you, my child, who brought you here?," and as there was no reply, lifted the light burden in his arms, secured it as well as he could with his pieces of wood, in a large overcoat, and resumed his homeward path. There was a loving welcome waiting, he knew, and a bright fire, and warm supper, and through the little cottage door and windows, he already saw light gleaming. Great was the surprise when he uncovered his little visitor, and the children surrounded him at once, with exclamations of pity, admiration and curiosity. A large arm-chair was brought to the fire, and the child gently laid in it, then refreshment was offered, but he did not accept any. To their amazement he grew larger, and more beautiful, until he attained the stature of a man with features familiar to them in holy pictures of Jesus, and, having left the sweet blessing of His Presence, the wonderful visitor disappeared. They doubted not that it was the "Christ-Child" who had honored their humble home, and happy indeed was that family all the evening hours, and next morning, when all were round the altar, echoing at Holy Mass the "Gloria in excelsis!" and feeling in themselves unwonted Christmas peace.

The children, after breakfast, earnestly besought their father to bring them to the very place where he had found this lovely Babe, hoping He might be there again. All went "in haste," no doubt, like the shepherds of old, but found no visitor. However, the place where He lay the preceding evening was covered with fair, white

flowers, and these were eagerly gathered, and brought home to adorn their little household shrine. All knelt around Our Blessed Lady's statue, and made a holy resolution, that in remembrance and gratitude, they would, every Christmas, show kindness to a poor child *for Jesus'* sake. They called the flowers Chrysanthemum in honor of the dear little Christ, and still, at His Nativity, we often find them in the snow. Such is the old legend, wafting over my soul like the sweet bells of Jesus' Nativity. Let it teach us kindness and love to all at this glad time, but always for love of Him who will say at last: "You did it to Me." ENFANT DE MARIE,

St. Clare's.

Midnight Mass.

"Exitus matutini et vespere delectabis."

"Thou shalt make the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to be joyful." Ps. LXIV. 9.

WE commenced the year in His Eucharistic Presence. In the stillness of midnight, light shone in the holy place, and the "Glorias" resounded as of old in Bethlehem. Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament was enthroned on the altar, and yet offered Himself to the Eternal Father as a Victim, and united Himself to thousands of souls as their nourishment and life. What blessings and consolations, what light, and strength during this "Holy Year," have flowed from that Midnight Mass! Truly He made the morning of it joyful, and now evening is deepening into night, the century, with its wonderful records of good and evil has nearly closed, and again the New Year's chime calls adorers around His altar throne, that in and by the Holy Sacrifice, all our acts of reparation, thanksgiving, impetration and homage may be offered to God.

O what need we have for atonement! Let us exclaim, in the words of St. Gertrude: "O Heart most worthy of love! In Thy most hidden recesses I plunge my spirit, and in the great ocean of Thy mercy, I bury all my iniquities and negligences." What need of petitions for "the untrodden future!" Let us glorify Him by gratitude, which is so pleasing to His generous Heart. "Is there no one to return and glorify It for all the favors of this "Holy Year," this eventful century? Above all, let us offer ourselves entirely to this King of Hearts, whose empire is one of peace and joy in this life, and in the next we will possess that Kingdom which "eye hath not seen," that "far-off land," to which every year is bringing us nearer. O Sacred Heart! "Thy kingdom come!" ENFANT DE MARIE,

St. Clare's.

To be born again of the Spirit in this life perfectly, is to be a soul most like unto God in purity, without any stain of imperfection.

Then keep thy conscience sensitive,
No inward token miss,
And go where grace entices thee:—
Perfection lies in this.
Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee,
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shall be.

Editorial Notes.

Some Closing Remarks.

The Carmelite Review has now completed its eighth year, and thanks to Our Blessed Lady and her devout clients we are still able to pay the printer. With much hope and courage we expect to see this little magazine grow old in the new century. Those who brought it into being and now care for its interest will pass away, but a new generation of Mary's children will rise up and keep it in existence. We have found staunch friends in those who have written for its pages—those who have used their pens gratuitously. To them we owe much gratitude, and we are sure Our Lady will amply repay them. Amongst those good friends who stood by us with pen, and purse at times, we with grateful hearts refer to Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P., Vicar-General of Bulgaria; "Enfant de Marie" of St. Clare's Convent, Dublin, Ireland; Miss Sue X. Blakely, of St. Mary's, Pa.; Francis W. Grey, Esq., of Bath, England; Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Caroline D. Swan, of Gardiner, Maine; the Rev. Augustinian Father, F. X. McGowan, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y. and others. May Our Lady obtain for them all every blessing from her Divine Son! and earnestly do we crave for them the prayers of all who read this magazine.

Carmel Celebrates.

The tenth anniversary of the coming of the Carmelite nuns to Boston was duly celebrated on the 26th of November last with becoming ceremonies. Two days were given to the services. The first day was given to a service of thanks for the many favors and graces received. On the second day the good Sisters gave themselves up to prayers for their deceased friends and benefactors. On the first day Most Reverend Archbishop Williams pontificated, and on the second the Vicar-General, Very Rev. W. Byrne, D.D., sang a Requiem Mass in the beautiful chapel which was filled with the friends of the Carmelites, who for a decade by prayer and example have brought many blessings on the people in and far beyond Boston.

The Purpose of Third Orders.

The Dominican Father, Rev. Clement M. Thuente, lately wrote in the N. Y. "Catholic News":

"We find many devout, zealous persons who, lamenting, say: I am sorry that I cannot go to a convent. I felt this holy desire, but I knew the voice of God too late. Very few religious communities admit persons over twenty-five years of age. Others again say: I should like to become a religious, but I cannot. I must remain at home to help my parents, to care for my brothers and sisters. Again others say: I cannot go to a convent because I am not strong enough. The privations and austerities of a convent are too great for the delicate condition of my health. All such persons need not lament. For them God may not have prepared the way to the convent life. But from this it does not follow that He has not called them to a life of perfection. For them the Third Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis have been instituted. Pope Benedict XIII. says that these Third Orders are truly religious orders, most perfectly adapted for the acquisition of Christian perfection. The rules of these Third Orders are simple and easy, the obligations few, the advantages many, the field for doing good is without limit."

And every word from this zealous son of St. Dominic applies to our Third Order of Mt. Carmel.

In Union is Strength.

One thing which gave occasion for expressions of gratitude on the last Thanksgiving day in the United States was the meeting on that day of the delegates from divers Catholic societies to consider ways and means towards a federation of Catholic societies. It was a step in the right direction, and much praise is due to Bishop McFaul who set the scheme on foot, and to Bishop Mesmer who systematically mapped out the work. In union is strength. In the new century we can hope to see all Catholic organizations united in a harmonious whole, presenting an unbroken front to the enemies of religion and doing great things in the cause of Catholic truth and Catholic morality.

Close of the Century.

As the nineteenth century passes into history never to return, we recall the poetic lines of a writer, Miss Sue X. Blakely, who wrote in this magazine in the closing days of 1896 :

> "The mighty heroes of the past, the rich,
> The great, the low,
> All, all are gone who lived once on earth
> One hundred years ago."

And, dear reader, some poet of the twentieth century will sing the same when you and we are in the grave. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away," said our Lord, and some of His words that shall not pass away are: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A Voice From the Vatican.

The Venerable Pontiff, His Holiness Leo XIII., who has lived through most of the past century, and, humanly peaking, will see the next century, is anxious that we thank God for the many graces of the past, and dedicate ourselves wholly to our Divine Redeemer in the new century. In the letter which the Pope addressed last month to the Bishops, he exhorts the world to seek the Redeemer, who is the road to truth and life. "As Christ's coming to the world reformed society," says the Pope, "so the latter, in turning to Christ, will become better and be saved by following His doctrines and divine law, by discountenancing revolt against the constituted powers and avoiding conflicts." If the peoples acted so, the Encyclical continues, they would all love one another as brothers and obey peacefully their superiors. Neglect of God, the Pope further says, has led to so many disorders that the peoples are oppressed with incessant fears and anguish. He concludes with urging the Bishops to make known to the entire world that the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind alone can bring salvation and peace."

Charitable in Name and Deed.

We tender our heartiest congratulations to good Brother Jude, Superior of the House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, Mass., who lately celebrated his silver jubilee as a Brother of Charity. In 1874, at the age of twenty-three, he renounced the world, and, after a probationary trial in the order at Montreal, he received the religious habit Nov. 4, 1874, and pronounced his temporary vows Nov. 7, 1875. Soon after he was sent by his superior to the House of the Angel Guardian, where, after several years, he was made Superior. A beautiful bust, cast from Samuel J. Kitson's great statue, "Christ, the Light of the World," was presented to him by

friends, on the observance of his silver jubilee. Brother Jude's works of charity in and beyond Boston speak louder than words. God grant him and his zealous co-workers many more years of usefulness.

To You and All Who Read.

Following a laudable custom in more than a mere perfunctory way, we wish all our dear friends and readers an overflowing measure of peace, joy and blessing during the approaching holy season. May the Holy Child bless them all, and His Immaculate Mother protect and guide them in the unknown future! This is indeed a time for reflection. We are bidding farewell to a century full of great events and material progress, with its closing days deluged in human blood. God grant that the new century be dedicated in deed as well as in words to our beloved Redeemer! Time flies—the centuries come and go—Eternity approaches. God bless you, and all who read these lines, and grant unto you a holy Christmas and a happy and grace-laden New Year!

The Right Kind of Intolerance.

A Canadian editor, who is conspicuous for intolerance toward Catholics, especially if they are of another race, waxes warm over some recent doings of the Turk. Under the scare-head of "Turks Getting Intolerant Again," the newspaper man, commenting on a despatch received from Constantinople, says that "Turkish intolerance went to the length on Nov. 7th of forbidbing Peré Hyacinth Loyson from holding a conference in the American College at Scrutari!" Poor old Turk! he is bad enough, as those who have read Father Blakely's "Notes" know too well. But it seems he is improving in keeping at a safe distance such pests as Loyson and his tribe. It was too bad there were no Turks on hand in the Philippines to meet the American missionaries when they landed at Manila. Perhaps then the natives there would have been saved from "civilization."

Books to Buy and Boycott.

To be up-to-date some persons think they must read the latest novels. Let them beware. Their time and money can be put to better use. Remember, there are Catholic books. Good books, too. Just now every book-stand is crammed with copies of a novel entitled "The Master-Christian." Of the author of this book the critic in a secular journal—the New York Sun, says that Marie Corelli emits a long-drawn melancholy howl. "Six hundred solid pages of small print and nothing but words, words, words—in all their Corellian confusion of tangled syntax and lurid illogicality. The lady is angry. Angry with the Pope, the Church of Rome and the Church of England, the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Protestant Bishops—and she sets out to demolish them all with a vigor and earnestness equal to that of the amiable enthusiast who tried, with a bunch of fire-crackers and a parlor match to blow up Brooklyn Bridge, because he objected to it on æsthetic grounds. She introduces a vulgar caricature of the most sacred figure in all literature and history, and makes Him pant like a tub-thumping temperance orator in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon, and of the old man of the Vatican, who, in the eyes of Protestant and Catholic alike, is worthy at least of veneration and respect, she uses language that is childish in its insolence and illogicality."

Propaganda of the Press.

We are told that there are now 305 Catholic newspapers in the German Empire with nearly a million and a quarter regular subscribers, and the influence of the Catholic press gives an impetus to Catholic thought which is beyond estimate, especially as parents in Germany oblige their children to read the Catholic papers at home. The extent to which these papers are read may be appreciated when we consider that there is at least one taken in every three families in the Empire. Faith would be strengthened and innumerable souls kept in the pale of holy Church did Catholics in America see the importance of supporting their own journals. Mark well these words of the present gloriously reigning Pope. He once wrote: "A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect the Catholic press, and let every one in proportion to his income support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones."

The Mass is not a mere form of words. It is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar, in Flesh and Blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event, which is the end, and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity.—Cardinal Newman.

CHRISTMAS.

O Joyful Feast! with angel-music ringing,
O plaintive Feast! with sweet old memories clinging
Around thee like the snow-flakes, stainless white.
O Feast Messianic! with ardent sighing
Of psalms prophetic—in the swift years flying,
We watch and wait for thy fair starry light.
And still "good tidings" thou art ever bringing,
And messengers of peace are gladly winging,
In midnight silence o'er the white-robed earth.
Hark! through our spirit aisles are gently stealing,
Soft echoes of the sweet bells, silvery pealing—
A Christmas chime to greet the Saviour's birth.
O Infant Jesus, poor and meek, and lowly!
O "Prince of peace," O "Wonderful" and holy!
"Emmanuel!" within our hearts abide.
And bless each act and word, and varied feeling,
O hear each prayer of love to Thee appealing!
As by Thy Crib we kneel at Christmas-tide.

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

Pope Pius IX. bequeathed, as a legacy to the faithful, this admonition: "Let the rosary, this simple, beautiful method of prayer, enriched with many indulgences, be habitually recited of an evening in every household. These are my last words to you: the memorial I leave behind me." Again he said: "In the whole of the Vatican there is no greater treasure than the rosary."

Unfortunately lack of space this month forces us reluctantly to postpone the publication of a beautiful story by that eminent writer, Francis W. Grey. The story will appear in our next number.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Any of our readers wishing to get the best in the line of religious pictures for the holidays, should not be duped by "fake" houses. Send your orders to a man who is honesty itself, and as a matter of conscience strives to give his customers perfect satisfaction. We refer to Mr. Philip A. Kemper, 19 West Second street, Dayton, Ohio. Some years ago (and it is true to-day) the Editor of the Ave Maria—unsolicited, said editorially: "Mr. Kemper is not only a man of fine artistic taste, but an enthusiast in this branch of his business to devote the time and thought necessarily required for the composition and selection of the handsome variety of pictures constantly issuing from his establishment. They run into hundreds of styles, including pious pictures suitable for prayer books and other purposes for which small pictures are needed, Christmas, New Year, Feast Day, and many other exquisitely fine double ornamented cards. etc. Mr. Kemper is constantly exploring the principal cities of Europe for the best productions in the religious pictorial art of the smaller sizes—not the larger ones for framing—adding his own ideas, together with those of the Church and the Saints for their general improvement. Paris, we are told, to a large extent furnishes him with the pictorial part, several cities of Germany the foundation laces, and Berlin and Leipzig the floral or double cards and covers. When we add that the work is done largely *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*—in a Christian apostolic spirit,—we need not wonder at the excellence of Mr. Kemper's productions. They are beautiful and their tendency is Catholic." Be sure to send in an order this month, and we assure you that you will not be disappointed.

Amongst the best new holiday books suitable for young and old, we have before us Sara Trainor Smith's pretty story of "Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed." It is a bright, sparkling book of which wise old Santa Claus will put in a good supply. A companion work written by that princess of charming story-tellers, Miss Anna T. Sadlier, is entitled "The Mysterious Doorway." Both books are finely printed, have attractive illuminated covers, and are kept within range of poorly-filled pocket-books. The price of each is only forty cents. Messrs. Benziger Bros. print, publish and sell these books. Sent to any postoffice for the price mentioned.

Sadlier & Co, 123 Church street, Toronto, Ont., will gladly supply our Canadian readers with all sorts of books and pictures for the holidays.

Catholic teachers contemplating Christmas entertainments can find something new, easy, cheap and good in "Tara," a drama adopted from the opera "Finola" by Charles Dawson, and Moore's Melodies by the New York Ursulines of St. Teresa. Price only twenty-five cents per copy. To be had by addressing the publishers, William H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York.

A pretty fairy tale has been dramatized by Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives, author of "The Princess of the Moon, etc." In her preface the author says: "As I dearly love good children, it is my pleasure to make them happy. Although fairies do not really exist, these little creatures of my imagination are intended to teach lessons that will encourage you to be good and a joy to all that know you." The book has an attractive cover and sells at 25 cents. Sold and published by W. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York.

As "A gratuitous offering to foreign missions," the Rev. Cosmas M. Seeberger, C.P.P.S., of St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio, has brought out an invaluable booklet entitled "The Scapular and Confraternity of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel." The second revised edition contains complete instruction for the laity and much information for the clergy.

A "centenary edition" of St. Alphonsus Liquori's well-known "Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament" has been put on sale by Benziger Bros. of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Handsomely bound, with round corners, and of a very convenient size for the pocket.

All lovers of the Sacred Heart will welcome the handsome little "New Manual of the Sacred Heart." It is in prayer-book size. According to the title page it contains "the most approved prayers and devotions." Benziger Bros. are the publishers

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At the sixth Provincial Council held at Baltimore in 1846, the Fathers assembled decreed "with unanimous applause and consent" that the ever-Blessed Virgin, conceived without sin, should be chosen as the Patroness of the United States. To bring home this fact in a beautiful and tangible way, Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, has brought out a unique and artistic card printed in gold letters. On the front is embossed the national flag in colors. Inside is a lovely picture, also colored, of "Mary Immaculate." The text is very appropriate. On the whole the card is very pretty, and would, we are sure, be much appreciated by every true American at home and abroad.

Two handy little books in paper have been just brought out by the publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers. These are "Doctrine Explanations," edited by Rev. J. J. Nash, D.D. We have now before us two treatises, one on "Confirmation," the other on "Confession." The pages with even numbers contain reading matter to be read aloud by the pupils—the opposite or odd numbers contain questions and answers. The whole is couched in simple language adapted to the child's mind. The book will prove a great help to teachers. The text follows the Baltimore Catechism throughout. These popular little works recommend themselves and should have a large sale. Price per hundred copies $3.50. Address Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York, who will, we are sure, be glad to send sample copies to intending purchasers.

Any of our readers having a spare copy of this magazine for September, 1900, will do us a favor by sending the same to this office.

Start the new century well and subscribe for a clean, bright, Catholic paper. To mention a few we heartily recommend The Sacred Heart Review of Boston, The New World of Chicago, and the Catholic Record of London, Ontario.

A proper thing to hang up in every Catholic house is a calendar which shows the feast and fast days. There is now issued yearly a unique calendar of this kind, which has a pretty picture above it with a holiday greeting printed. It can be conveniently mailed to your friends. You can have it mailed to you by sending ten cents to the publisher, W. J. Woods, Troy, N. Y.

This magazine is read every month by at least twenty thousand Catholics—and Protestants, too—in the United States and Canada. Our friends tell us we are doing some good. If you renew your subscription now we hope to do better.

In our advertising pages you will notice a printed coupon for our readers who desire to renew their subscription. Cut out this coupon, write therein your name and address and return to us with the money, and we will send you the Catholic Home Annual for 1901 and the Carmelite Review for one year.

You need not worry as to what your friends would prefer at Christmas. They would like to get a copy of this magazine. Mail us their address and we will send it. It will be for them a reminder of you every following month.

We are not making a penny in profit from this "Review." Nevertheless we keep the presses running and the printer busy because we wish to spread the glory of Our Queen of Carmel. We trust in the generosity of our friends during this month. It is in their hands to brighten our hopes as the new century dawns.

Many a priest will thank Very Rev. Dean Lings, of Yonkers, N. Y., for his excellent translation of Father Frassinetti's "Sermons for Children's Masses." Most of the stereotyped sermons are preached over children's heads and make the youngsters either fidgety or drowsy. These sermons as given by Dean Ling are warranted to catch and hold the ear of every restless child. The sermons are arranged according to the Sun-

days and festivals of the year. The full text of the Sunday's Gospel precedes each discourse. The book also contains some sound advice suitable for "The last day of the scholastic year," and for "After a Retreat." As the translator says, these sermons are useful, because in them the necessary simplicity may be indicated for presenting the Gospel to the young. Price $1.50 net. Benziger Bros., publishers.

D. H. McBride & Co., Publishers of Catholic Educational Works and Art Goods, Akron, Ohio, announce to teachers that their Second Book in the McBride Art Series is now ready and others are in press. Their Raphael Art and Composition Book, the first of the series, met with a generous welcome from all. Their plan is to give our schools a systematized course of study in Masterpieces of Art and one of the important features of the plan is that the teacher is not to do the work for the child. Their Second Book is Murillo. The name attracts attention, for the children in our schools know something about the great artist, who. nearly three hundred years ago, painted a picture of the Virgin Mary as the "Immaculate Conception." In this book are pictures of our Blessed Lord as the Divine Shepherd and as the Holy Child, two examples of the "Beggar Boys" from the famous collection of the Pinacothek in Munich, one copy from the wonderful pictures at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, pictures of St. John the Baptist, St. Anthony, and others; but, more beautiful than any other, the "Immaculate Conception" at the Louvre, in Paris. We, Catholics, cannot afford to deprive our children of the advantages to be gained from studying the Masterpieces of Art. We all know that the best of art was brought into existence by the inspirations of the teachings of the Church; and the Popes and those in authority encouraged painter and sculptor to give to the world works, which, as long as time shall last, will turn hearts toward God and His Saints. Considering the number and excellence of the pictures, the books are marvels of cheapness.

If you wish to have a bound volume of the Carmelite Review for 1900 please notify us now.

Benziger Bros., publishers of Benziger's Magazine, New York, recently published a letter from Frank A. Smith, manufacturer and dealer in novelties, Chicago, stating he received 938 letters in reply to an advertisement in one issue.

An eminent theologian, whose knowledge of books is profound and comprehensive, writes thus to The Carmelite Review concerning Father Finn's splendid book entitled "His First and Last Appearance": Under this title the gifted author presents us with another of his admirable Christmas stories. The delineation of character is masterly, the events of a boy's episode of life are fascinating, and the whole tone of the story calculated to present virtue and application to duty in an enticing manner. Such reading is well adapted for our young people, and it is to be devoutly wished, that thousands of copies will grace the Christmas trees in our Catholic homes. People who spend dollars on reading matter ought to select reading like "The First and Last Appearance" for their children. It will help them wonderfully in educating the youth. The book is sold by Benziger Bros. for $1.00 per bound copy.

"The Catholic Home Annual" for 1901 is more attractive than ever. It is sent free to all our readers if they ask for it when renewing their subscription.

Everything in the line of books, or anything to present to your friends during the holidays, can be had from the Catholic Union Store, Buffalo, N. Y. This store handles all the books mentioned in these pages. The manager of this firm will do anything to oblige a customer, and, moreover, his prices are right.

When writing to any firm mentioned herein, you will do us a great favor by adding as a postscript: "*I saw it in the Carmelite Review.*"

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.*"—*Job* xix. 21.

M. J. Royal, of Thorold, Ont., a staunch supporter of the Carmelite Review.

Frank Roetter, who died last month in Bertie, Ont.

Priscilla Kichak, who died in September at St. Michael, Alaska.

Mrs. Ann Lauzau, who died at Chippawa, Ont., Aug 1.

Julia C. Flanagan, who died in New York

Mrs. Mary McKeown, Chippawa, Ont.

Mr. P. Dunne, New York, Sept. 11.

All our readers who died during the past year.

And may all the souls of the faithful depar ed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

FAVORS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Mrs. B. L., New York; M. McT., Boston, Mass.; W. D., St. John, N. B.; Rev. J. A. H., Oswego, N. Y.; Mary A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Work for 3 men; special request; sick persons, 3; not specified, 26; spiritual, 2; conversions, 22; parishes, 2; Jesuit Missions, 1; deceased persons, 100.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular. * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names for registration received at St. John's Priory, New Baltimore, Pa., from: Dunbar, Pa.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Louis University, Mo.; Richmond, Indiana.

Names received at Falls View (Ont.) Priory from: Cathedral, Honolulu, H. I.; Jesuit Mission, St. Michael, Alaska; Ballarat, Australia; Pt. Lambton, Ont.; Shediac, N.B.; Holy Family Church, New Hamburg, Ont.; Dalhousie, N. B.; Marquette, Mich.; Louisville, Ky.; St. Catherine's Church, Columbia City, Ind.; Dundalk, Ont.; Holy Rosary Church, Portland, Oregon; St. Michael's, Alaska; Syracuse, N. Y.; St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; North Sydney, C. B.; St. Rose Church, Lima, O.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1900.

The Carmelite Fathers:

Dear Reverend Sirs—Enclosed I trust you will find money to pay my long neglected debt. I am so sorry for not making prompt payment sooner. I enjoy the beautiful reading (in the Carmelite Review) very much, and a good many of my friends get it after I am through with it. I thank you for the letter reminding me of my indebtedness. Please send me a receipt letting me know if you received this all right. Please forgive me this time. I remain, etc', (MISS) M. ——

THANKSGIVINGS.

M. M., Pittsburgh, Pa., makes an offering for five Masses to be read at the Shrine of Our Lady. This is in thanksgiving for the recovery of her niece.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1900.

Rev. Dear Father—Enclosed find a little offering in thanksgiving for my recovery. If cured I promised to have you publish it in the Review. I suffered for twelve years.

(MRS.) M. D.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1900.

I enclose offering in thanksgiving for special favor received from Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. J. A.

Kansas City, Mo.

"I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to have it published in the Carmelite Review if I obtained my request. I have obtained it, and wish to have it published in your pages.

K. J. M.,

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 10

Dear Rev. Fathers—Kindly publish in the Carmelite Review my thanks to Our Blessed Lady for the obtaining of a special favor after saying the prayer to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and promising to have it published in the Review. The Review is one of the best magazines which I have ever read, and I heartily recommend it whenever an opportunity presents itself. A READER.

NOTICE!

At considerable expense we have obtained from the Detroit Photographic Company a limited number of the famous "Aac" Photographs. These are true photos of Niagara Falls in natural colors. The Monastery and Hospice of Mt. Carmel appear in the background. Size of picture mounted is 7¼ by 11½ inches. Readers who wish a copy of this beautiful work of art instead of the Catholic Home Annual, should notify us when renewing their subscription.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls.** The **Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below,** are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.